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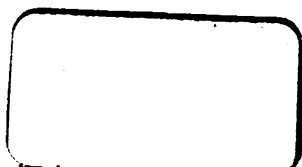


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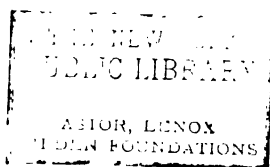
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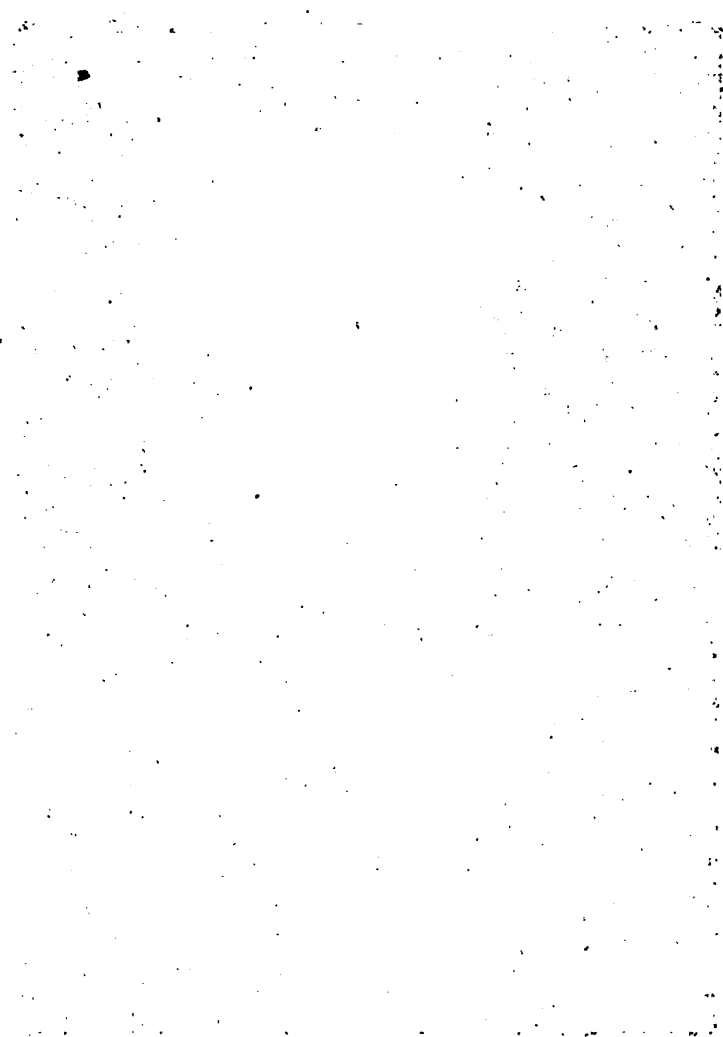
THE LIFE
OF
WALTER L. CAMPBELL

BY
MARY R. CAMPBELL



The Brickerbocker Press
NEW YORK

1917



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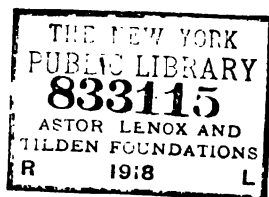


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THIS STORY OF THEIR GRANDFATHER'S LIFE IS DEDICATED

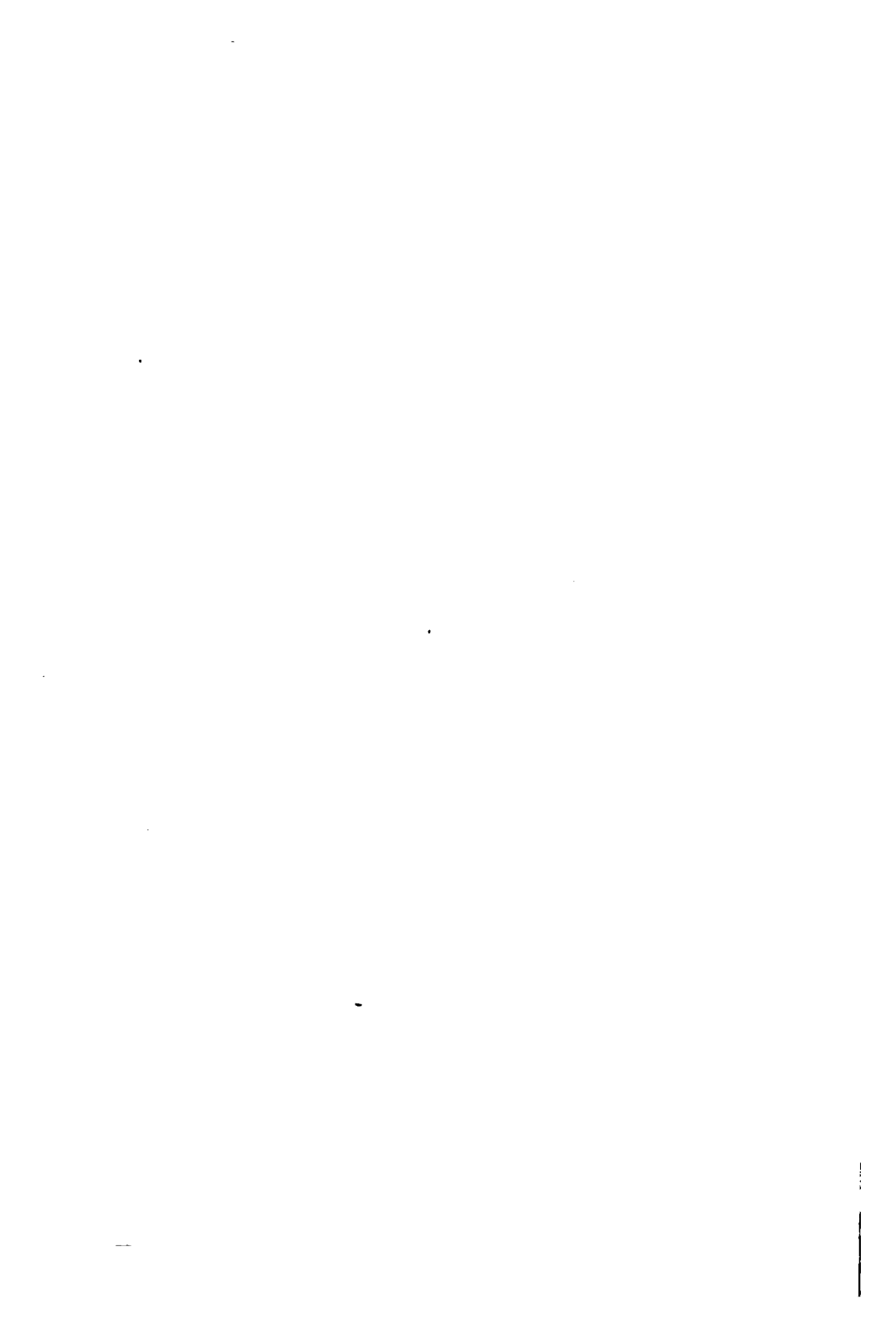
TO HIS THREE GRANDCHILDREN

WALTER LOWRIE CAMPBELL

RACHEL DU BOIS CAMPBELL

JOHN COERT CAMPBELL

Ditham, Oct. 9/18.



"Naked on parents' knees, a newborn child,
Weeping thou sat'st when all about thee smiled:
So live, that, sinking to thy last long sleep,
Thou then may'st smile, while all around thee weep."

Something can be learned of the character of a man from his favorite quotations. They give us a glimpse of his ideals. Through them we may be able to come a little closer to the real meaning of his life. A man is remarkable not so much for what he does as for what he is. When we see a man who has met an almost insuperable obstacle and moved on apparently unhampered by it; who has encountered one disappointment after another and not only has remained unembittered, but has succeeded in leaving behind him a memory of sweetness and fulfilment, we wonder how he has accomplished it. These pages have to do with the life of such a man. They deal more with characteristics than with facts, and they are written with the hope that they may give a bit of the inspiration of this life to others, encountering some of the obstacles strewn along life's highway.

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THE LIFE OF WALTER L. CAMPBELL

CHAPTER I

EARLY CHILDHOOD

IN the little town of Salem, Ohio, Walter Lowrie Campbell was born on November 13, 1842. He was the seventh son and ninth child of John Campbell and Rebecca Perry Snodgrass. His older brothers having used up the supply of family names, he was called for a missionary who had been drowned in distant seas. He used to say that he did not know whether his parents meant him to be a missionary, or to be drowned.

Of Scotch-Irish descent on both sides, little is known of his ancestry. There is a record of the matriculation of Charles Campbell, his grandfather, in the University of Glasgow in 1780. Charles is there described as the only son of George ("*artificis*") of Stewartstown, County Tyrone, Ire-

2 LIFE OF WALTER L. CAMPBELL

land, and as his birth year was 1768 he was then but twelve years old. He left the university for Haddington where he attended Burgher Hall, one of the church schools of the United Presbyterians, and studied for the ministry under the famous theologian, John Brown of Haddington. In 1789 he was ordained in a pastorate in Londonderry. He came to this country in 1801, having been suspended from the ministry on account of intemperance. Before leaving Ireland, however, he had been "fully purged of scandal and restored to the communion of the church." He settled in York County, Pennsylvania, where he supplied the congregations of Lower Chanceford and Hopewell. He was restored "to the full exercise of the ministry" in 1803. He died April 7, 1804.

His son John, born March 9, 1796, went further west to Salem, Columbiana County, Ohio. He was a saddler by trade, a Justice of the Peace, and in 1830 the first president of the newly incorporated town of Salem. For a short time he was member of an editorial committee that issued the *Village Register*. He inherited his father's love of liquor to his misfortune, became bankrupt, and during the last part of his life took cargoes down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to Galena, Illinois, and to St. Louis. He died in Galena on February 3, 1845.

He is spoken of as a genial, good-natured, lovable man with a strong sense of humor. He was devoted to his family and, but for his one failing would have been a model husband and father. He could have had little direct influence upon Walter who was scarcely over two years old when his father died and probably did not remember him at all.

Rebecca P. Campbell was the daughter of Thomas and Susannah Snodgrass. Her paternal grandparents were the children of two of three brothers who came to Baltimore before the Revolution. At the time of her birth, March 10, 1806, her parents lived in Steubenville, Ohio, but moved to New Lisbon, Ohio, during her early childhood. Her father was a merchant and she had two younger brothers. She was a woman of the strict Calvinistic type, a charter member of the Salem Presbyterian Church which had its beginnings in John Campbell's harness shop. Its first "house of worship" was put up the year of Walter's birth. For a year it was unplastered and plank and slab seats were used. Her own house was a center for its ministers. She was energetic, decided in thought and deed, never idle, very active. These incidents of her life are characteristic and show something of her temperament and way of attacking the problems she met.

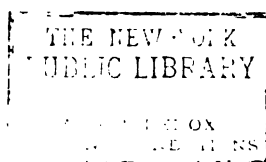
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When, a very few weeks before the birth of one of her children, she decided that she needed a new rag carpet, she set to work, cut and sewed the rags, and had it down in time. In later years a younger woman whose health was in a critical condition was worrying about what would happen to her children if she did not recover. Mrs. Campbell told story after story of children well brought up by stepmothers, and with each tale her friend became the more determined to get well. She did and still smiles as she tells about it. Again, the case of a woman left a widow with several children was being talked over. The sympathizing company was wondering what she was ever going to do. Mrs. Campbell ended the discussion with the words, "She will just have to do what all the rest of us have done, go to work and take care of them." She was not unsympathetic but the circumstances were much the same as her own had been, and she knew that nothing but hard work had pulled her through.

Her grandchildren remember her as an old lady, short and inclined to be stout, with white hair and alert brown eyes behind gold-rimmed spectacles. In the house she wore a large white cap and when sewing or knitting, which seems to have been always, although doubtless not, as



MRS. REBECCA P. CAMPBELL



she was a strict sabbatarian, a large white apron over her black stuff gown. At her throat was a brooch, and a line of white edged her collar. For "best" she wore the conventional black silk, and she never laid aside her widow's bonnet. If she went out "to spend the day" she took her cap with her in its basket, and her "work" and apron. Always associated with her are the cap and apron. Her active old age must have been the outcome of the years of hardship and struggle with poverty when she brought up six boys without a husband's help. She was very strict with them. Her word was law and her children in their old age had a way of giving "Mother's" opinion as final. Of card-playing she would have none, but in later years she did not oppose it. Her grandson tells that she never allowed him to say "By George." That was swearing. To his substitute of "My George" she made no objection.

She was the mother of ten. Three of her children had died before her husband's death and her youngest was born a few weeks after it. She brought them up to help each other and their loyalty and family feeling is their strongest characteristic. With the death of their father, the children that could went to work. Susan opened a "select school." The eldest son, Pressley, a boy

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of fourteen, swept out a store in Mount Union, a village not far away. The next brother, George, was taken by a family in the country. Allen, in his tenth year, began to learn the printer's trade. The mother took boarders, and so supported the younger ones and kept the home.

Fortune favored Mrs. Campbell in putting her in Salem, for she could hardly have found a better place to live. Walter, in looking back, used to speak of the life there as almost Utopian, with no class distinctions, no very rich people and none very poor. There were simple social gatherings that everyone attended. "Early to bed and early to rise" was the rule. The original settlers had been members of the Society of Friends and it was always a Quaker town. This may have been the cause of the simplicity and kindliness which were its chief characteristics. Its friendliness made life easier for the God-fearing, hard-working mother and for the boy determined to overcome his handicap.

A few months before Walter's birth, the *Salem Village Register*, of which his father was one of the editors, gave this description of Salem:

"Salem is situated about sixty miles West of Pittsburg, and near the same distance South of Lake Erie. It contains a population of more than 1,000 and is

located in the midst of a well-improved farming district. It is pleasantly situated on a slight elevation, but the country around is for the most part comparatively level. It was laid out some 35 years since, but has improved more rapidly of late than formerly. Most of the houses are frame, but a considerable number are of brick. It contains two woolen manufactories, one foundry, stores (mostly extensive), six or seven drug shops and groceries, three taverns, one tin shop, one watch-maker shop, two hatter shops, seven tailor shops, one coverlet-weaver, one stocking-weaver, and other weaving establishments; four cabinet-maker shops, nine boot and shoe shops, five coach-maker shops, ten blacksmith shops, twenty-five or thirty carpenters, two chairmakers, and numerous other workshops and mechanics of various kinds; also three lawyers and four physicians, six houses of worship and five schools."

In its next issue it supplied a few omissions in this list. Pictures of the town in this period show small buildings and a straggling Main Street with nothing very different from many other towns in the vicinity.

As a child, Walter is spoken of as beautiful and active, with very bright eyes and a singularly happy disposition. When he was three years old his accident happened. The children that attended his sister's school were having recess. In the course of their games they threw clods of dirt at a barn door. Little Walter ran in front

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of them, and one of the clods struck him in the eye with a blow hard enough to knock him down. Upon examination it was found that a letter "P" had been cut in the corner of his right eye. At first the seriousness of the injury was not realized. Had the hurt eye been removed at once the other one might have been saved. But medical science was not so advanced in those days as it is now; the best that was known was done; finally an attack of measles came, the inflammation spread, and the sight was gone forever.

The child came out of the sickroom with a completely changed disposition. The pain and confinement had driven away his happy light-heartedness. After a time it came back, to a great extent, as he learned to go about and play with the other children. Soon he forgot entirely what the sense of sight meant. Light and dark had no meaning for him. His only sight-memory was of the moon. He remembered once standing on a rail fence with some other children and looking at it, and again, chasing it.

Walter and his younger brother, Amasa (called Mace), were always together. As soon as little Mace learned to walk he began to lead Walter about and the two were inseparable. But before long Walter began to show his wonderful sense of

location and direction. He could go anywhere in the neighborhood and take part in all of the games with the other children, and in the game of "hide-and-go-seek," they say, he could always find the others. The neighboring children were somewhat afraid of his mother, but whenever she went away there was a lively time. Mace went from house to house shouting, "Mother's away, Mother's away," and collected as many children as he could and high carnival was held until her return.

One of Walter's delights was swimming. This was not encouraged by his elders. As a consequence whenever he had a chance he ran away to the pond and, after his swim, kept at safe distance until his hair was dry. When grown he used to say that this was the way he had learned to go about so independently.

He seems to have had a very happy childhood; to have been cheerful and to have had the usual childish pleasures. His younger brothers played with him and the older ones told him stories, read to him, and laid the foundation for the love of history and of literature that he never lost. His thirst for stories was insatiable. Once when he was sick, his sister told him story after story, trying to put him to sleep; finally, ex-

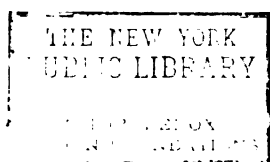
hausted herself, she thought she had succeeded, only to be met with the words, "Tell it again." It was a characteristic that remained. When he was interested in a book or a topic he would keep at it from early in the morning until late at night.

He was deeply attached to his sister, who had had much of the care of him, and broken-hearted when her marriage to Reuben McMillan took her away from home when Walter was about seven years old. He spent the night before the wedding crying. When the young couple returned to Salem they brought little Walter a toy gun, in which the child delighted. Toys were few in that family, and the little fellow was very fond of this one, until some one jokingly told him that he had sold his sister for a gun. Then his pleasure was gone and he never played with it again.

The marriage of Reuben McMillan with Susan Campbell began one of the finest and strongest friendships of Walter's life, and he was a man who had many friends and was capable of the best sort of friendship. Reuben McMillan was first thrown with the family when he went to Salem to learn the saddler's trade from John Campbell. Later he educated himself and made teaching his profession. He was a man of fine



MACE AND WALTER



intellect and of high character and became one of the foremost educators of his State. His influence was of the highest order, and he was always spoken of by his pupils with the greatest affection and respect, not only during the time spent under his instruction, but throughout their lives. Many men of distinction who had studied under him were ready to acknowledge their debt. Such a man could not have failed to have an influence on this sensitive boy, groping for knowledge, trying to develop his powers under adverse conditions, and determined even then not to let his blindness cut him off from life. The deep love between them in later life must have begun at this time.

Among the many friends of these early days, there were two families with whom the Campbells were more intimate, perhaps, than with any others. The first of these in point of time was that of Dr. Stanton, who occupied one half of a double house, in the other side of which the Campbells lived. Long afterward Mrs. Campbell used to tell her grandchildren of the two large families living so near together and never a bit of friction. The Stantons were Quakers. Their younger children were about of an age with the older ones of the Campbell flock, and parents and children alike shared the friendship.

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In the early fifties Mrs. Campbell moved into a house on High Street. Across from her lived Mr. and Mrs. Allen Boyle. The friendship between these two families still holds. The Boyle girls and the Campbell boys were like sisters and brothers, and Mrs. Boyle and Walter loved as if they belonged to each other. Mrs. Boyle always took his part against her girls in the childish disputes and sometimes they felt that it was not quite fair. He was a great tease, and it was a trial to have one's long braid seized and be driven about like a horse and to know that there was no help to be had from "mother."

In this quiet Quaker town, among these friendly loving people, Walter's childhood was spent. Simplicity of life was the keynote, and this simplicity he always kept. He looked back upon Salem and spoke of it with the greatest affection, and it had a very warm place in his heart.

Sooner than most boys he had to go among strangers. Special instruction for the blind was beginning, and it was necessary for him to be where means of education were open to him. A few weeks before his ninth birthday, his uncle and aunt took him to Columbus, Ohio, where he entered the State Institution for the Blind. Vacations were still spent at home, but during the larger part of

the next eight years he was at school, making his way among children meeting life under the same conditions as himself. The break was a hard one for the affectionate, sensitive child to make, but it had to be done. A new phase of his life began with his schooldays in Columbus.

CHAPTER II

SCHOOLDAYS IN COLUMBUS

IN October of 1851, Walter's school life began in the Ohio Institution for the Blind in Columbus. His uncle, Dr. Bazaleel Snodgrass of Lisbon, who, with his wife, was going to Columbus to attend the State Fair, took him. We can imagine the reluctance of the mother whose sons, one after another, had gone out into the world at tender years, to let this one who had had special care go from her. But she was not a woman to hesitate when her child's welfare was involved. She knew that an education was essential to his well-being, and that this was the best place for him. In his journal or composition book written during his schooldays in Columbus he gives this account of his trip:

MY LONGEST JORNEY

My longest journey was when I came to Columbus the first time or [at] least it seemed the longest to me. I came with my uncle and aunt who were coming to the state fare. I started from Salem about seven

ocolek, on Monday morning in a hack crying as hard as I well could with kind voices of my uncle and aunt trying to cheer me untill I got to Aliance and then I cryed harder than I well could for when the locomotive then heard by me for the first time came hissing and puffing and blowing it seamed to bring a supply of salt water and I cryed till I got to Cleaveland and all night and till nine ocolek the next night when I arrived at Collumbus. The next day about ten oclock I found myself in the Ohio Institution for the Blind.

The "kind uncle and aunt" left him at the school. When they returned the next day they found him comfortably settled among the other children, contented and already able to find his way around the house and grounds.

The school was situated at some distance from the center of the city. It occupied a large building and had large and beautiful grounds which gave the children plenty of room to play. There were grass and trees and bushes, and all was surrounded by a hedge, along which ran a walk. Just behind was a large grove, "Parson's Grove," and there the children sometimes went, and there the annual May Party was held.

When Walter entered the institution the education of the blind was in its infancy. So much advancement has been made in the last sixty years that it is hard to realize how few facilities

were to be had and how little apparatus was available during his schooldays. Now, there are specially trained teachers. Then, the instructors were those willing to devote themselves to what seemed a very limited, and to many useless, sphere of influence. Now, geography is taught with maps that show rivers and mountains and boundaries to the sensitive fingers of the sightless as clearly as do the printed maps to the eyes of other children. Now, geometries are printed in braille with raised diagrams. Then, there were no maps and geometry was not in the curriculum. In the teaching of English there was not even a dictionary in raised letters until the year after Walter left the school. The wonder is that such good work could be done as was accomplished. Funds were always scarce as people were not yet convinced that it paid to educate blind children. The Ohio Institution had been in operation but fourteen years when Walter entered it, having been opened in 1837 with five pupils. The total enrollment for his first year was sixty-eight, and for his last one hundred and eight. The ordinary attendance was considerably smaller, however, as when Miss Brown became matron in 1856 she took charge of forty-five children.

In addition to the common school branches,

each child was taught a trade. The object of the school was to fit the pupils to go out into the world, live independently, and be self-supporting. The trades taught then were the making of mattresses, and of brooms. Nowadays the list of industries open to the blind is much longer. The more talented children were taught music and trained to make it their profession. It looks as if Walter thought it a choice between music and brooms, and chose music. Though he had no natural aptitude nor taste for it he probably had none for broom-making either.

He made up his mind to be a musician, but the path was not clear. Appropriations were not large enough to cover all the needs of the school. The State was not willing to spend more than the minimum on this experiment. As elsewhere, the musical department was limited as to apparatus. There were not enough pianos to go around, so the Professor of Music, Mr. Nothnagle, decided to make a test and weed out the unpromising pupils. This test was to sing the scale. Those that succeeded were to be allowed to study music; not so the others. Walter failed completely, was told there was no use for him to waste time in trying to secure a musical education, and was dismissed. But Walter had made up his mind, and was not to

be downed. With his characteristic independence of action and pluck, without consulting anyone, he went to the head of the school and asked for permission to use one of the pianos from six A. M. until the breakfast hour, seven. The request was granted and he went to work. One of the assistant professors or older students helped him. He soon showed marked talent (within a year could tell any note that was struck on the piano) and was given every facility and opportunity that the school afforded. When he left the school he was considered the finest pianist that the school had produced up to that time. He also took lessons on the violin and the pipe organ, and toward the end of his course was organist in the Westminster Church in Columbus. At the recitals at the school he was one of the best performers. All this might have been lost if the nine-year-old boy had not been determined to go ahead in spite of discouragements. It was apparent to all that even if he had no natural talent for music he had cultivated a very good substitute. In the Institution the question is still discussed as to whether or not he could have accomplished what he did without any inborn musical sense. He, himself, declared that it was all cultivated. At all events, his instructors saw that it was worth while to give

him a musical education; and also that he had a brain worthy of the best that could be given it. There was no talk of broom-making or of any other mechanical art for him. He did bead work, however, and bore home many little gifts for his family and friends, some of which are still preserved.

In 1856, Dr. Lord became superintendent of the Institution and Miss Brown, matron. Too much cannot be said about its character during the remainder of his time in it. It was a real home for the children, Christian, and of high moral tone. They lived as one family, the boys and girls meeting together in the rooms of their elders. Miss Brown's room was a link between the two sections of the building, and here the children would gather, perhaps to talk among themselves, perhaps to listen to something read aloud. Interesting books were chosen, so that the readings were enjoyed by the children, and without their knowing it they were given a taste for the best in our literature.

Miss Brown found the children with one habit that she distinctly discouraged—that of “touching hands” as they called it. They did not want to give it up, and argued that other people could see each other but they could not; it was their only way of meeting. But Miss Brown said that they

must because it was not well to do things in the school that they could not do when they were out in the world. She was very sympathetic, and sometimes wisely closed her eyes, as on one occasion when she opened the chapel door and saw Walter and a little girl sitting there by themselves. They were doing no harm and she slipped out again, leaving them never the wiser.

It was at this time that the boy began to train his memory by committing long extracts of the best literature: Dr. Lord advised this and he practiced it indefatigably. During one summer he memorized several books of *Paradise Lost* and of Pope's *Essay on Man*. A thing once learned he never forgot. Up to the time of his death over fifty years later he would repeat long selections both in English and in Latin that he had memorized in his youth. In his manhood when he returned to the Institution and was asked to speak to the children, he was accustomed to emphasize the value of this. This brief "essay" on Memory is to be found in his composition book:

MEMORY

As the memory is very important depart of the mind no opportunity for its improvement should be allowed to pass. I would be obliged to any one

that knows if they would inform me of the best method for strengthening the memory.

These other extracts from the same book—half diary, half composition book—tell something of what he was doing and thinking.

Sept the tenth

Nothing of peartlerer interest has taken place to-day the lessons are in the same order that they were yesterday On the eleventh we have an adetionanal recitation I go to town in the afternoon and play at the Westminster Church in the evening. Almon Brooks arrived here this evening and gave our room a treat to good chese that was made at home Nothing to say for the twelvth and thirteenth

Sep the fourteenth

They dropped today the studies of mensuration geography and rhetoric and composition on a somewhat different basis from what it was before The fifteenth I commenced the veryation Sweet Home Thalberg which takes practice

Thursday the 16

I went to town to get a to nerve of a tooth killed and the dentist said he would plug it next week While I was gone Ssli Gowdy arrived from Cincinnati. Monday I commense writing music and agree to go to give concerts.

Evening

I went to market in the morning

The lines on "The Sources of Happiness for the Blind" are worth special notice. While of a happy disposition he was greatly depressed at times and he must have given the subject much thought.

THE SORCES OF HAPENESS FOR [THE] BLIND

Hapiness is the aim of man from of man from the cradle to the grave He sees it far ahead in in wealth or fame and he climes the niggerd hill of industry in pursuite of it with an undieing energy and an unfaltering step. Everything that does not tend to make man happier is useless Now the man that affirms that those deprived of sight are incapibell of enjoyment assencially saiss that four of his sences are a nuisance. That [the] ear through which the Almighty most vividly brings his power before the mind as in the sudden clap of thunder the pouring watters of Niagra the roaring of the ocean, through which man speakes to man by music the unaversal languag might be dispensed with; that the sense of fealing with out wich it is hardly possible fore man to exist is undeserving of a place in his constitution that the Creator waisted his power when he gave us the senses of taste and smell. Such ideas are eroneous. Those are truly sorces of happiness yet they are not the greatest The blind are not necessarily idiotic or crasy as some seam to think but on the other hand they often possess the greatest minds. Being unable to crowd into their [minds] every whim they attain by reflection a complete understanding of what knowledge they do possess They often advance

sounder doctrines and better prinseples than men who have more knowledge but in a kind of a conglomerated mixed up mess that will never do themselves or anyone else any good. The reason why the Apostle Paul was smote with blindness seams to me to be that his attention migt not be attracted by the scenes arround him so that he could reflect on his condition. Now never let me hear anyone say after this that because a person is deprived of the use of [a] couple of balls on eitehe side of the nose [he] is therefor incapable [of] enjoyment

THE LAYING OF THE CABLE GRANDELY CELEBRATED IN SALEME

It was one hot sultry [day] last August that I came up home from down street and dinner not beaing quite reddy I thought I would take a short knap so [I] darkened one of the rooms to drive the flys out and lay and lay down. I had just weighed ancor [at] dose port in dreamland when I was aroused by [the] tolling of what of what I supposed was [the] bell for twelve oclock so I concluded to wait till the bell got got through before I again set sail. Surprise consternation amasement perplexity all seased hold of me at once and to account for the ringing of the bell was entirely beyond my my [comprehension] Finally I was told that the cable was laid that the Queen's message had been received. At first I felt felt a little assshamed of this celebration but I have come to the conclusion now that the people of Salem had a good deal of foresight. They gave it just as much as it deserved.

WALTER.

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It was during this period, too, that religion began to occupy his thoughts. Theology was of great interest to him in later years. Deeply religious by nature, his beliefs did not always take the orthodox forms. He did much thinking and little talking. Miss Brown tells of her surprise when he first mentioned the subject to her. Apparently he had been unaffected by a series of revival services which Dr. Lord had been holding in the school. These had stirred the other children greatly. Walter said nothing at all for some time, then he told Miss Brown of his readiness and desire to unite with the church. She, feeling that he was entirely sincere, but fearing that the desire was the outcome of the general excitement and might not be permanent, advised him to take more time to consider the question. This, the first outward manifestation of his religious instincts, is important in its relation to after events.

In 1859 we find Walter ending his life in the Institution, after having completed the full course of study. He left the school with a knowledge of the common school branches; could read easily the raised letter type; could write by means of a grooved board a fairly legible hand; had a well-trained memory and a knowledge of and taste for the best in English literature. Music was to be

his profession and he was qualified to support himself by teaching and as an organist. Many friendships had been formed and his loyalty to the school, his instructors, and his fellow-pupils never wavered. In later years he rarely, if ever, missed a reunion, and usually delivered an address. In 1874 he was elected president of the newly formed Alumni Association. This was at a meeting at which the completion of the "new house" was celebrated. As president of the day, Mr. Campbell made the following address:

My Friends,—I have just been informed that at a meeting of the pupils and graduates held this morning, I was chosen to preside over the deliberations of the day. It would not be consonant with the sacredness or dignity of the occasion to allude to the personal satisfaction I feel in being thus honored. I can but thank you for it.

We are here to-day (to do what I have hitherto thought very rarely desirable) to consider ourselves, pupils and graduates of the Ohio Institution for the Blind, as in a sense a sort of special class, a kind of peculiar people with trials and triumphs and aspirations and defeats different from those of other men. We may, however, for once shut out the active, busy world around us and review our own past, consider our own present, and peer, it may be, into the future. Memory and hope to-day claim our obedience while they lead us whithersoever they will and gladly let us submit to the gentle guidance. We are indeed but

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now come from the old to the new, from the shadowy past to the very threshold of the dawning future, and standing here we can look back upon a past full of hallowed associations, and forward to a future bright with alluring prospects.

These halls to which we but now bade farewell, how full, how suggestive they are of inspiring reminiscences! though empty, they seem thronged with busy youth, pursuing with ardor learning's difficult path; though silent, they seem filled with the harmony of wonderful music. Tear down these walls if you will, Memory will build them up again, not indeed of crumbling brick and mortar, but of her own imperishable materials. Into this memory-made Institution, all will be summoned; and there once more will be heard the noisy tramp of many feet, the hum of many voices, the confused murmur of many instruments, the revered teacher instructing, the kind officer admonishing, the choir and its anthem, the morning and the evening prayer.

Think it not strange that the associations which memory marshals around yonder deserted building, draw us backward toward it with a power though gentle, still strong, still irresistible. It was there that we were first born to a love of learning, there that we were first inspired with an ambition for intellectual and moral powers, there that we first felt those vague longings of the soul to realize to the utmost the all-undiscovered possibilities of our manhood, there that we caught the first glimpse of the priceless worth, the incomparable sublimity of even one honest, earnest, active human life. Now does someone ask, "Is sentimentalism like this, all that can be returned to the State of Ohio for her vast expenditure in our

behalf?" I answer it is enough. To have generally diffused among the blind a love of learning, a desire for intellectual and moral excellence, a determination to make the most of themselves, a sense of personal responsibility and power, is an ample return for any expenditure however great. He who holds sentiments like these as a part of his very being, woven into the very woof of his soul as it were, the strong, fadeless threads of it strengthening and coloring the whole, blind though he be, though hungry and ragged, and shelterless to boot, stands forth among his fellows, even in this commercial, money-making age, a man, "every inch" a man. This, though return enough, is by no means all. There are scattered throughout the State, blind men of consideration and influence in the community where they dwell, earning a livelihood and holding their own in the jostlings of business life. Many of them make livings, few fortunes, and all the families to which they belong the happier, and the circles of society in which they move the pleasanter, for having been there. While this is true, still there is a view of this matter that I would not disregard myself nor have overlooked by others. Our history thus far has been very largely experimental, and although the possibility of doing something by the blind man has been proved, the field for his usefulness is still very circumscribed and narrow. To enlarge this field, to discover new paths, must be for some time yet our endeavor. We must attempt this or that calling, pursuit, or profession, until the limit of usefulness for the blind has been reached.

This, I apprehend, will not soon be. In the division of labor now going on, affecting as it does every calling and pursuit, I see in the future boundless possibilities

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of usefulness for the energetic, the righteous man. We still need pioneers to press forward into these new fields, bold, brave men, who will take the chances of failure that they may succeed; for be assured that though you and I should sacrifice our lives in a vain endeavor to make ourselves useful outside our sphere, still there will follow those who, studying our defeat, will learn to achieve victory. In my view of the economy of things, in my understanding of providence, there is, there must be, a place, a use for all, and therefore each seeming failure is in the great plan an indispensable step toward universal success. I am, however, talking too much. We are here to-day dedicating, in a manner, a new and beautiful temple to learning. I am sure that from this attestation of satisfaction with the work of educating the blind, that this new building evinces on the part of the people of Ohio, we shall gain confidence in ourselves, and we shall all go away with better hope and higher purpose for the future.

Mr. Campbell was always very much interested in blind children and glad to help them in any way that he could. Many parents whom he did not know at all wrote him for advice. After he began to use the typewriter frequent inquiries came about its practicability for the blind. He believed that the adult blind should not think of themselves as a class by themselves, but should live normal lives as far as possible. For this reason he thought that many of the philanthropic movements

for their help were mistaken kindnesses. Although he was a trustee for the Ohio Working Home for the Blind for some years he finally resigned from lack of sympathy with it. His own life is the best expression of his ideas on the subject.

CHAPTER III

YOUTH IN SALEM

WHEN Walter's school life in Columbus was over he returned to his home in Salem with the intention of making music his profession. He was proficient on the piano, the organ, and the violin, gave music lessons, and was organist in the Presbyterian Church. He composed music, as well, some of which was published. Some years later his brother Allen wrote from St. Louis that he had purchased his "Institution Waltzes" in a music store in that city, having inquired for them in order to see if they were known and to be obtained there. In the fall of 1860 he entered the Institution for the Blind in Philadelphia for the study of music. This fragment of a letter speaks for itself:

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO WILLIAM CHAPIN

SALEM Aug 21

WILLIAM CHAPIN

DEAR SIR

Yours of the 16th received and the contence noted. No answer is required perhaps on my part. I simply

the necessity of the
advantages of some
of the eastern writers
than Philadelphia
is my first choice

FACSIMILE OF HANDWRITING OF WALTER L. CAMPBELL

THE NEW
- 1910 -

to assure you that can endure, without a murmur all degrees of crowding so my room mates are cleanly. I feel the necessity of the advantages of some of the eastern institutions. Philadelphia is my first choice tho I Boston is my next choice tho I do not like that very well. I infinitely prefer Ohio to New York judge from her specimens of concerters that I have seen. If I can not enter your institution as kind of an assistant teacher I would pay full price of tuition for a few weeks and would like to do so if convenient to all parties.

It is possible that the few mistakes in the letter account for its not having been finished and sent.

He returned to Salem in the following February bearing a certificate that he had spent five months in the school, could perform on the piano, the organ, and other instruments, teach music, and serve as organist in a church.

Perhaps it was while he was in Philadelphia that he decided that he was not meant to be a musician. It is certain that after hearing a great performer there, he talked the matter over with Miss Miranda Hamlin, a very dear friend of all of the Campbells, and told her that he was conscious of a lack in himself that would keep him from going much further. He often said that he was not really musical. Still, his accomplishments were remarkable. When he was learning a new

selection he would sit at the piano while it was read, occasionally striking a note or playing a bar, and when the reading was finished play the entire piece. He did this with long and difficult pieces as well as with simpler ones. His ear was accurate and his critical ability good. In spite of his dissatisfaction with himself as a musician he went back to Salem and his teaching and his organ. It was not until nearly thirty years later that he finally gave up his music altogether.

With his return to Salem, Walter resumed the friendships that had been more or less interrupted during his school days, and took his place in the community. His humor and ready wit made him a welcome member. He joined in its social life, much of which centered around the church with its Mite Society and choir practice, and his blindness was so kept in the background as to make people forget it. His presence was not one to put a damper upon the fun; in fact he was more likely than not to be a leader in any sport on hand. If it were music, he was always ready with his piano or violin. With the piano he played many tricks. When his children were growing up he amused their friends with them by the hour, and they must have been learned in his own young days. One, in which he played the treble of one

familiar tune and the bass of another, always brought laughter. Again, he would put a book or newspaper on the piano wires, with a result that resembled an orchestra. He was a great joker too, but his jokes were always good humored and without a trace of malice. He with two of his friends, Mr. T. C. Mendenhall and Mr. James Day, had what was called the "slick cent." This belonged to the last one to have made the best joke, and was in constant circulation. The young ladies did not always find this game amusing, and one of them, at least, used to leave them and go to bed. "I was not going to have a joke made of every word I said," said she.

Although he never took much interest in clothes and was careless about his dress unless he were watched, at this time he spent some of his earnings on what he used to describe as a "velvet vest with buds." He evidently regarded it as a garment of great beauty and worth. A photograph of the fair-haired, slender youth shows him arrayed in such a waistcoat, probably the only one of the kind that he ever owned.

With the Boyle family the Campbells continued to be on terms of the closest intimacy, and with none was the bond closer than with Walter. They no longer lived across the street from each other as

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Mr. Boyle had moved to a farm a little out of the village. Here Walter was a constant visitor. Whenever Mrs. Boyle saw him coming she would say to one of her daughters, "Here comes Walter; go and read to him."

She treated him like a member of the family. There was always a place for him at her table. Her eldest daughter, Maggie, a girl of his own age, sat next him and prepared his food, a thing that she did at parties as well. This was one of the few things that he did not do for himself. Some one always cut his meat and spread his bread. He was extremely sensitive about this, and liked to have one that was accustomed to it perform the service.

With one member of the Boyle family, the little crippled sister Mary—or Mamie as she was affectionately called—there was special sympathy. It may have been because both of them were meeting life under peculiar conditions. At all events, they understood each other and she could get very close to him in the periods of depression that sometimes came over him, and often cheer him by singing to him. The others learned to pay no attention to his moods and to take him as they found him, but, as they said, "Mamie could always understand him."

In the relationship between the two families, it must not be inferred that the kindness was all on one side, for it was mutual. The older Campbell boys were like older brothers to these girls, bringing them presents whenever they came home on visits; lending them books, and performing any acts of friendship that they could. After the Boyle family moved out to their farm, the daughters sometimes felt that the young men did not care to take them home after evening parties on account of the long walk. "Walter never minded it." One evening Miss Maggie, stopping to make a call on her way home, was delayed until dusk. Then, as there was no one to go with her she started on alone. In a little while she heard footsteps behind her, and, frightened, hurried along. She had been in the house only a few minutes, when Walter appeared. He had heard that she was alone, gone after her, and, when he discovered that she had started, had tried to catch up with her.

All of his life he had a very tender protecting care toward women. It was shown not only to those nearest to him, but to all whom he knew. We see it here as we see it everywhere in his life. There were always women near, women of the highest type, who turned their best side toward him.

[The page contains approximately 20 lines of extremely faint, illegible text.]

in separate pockets. He always felt of a new object, carefully studying its characteristics, and "saw" everything that came into the house. Of course he knew from his sense of touch any ordinary article. In fact there was so little that he did not notice that those who were with him much did not think of him as different from themselves. He used the word "see" as they did, saying, "I saw So-and-so when I was downtown this morning," "Let me see that," etc. A stranger would notice this at first. He went about the house entirely unaided, but on the streets he always carried a cane, made a little longer than the standard length. He walked at an average pace and went along as independently as anyone. In later years he travelled extensively through the country, frequently alone, and never had any difficulty. In the towns that he knew he made his way as surely as though he could see. He had a sense that told him when there was an obstacle ahead—it may have been some change in the atmosphere. He could detect such small things as poles and posts, and said that he did so by a feeling in his cheek. People he recognized by their voices, and seldom made a mistake. A voice once known was always remembered. Often people whom he had met but once he knew again in this

way. Numbers of his friends and acquaintances tell of his meeting them unexpectedly in strange cities, sometimes after periods of years, and calling them by name. He was conscious of other characteristics of those he knew well, and speech was not always necessary to recognition. Often he knew that a person who had tried to hide by keeping quiet, was in the room. To those people who are accustomed to being with the blind these things do not seem so marvelous as to others. They are taken more or less for granted, and seem hardly worth mentioning. Still there are not a great many that have overcome the absence of sight from a physical standpoint alone to the degree that he did and in so many ways. Walking he enjoyed. Driving he did not care for, never feeling entirely safe behind a horse. His love of swimming he never outgrew.

His interest in the game of chess began at this time. His brother Allen, Dr. Byron Stanton and Professor Mendenhall played the game frequently, and he wished to play it too. Dr. Stanton had a stamped board on which the squares were so raised as to be easily told by touch. With this board after learning the pieces he soon learned their positions and moves and then the openings. It was not long before he played a very good game.

He carried the board and game in his mind, though his opponent usually had a board. Both players called their moves as they made them.

These years of life in his own home town were saddened by the death of Pressley, the eldest of his brothers that lived to maturity. He died in the summer of 1860, still under thirty years of age, but leaving behind him an example of integrity and of industry for the younger boys to follow. He had started at fourteen in the store of Pettett and Park in Mt. Union, Ohio, educated himself, become a banker, and accumulated some property. He had a fatherly eye on the younger boys, and especially on Walter. He stimulated his love of history and of knowledge, and his was the hand that traced the geometrical figures on pasteboard that the sightless boy might understand them. This death was a sad blow to all of this family, among whom the spirit of family love was so strong.

We must not forget that these were the days before the war, with their many burning questions, of which slavery and the right of secession were the greatest. Discussion was carried on in grocery store, post-office, street, wherever men gathered. Who doubts that Walter was on hand, listening always, and as he grew older taking his part

in the discussions and unconsciously gaining the facility in extemporaneous speaking which he was to use later on? There was great difference of opinion at first in the little town, although it had its station on the Underground Railroad and later was to come out strongly for the Union. Dr. Stanton's house was the station, and perhaps in Walter's earliest years he heard whispers about the fugitives led to freedom. It is not unlikely that his older brothers helped—but whether they did or not, love of freedom was bred in the bone. In his maturity he tried to get it for the Filipino as in his youth he had for the negro. His ears were open always, and his lack of sight had given him a power of concentration and of thought that made him a thinker beyond others of his years. With how much interest he must have listened to what was said, and with what eagerness he must have attended the meetings where men of note from the East and other parts of the country were to be heard. It is easy to imagine the zeal with which he went about it to do his share in the cause of freedom. He was never silent when a word from him would help. Salem was a fertile field for religious and theological as well as for political discussion, and to this he listened also.

It is now time to turn to Walter's intellectual

life. He was dissatisfied with music as a profession, and he thirsted for knowledge. Opportunity was given him to go on with his studies. He entered the Salem High School. The Presbyterian minister, Mr. Maxwell, gave him lessons in Greek. His mother gave a place in her home to Miss Rose Prunty, later Mrs. Firestone, a teacher in the High School, who taught him Latin, mathematics, and other branches. With Professor Thomas C. Mendenhall, who came to Salem in 1862, geometry was begun. Mrs. Firestone and Dr. Mendenhall have written the following accounts of the way the studies were pursued and a schoolmate, Miss Laretta Barnaby, gives the story from the point of view of a fellow-student. These accounts are given in full.

BY MRS. ROSE P. FIRESTONE

I first met Mr. Walter L. Campbell in the fall of '57 in Salem, O., his birthplace and the residence at that time of the remaining members of the family. He was then home on a visit from Columbus, Ohio, where he had been for some years under tuition carefully adapted to his infirmity. The instructors there he invariably spoke of with a warm appreciation of their readiness and skill in imparting information. A Mr. Little, afterwards superintendent at Janesville, Wisconsin, particularly impressed him and assisted in laying the foundation for a system of reading and

literary acquisitions, fruitful in after life. The esteem was mutual. Long after both had passed away, Mrs. Little, late of Oberlin, testified to the regard in which her husband held the memory of his old pupil.

Mr. Campbell impressed me on our first interview as a fine specimen of young manhood; earnest, active, quick of perception, ready with the confidence of youth in assertion, seldom mistaken; his sole physical infirmity scarcely noticeable, so well did he carry himself and refrain from inviting attention.

The study of music had been prosecuted throughout his entire course in Columbus, with the view of making that his occupation, and when a year or two later, he returned home and engaged in teaching, it became to all appearances his life's work, but it did not satisfy him. Mathematics, for which he had a natural bent, and Latin which appealed to his knowledge of Roman history, carefully fostered in early childhood by a favorite brother (he laughed as he told how the story of the three bushels of rings which Hannibal is said to have stripped from the fingers of the Roman knights impressed his boyish fancy) appealed strongly to his tastes, and he entered the High School where he soon became *facile princeps*, to the great astonishment of his classmates. Many recent appliances for the blind were then wanting, but his tactile fingers easily traced on the reverse side geometrical figures drawn for him on thick cardboard by an elder brother. The simple problems of algebra were mastered by the aid of a special slate; the more complicated, involving close thought he soon learned to retain and solve by memory, they became indeed a great amusement. In the classics he delighted; the

graphic portraits of Sallust, "the righteous self-applause" of Cicero, had for him a charm unknown to the blasé students of the present.

His remarks and comments on all subjects had the clear, sharp-cut distinctiveness of coins newly issued from the mint; teacher and class often profited by them.

Still he was not satisfied, study stimulated further study. The old classical course, then the sole college curriculum, had for him a strong attraction and in the fall of '63, he entered Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio. The writer called on him while there and accepted in all simplicity his invitation to spend an hour with him in his classroom. She learned afterwards to her surprise that she had committed a gross solecism, the wife of one of the professors informing her that it was unknown for ladies to visit college classes, they left that to Oberlin. She would have inferred as much from the gross vulgarity on the blackboard.

Radical Oberlin was still at that date a *non persona grata* among sister colleges. *Tempora mutant*. She well remembers the warm encomiums she heard passed upon his scholarship, and the natural pride she felt at having contributed to it. He entered somewhat deficient in Greek, but decidedly ahead in mathematics. "I just carried a couple of fellows through in algebra," he remarked long afterwards.

His subsequent career is a matter of public record. This slight tribute from one who knew him well in early youth may serve as a pebble to his cairn piled high in the memories of all who knew him.

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RECOLLECTIONS FROM A SCHOOLMATE (MISS LAURETTA BARNABY)

After Walter's return from the "Institute for the Blind," he attended the Salem High School in preparation for college. As a classmate, the writer can never forget with what awe the younger and less mature members of the class regarded his store of knowledge and his gift of acquisition, or the wonderful power of concentration that enabled him to demonstrate a theorem in geometry, or to follow a demonstration from a figure as clearly imprinted in his mind as was upon their vision the corresponding figure on the blackboard. Equally worthy of remembrance was the ready willingness, even eagerness, of the younger boys of the Cicero class to assist him in the preparation of his lessons by reading to him, regarding it an easy task to furnish eyesight and a little time in exchange for brain work. For many an hour of drudgery were they saved by Walter's retentive memory and quick comprehension.

DR. T. C. MENDENHALL TO M. R. C.

I think the whole scheme of his higher education and professional training was your father's *own* and that he did not always receive encouragement from his friends and acquaintances. To them the obstacles to be overcome naturally seemed almost insurmountable, their point of view being so far removed from his. My acquaintance with him began in the Autumn of 1862—very soon after I went from Marlboro to Salem to begin work in the Salem High School. Our acquaintance very soon ripened into a friendship which was terminated only by his death. We had

many tastes in common: whenever circumstances permitted we were much together and our relations close and intimate. I soon learned of his ambitions and of his plan for taking a complete college course of study and I was happy to be able to assist him in some degree in their realization. My own limited scholarship at that time was mostly confined to the field of mathematics, the one kind of learning in which it is possible to make considerable advancement without teacher, library, apparatus, or material appliances of any kind, and this was the subject concerning which he most doubted his own powers. In language, history, and similar subjects his remarkable memory enabled him to accomplish more in a given time than most students not handicapped as he was. So it was of mathematical subjects that we talked and especially of *geometry*, the difficulties of which he feared could not be overcome. I induced him to join my class in that subject in the High School and I was delighted to give him as much help outside of school hours as was necessary to enable him to prepare for his college entrance examinations in mathematical subjects.

I soon found that his capacity for mastering mathematics was fully equal to that of the best third of my pupils who could see, and considerably greater than the average, which proved conclusively that his remarkable facility in "learning" was not based alone on unusual power of memory.

His presence in my High School class in geometry developed into an interesting experiment in teaching that subject, the results of which were of much value and attracted considerable attention among teachers of mathematics at that time.

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Under ordinary conditions in demonstrating a geometrical proposition from a figure drawn upon a blackboard much use is made of the fact that all of the class can *see* the drawing and the letters or figures by which it is marked and are thus relieved from the task of following closely the description given by the pupil at the board; and the latter, also, may be, and generally is, quite careless as to that description. In the same way, in the various steps of the demonstration the presence of the visible figure to which reference is continually made lessens enormously the intellectual effort necessary for the whole operation. Reduction of intellectual effort to a minimum was not in those days (as it seems to be at the present time) the sole object and desire of the teacher and the presence of your father in the class opened the way to an *increase* of such effort on the part of all the other members.

Realizing that the geometrical form or magnitude under discussion must exist completely as a *mental* picture with him and that it must be built up by complete and exact attention to details, I asked the other pupils, whenever giving the demonstration of a proposition from a figure on the board, to be careful to omit no necessary step, to be precise in every statement and to leave nothing dependent upon the visibility of the figure, "because," I said, "to one member of our class this figure has no existence and only when it is accurately described with every step in its construction correctly given can he form a mental image of it which takes the place of that on the blackboard with the rest of us." Of course every pupil in the class was glad to go to any trouble that was necessary to help our sightless member to a complete

understanding of problems that he was attacking so courageously and very soon I observed that some of them would close their eyes during the demonstration of a proposition in order to put themselves in his place as far as was possible and to realize in this way just what his difficulties were. This suggested to me the idea of assuming that *all* were blind and trying our geometry without blackboard or visible diagram. The experiment was tried with very satisfactory results and we called it "Mental Geometry" after the fashion of "Mental Arithmetic" then much in vogue. It was strong food and when the proposition to be demonstrated was long and complicated it was difficult—even exhausting—for many members of the class, but its effect in strengthening intellectual fiber and in securing and developing close, *concentrative* attention on the part of the class was noticeable from the start. Of course we could only have a little of it every day; it was too strong for an exclusive diet, though your father lived on nothing else. At the request of the editor of the *Ohio Educational Monthly*, I wrote a description of the experiment, its origin and success, which was published in that journal and widely commented upon. Some time afterward, a professor of mathematics in Pennsylvania published a book called *Mental Geometry*, in which the same idea was developed, but I never knew whether he got the original idea from our Salem experiment.

Of course your father's difficulties with problems in solid were vastly greater than with those in plane geometry but by the occasional use of a model he acquired very clear and correct conceptions of the "Geometry of Space."

I think it was during this period that he began the

game of chess and it is my recollection that I taught him the first moves in that game. I was rather devoted to the game at that time and his remarkable ability to carry along a complicated demonstration of a geometrical proposition suggested to me that he would probably have little difficulty in carrying a game of chess in his head. After getting once started he made very rapid progress and very soon his teacher was no match for him, in spite of the advantage of having the board and men in full view all of the time. We walked a good deal together and very often he would open a game of chess while walking, challenging me to follow him, which I could do for only a very few moves.

According to my recollection I accompanied him on his first visit to Hudson, which I think was in the spring of 1863 or at the Commencement of that year. His object in going was to try the examinations for admission, which were held during Commencement week, or about that time. I think he found himself much ahead of the requirements for admission to the freshman class and that with little trouble he could enter as a sophomore and this was doubtless what influenced him to enter at Hudson rather than at Hanover of which he had thought.¹ My confidence in my belief that this was his *first* visit to Hudson grows out of an interesting circumstance which is worth recording. In walking about the streets of Salem with him he had frequently amused himself and me by striking with his cane any hitch-

¹ He found that he could enter Western Reserve the following September but another year of preparation would have been necessary for Dartmouth.—M. R. C.

ing post, telegraph pole, or similar thing on the edge of the sidewalk, the presence of which he seemed to be able to detect in some mysterious way. He could walk all about Salem alone without danger from accident, so perfect was his mental picture of places with which he was familiar, and I was inclined to the opinion that he might even remember the location of every post or pole along the side of the street. For this reason when we were in Hudson and were starting to walk up the main street for the first time for either of us, I said to him, "Now Walter, I am going to put you on the outside, next to the curb, as we walk up this street and I want you to tap the hitching posts as we pass along, if you think you can do it." We passed many as we walked along towards the College Campus and almost without exception he detected their presence, tapping them with his stick. During this walk his arm was resting in mine and it is quite possible that I unconsciously gave some sign when a post was approached which he, also unconsciously, recognized. His own explanation of it was that he "seemed to feel the presence of such an object as he approached it, through a peculiar sensation in his cheek, the cheek next to the object that made the impression." As to the *facts* I cannot doubt them and I remember many instances of performances of a similar character, especially when approaching an obstacle of considerable size such as a wall or the side of a house; he would invariably stop before actually coming in contact with anything of that sort. I remember, also, that he declared that in walking along the street what always gave him the "biggest fright" was a sudden drop in the sidewalk at a point where he was not "at home." Often the step-down was only an inch or two but the

"fright" was just as great, for until his foot actually touched something solid on the lower level a drop of a couple of inches was just the same to him as one of forty feet!—Another incident of his college life amused us both very much and was much talked about at the time. While still teaching in the Salem High School I had arranged to spend a part of my vacations at Hudson (while the college remained in session) as a private pupil of Professor Charles A. Young—the afterwards famous astronomer of Princeton College—and by a special dispensation I had been elected to membership in the Beta Theta Pi college fraternity, to which Walter also belonged. I occupied a room in a college dormitory and one evening a number of our fraternity brethren were visiting there with Walter and me. There were, perhaps, a half dozen of us seated in various parts of the room, and one of the men, happening to have a small marble (such as boys play with in the spring) in his pocket took it out and began amusing himself by trying to shoot it (holding it only by the thumb and first finger) at the door-knob, several feet away. Of course he failed to hit it and others became interested in the game, asking in turn for the privilege of having a try at it. Although each took several trials no one was successful, when, at last, Walter, who had quietly listened to the talk, remarked that he believed he would like to have *one* try at it himself. This brought much laughter but the small ball was put into his hand, and greatly to the astonishment of all of us, after deliberate aim, from a distance of about ten feet, he sent it whizzing to the spot striking the knob, apparently in the exact center!—Although as much surprised as anyone at his success he instantly assumed the air of one

who was quite accustomed to that sort of thing and could repeat it a dozen times in succession if he only chose to do so.

You speak of a trip "up the lakes" that he took in the summer of 1867. I was then living in Middletown, Ohio, halfway between Dayton and Cincinnati, where I had gone to be superintendent of schools on leaving Salem in 1866. I had formed a pleasant and intimate acquaintance there with three young men, James E. Campbell, a young lawyer, afterwards Governor of Ohio, member of Congress, etc., etc., Frank Forster, a young business man, and "Joe" Brock, one of the owners and editors of a weekly newspaper, the *Middletown Journal*. "Going up the lakes" at that time was a much less common and a much more difficult feat than going to Europe is to-day. The country throughout northern Michigan and all along the shores of Lake Superior was still largely a wilderness—many Indians still running wild there. We, the four in Middletown, determined to make the journey and I (being practically the organizer of the excursion) invited Walter Campbell to accompany us, of course with the entire approval of the other Middletown men, whose only query was as to the amount of pleasure he would be able to extract from such a journey. The question of expense was important to us but being a "party" and through the interest of Thwing Brooks with his kinsman we obtained satisfactory rates from Mark Hanna, the owner of the *Northern Light*, an old sidewheel steamer (mostly given to carrying freight) on which we took passage. James E. Campbell was compelled for business reasons to give up the trip, but the remaining three in the

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Middletown quartet joined Walter Campbell in Cleveland.

To all of us it was a memorable journey and it was the universal consensus of opinion that none got more out of the trip either in the way of pleasure or profit than Walter Campbell. He was a universal favorite, loved by all with whom we came in contact, and in many ways was "the life of the party." On our way back we stopped a week at the "Soo," then practically nothing but an army post, where we were entertained by the officers stationed there and, in turn, entertained them with our "music" (we were all musical and had carried instruments with us), of which Walter always furnished a large share. He was keenly interested in everything we "saw"; the *pictured rocks* and other bits of scenery were described to him as best we could and he retained a more vivid picture of the whole excursion, I am sure, than any other members of the party.

You ask about a subsequent trip to Omaha, but of this I am unable to tell you anything as I had no share in it and was too widely separate from your father at that time to hear much of it from him.

In the year following our excursion to the Great Lakes, I went from Middletown to Columbus to take a position as science teacher in the Columbus High School, and I recall an interesting instance of his ability to find what he wanted which occurred soon after I began work there. He had been a favorite pupil and graduate at the Institution for the Blind in Columbus, making occasional visits to it, and on his first visit after I made my home in Columbus he came to see me at the High School. I suppose he knew Columbus quite well and was accustomed (some years before) to finding his way about there but I do

not think he had ever before had occasion to visit the High School building. I presume he had pretty definite instructions from his friends at the Institution before leaving so that he made his way to me as surely and directly as if he had been able to see as well as anyone. I did not know that he was in town but I happened to be standing at the window of my room (on the ground floor and next to the street from which there was a side entrance to the building) when he came along. I saw him when he was, perhaps, a hundred feet away from the gate which admitted to the side entrance. He walked briskly along until opposite the gate, and then suddenly stopping, he began feeling about with his slender flexible cane that always reminded me of a sensitive tentacle which revealed the nature of everything it touched. He found the gate at once and entered without the slightest hesitation or doubt as to his being in the right place.

I do not know at what period, before or after his college career, he memorized Milton and Pope. Indeed it seemed to most of his friends and associates that no special memorizing was necessary with him, the "fixing process" being apparently coincident with the "impression," and the impression, we often thought, was made by a very slight "exposure." On many occasions I debated with him on the "Compensations of Blindness" in favor of which he argued with much force, so earnestly and *logically* that it often seemed that he would actually have chosen his lot as it was had a choice been offered him. He was fond of controversy and debate though invariably courteous and considerate of the opinions of others.

Springing from a race that may, I think, be justly

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characterized as rather "high-strung" I do not remember ever to have seen him *angry*. His affliction had evidently taught him patience and the necessity for a large measure of it in dealing with others. Besides, he had a keen appreciation of humor, which is a saving 'grace wherever it is found.

T. C. M.

RAVENNA, OHIO.

Nov. 16, 1913.

CHAPTER IV

COLLEGE YEARS

WALTER CAMPBELL entered Western Reserve College at Hudson, Ohio, in 1863. Dartmouth, his first choice, would have taken another year of preparation. He went to Hudson in July for Commencement, took his examinations, and returned at the beginning of the fall term ready to go to work. He was fully prepared in everything but Greek. Before he left home his friends in the choir and congregation of the Salem Presbyterian Church had presented him with a "raised letter" Bible, accompanied by this letter:

SALEM, O., Sep. 9, 1863.

MR. WALTER CAMPBELL.

DEAR SIR:

Your friends of the choir and congregation appreciate your long and faithful attendance upon and performance of your part of the duties of the choir on the sabbath. As you are now about to leave they have thought this a suitable time to make some outward sign of this appreciation.

A few of them have for that purpose purchased

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and do now present to you a Bible with raised letters which they trust you will accept in the same kind Spirit in which it is given.

They pray for God's blessing upon you in your studies and that the precious truths of the Gospel of Christ may be your comfort in life, your support in death, and your portion in eternity.

A. B. MAXWELL,

In behalf of your friends.

The following extract is from his brother Allen's answer to his first letter from college:

I received your letter yesterday. I think you will do very well if you persevere and never in any way give way to the "blues." But then I think you are safe. You will have plenty of hard work that is a wonderful antidote—a sure cure, I think. Don't be scared at your hard Greek. *Labor omnia*, but then, advice is not one of the vices I am addicted to, and a Campbell may be trusted to take care of himself. Mother appears to be very well pleased with your companion, teachers, and landlady, and I have no doubt you can if you try make them pleased with you.

College life fifty years ago was very different from to-day. These gleanings from the catalogues of Western Reserve give some idea of the conditions prevailing there in the sixties:

(From the Western Reserve Catalogue, 1863-64.)

ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined in English Grammar, Geography, Arith-

metic, Algebra, as far as equations of the second degree, Zumpt's or Andrews and Stoddard's Latin Grammar, Latin Prosody, eighty pages of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, Cicero's Select Orations, Sallust, Virgil, Sophocles' or Hadley's Greek Grammar and Jacobs', Colton's or Felton's Greek Reader.

Expenses.

Tuition	\$30.00
Room Rent	9.00
Incidentals	6.25
Contingencies, average	1.25

Total amount of charge per year \$46.50

It was wartime, and this note of the high cost of living has a familiar ring:

The price of board has advanced on account of the increased expense of provisions. At present it varies in good families from \$2.00 to \$2.50 a week, and in clubs from \$1.30 to \$1.55 a week.

* * * *

It is estimated that the whole annual expense of the student, exclusive of apparel and traveling expenses, need not exceed one hundred and fifty dollars.

General behavior was not neglected:

Occasional lectures are delivered before all the students on subjects pertaining to Literature, Science, or Practical Ethics, designed to promote good order, decorum, and a spirit of study.

There are Literary Societies connected with the College which afford the students ample opportunities for mutual improvement in writing and extemporaneous speaking. They are well sustained and have

valuable and increasing libraries. The libraries of the College and Literary Societies contain about one hundred thousand volumes and are accessible to all the students.

In grade, Western Reserve ranked with the Eastern colleges. It was well situated, and had a large campus with fine trees. The buildings were substantial and well planned, the dormitories being arranged in apartments of one study and two bedrooms each. The studies had open fireplaces and the rooms were of good size. The college was notable on account of having the first astronomical observatory in the United States. Williams had the foundations of hers laid earlier, but that at Hudson was the first completed. It was built by Prof. Elias Loomis, but in 1863 it was under the charge of Prof. Charles A. Young, who remained in Hudson until 1866, when he went first to Dartmouth and later to Princeton where he became perhaps the foremost astronomer of his day. Rev. H. L. Hitchcock was President of the college; N. P. Seymour, Professor of Greek and Latin; and Carrol Cutler, Professor of Intellectual Philosophy and Rhetoric. These four, who were all men of force and character, are the ones who seem to have had the most influence upon Walter during his college years.

Walter already had the power, which he never lost, of making friends easily, and the friends that he made he kept. From the first his influence on his fellow-students was strong. Mr. Charles T. Williams, who was tutor in his freshman year, says this influence was toward "courtesy, generosity, and magnanimity." By the time that he reached his senior year the other students regarded his opinions as authoritative and almost equaling those of the professors. His spirit of democracy made him as ready to extend a helping hand to the "Prep" as to the "Senior." Mr. Charles R. Truesdale, who was in the preparatory department of the college during his last year, says:

You ask me for my recollection of the impression he made upon his fellow-students. I recall distinctly how his classmates honored him and how every underclassman knew him and looked up to him and consulted him almost as an oracle. He was possessed of a memory that was absolutely faultless and he delighted in holding council with his fellow-students. For his wisdom they admired him and for his charity they loved him.

Mr. Marshall, his roommate, puts it, "He was a man; the rest of us were boys."

During his freshman year he roomed with Mr. James Ludlow Kendall, and had his reading done

by different members of the class. Many years later Mr. Thomas H. Wilson, in a talk with one of Mr. Campbell's classmates, Mr. E. H. Harvey, asked him if it were not irksome at times to the other students to have one who required special help. "No," replied Mr. Harvey, "he helped us more than we helped him. For instance, when we were studying mathematics, and we came to a difficult point, Walter would ask the page and its position on the page. Days or weeks later when we would be having trouble with a problem Walter would say 'If you turn to such and such a page you will find the solution so many lines from the bottom.'" Tutor Williams, in the class room, came to be able to pick out those who had studied with him.

After his freshman year Mr. Clifton G. Marshall did all of his reading for him. They roomed together and the studying was done at night. Walter excelled in the so-called "English Branches," Logic, Metaphysics, etc., though his roommate did not always find them so interesting. Frequently before the forty pages of Hamilton were finished he would be keeping awake by walking round and round the center table on which the lamp "was perched on a pile of books." One reading was all that was necessary for Walter; when that was

over the matter was firmly fixed in his mind. The studying lasted until ten or ten-thirty, after which Walter was accustomed to go out among his other friends for the rest of the evening.

Sometimes he went to the room of Sidney Strong, who was tutor in the college. He met him on his first visit to Hudson, when Mr. Strong's "Valedictory" won his admiration. They did a good deal of reading together of poetry, philosophy and history, both then and later in Youngstown.

However, the evenings were not all spent in intellectual improvement. There was the usual amount of fun and mischief that comes with college days. There is a tale of a wonderful dance, altogether against the rules, of course, that was held in the top story of one of the college buildings. Walter was seated on a table chewing tobacco and calling the dances as he played his violin. Suddenly footsteps were heard, and the dancers, one by one, slipped out—only the absorbed musician remained fiddling and calling when Prof. Cutler entered and interrupted him with the words, "Walter, I think you had better go to bed." It was the general opinion that if any other man had been found, more would have been said.

He is still remembered in Hudson, where with the other students he made friends among the

townspeople. He went to parties and occasionally played the organ in one of the churches. He was generally popular, and especially so with the girls. When he took one of them out perhaps he would pass his hand lightly over her hair and dress and tell her how he liked her appearance. He walked both for exercise and because he enjoyed it; also he played chess. With one friend who could play without a board, he made use of many odd moments, and especially of chapel exercises. The *Transcript*, the college paper, speaks of a chess club of which he was treasurer one year and president another. Altogether he had a pretty good time.

In the organizations of the college Walter Campbell took an active part. He was a member of the Beta Theta Pi. His literary society was the Phi Delta. In this he was a leader. He was especially good at extemporaneous speaking. He also wrote some lectures which he delivered in other towns.

Of college honors he won his full share. He had the Freshman Prize for "Written Translation," and the Sophomore one for "Composition." At the Junior Exhibition he delivered the "Philosophical Oration," and at his commencement the "Salutatory." He was graduated second in his class in spite of the fact that he insisted upon

being graded on all of the college work. There seems to have been some field work in trigonometry which he did not attempt and which, consequently, lowered his average. The honor for which he cared the most was his election to the Phi Beta Kappa Society. It was the one that he most desired for his son, and one of the happiest experiences of his life was when they went to a luncheon of the society together at Cambridge in 1899.

CHAPTER V

A WINTER IN CAMBRIDGE

IN the summer after the end of his college course Mr. Campbell took the "lake trip" which Dr. Mendenhall has described in an earlier chapter. He was always on the lookout for new ideas, and on this account he was fond of travel and of meeting and talking with strangers. He must have been somewhat tired, too, after his year of hard work, and glad of recreation. The trip was taken on a pass given him by Mark Hanna. Many years later when he was opposing Hanna politically he laughingly referred to this. Mark Hanna came from what was then New Lisbon, and is now Lisbon, Ohio, a town not far from Salem. It had been Mrs. Campbell's home before her marriage, and she still had relatives there whom her sons often visited. A warm friendship had grown up between Mark Hanna and Allen Campbell, and he willingly gave the pass to the younger brother, with whom he was not so well acquainted. Later

in the summer there was a trip to Chicago with his brother Newton, who was connected with the railroad and secured a pass for him again.

In order to understand Walter's life, something must be known of his brothers and the relationship that existed among them. Although after their childhood they were separated much of the time, a strong family spirit held them together. Pressley's death left George the eldest son. At this time he was a photographer and artist in Pekin, Illinois. He later went to Florida, and remained there until his death in 1877. He had less influence on Walter's career than any of the other brothers. Walter once said that he and George were rarely together and that he never knew him very well. The next brother, John Allen, Allen as he was called, was, after the mother, the real head of the family. Soon after his father's death at the age of nine years he started out to learn the printer's trade. He educated himself and did newspaper work and other things until the war broke out, when he enlisted in the Union army and serving throughout the war rose to the rank of Brigadier-General. He was a man of intellect, power, and great strength of character. It is impossible to overestimate his influence on this younger brother. There was great love and

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sympathy between them. The fatherly care of the elder for the younger is shown in letters a little further on in this chapter and the wonderful affection and regard of the younger for the elder, later on, in a tribute written after his death.

The brother next older than Walter, Isaac Newton, served in the army from 1862 until the end of the war, and rose to the rank of Captain. His work for some years both before and after the war was with the railroads. He and the youngest brother, Amasa, who was seeking his fortune in the West, were most generous in their contributions of money to help their sightless brother secure an education. They were all intensely proud of him and always ready to do anything that they could for him. At the same time they were helping to support their mother. To the calls of the family, all the brothers were ever warmly responsive.

After a year's study of law in the office of Judge J. A. Ambler in Salem, Walter entered the Harvard Law School. On his way to Cambridge he made visits in Philadelphia and in New York. His brother Allen, who was connected with the War Department in Washington, met him in New York and accompanied him to Cambridge. Allen had an army comrade and tentmate in Boston, Col. Horace N. Fisher, who had been a student in the

Harvard Law School. Col. Fisher introduced Walter to the professors and helped him to find a room for the winter in the house of Mrs. Bixby. He also acted as his banker during this period—the brothers sending remittances in his care. The bond required by the University was signed by Col. Fisher and by Mr. John H. Fisher, his brother. During the winter the student always found a welcome both at the office and at the home of his brother's friend.

The winter in the East was a very pleasant one for him. It was full of opportunities that he had never had before, and he was not slow to make use of them. He soon learned the way from Cambridge to Boston, and went about these cities, with their difficult and irregular streets, as easily as he had gone about Salem. By himself or in the company of a fellow-student, he took the long walk into Boston that he might hear the foremost speakers, the leading actors and the finest operas. His seat might be at the top of the house, but he heard and remembered. When he had finished the year, he called it the happiest of his life; and well he might, considering that these pleasures were minor in comparison to the major one—his friendship with Theophilus Parsons, Dean of the Law Faculty.

It was a remarkable friendship that grew up between the elderly professor and the young student—the one over seventy, the other under thirty. Professor Parsons was coming constantly into contact with the younger generation as it streamed through his classes. Of this young man's power to accomplish what he desired he was at first very doubtful. Soon, however, his attitude changed; nor was it long before they were fast friends. There is a note inviting the younger man to a Christmas party at the Professor's house, where he was a frequent visitor and well acquainted with the family. But the greatest benefit that his teacher gave him was neither in social pleasure nor in legal learning, but in opening up a new world of philosophy and religious thought.

From his infancy Mr. Campbell had been surrounded by religious influences. His parents had been Presbyterians of the strict Calvinistic type. He had been brought up on the Bible and had a very thorough knowledge of it. It was a favorite pastime of some of his young friends to quote Bible verses for him to locate. He stopped the practice when an old lady said to him one day, "Walter, I hear that you know the whole Bible off by heart." In telling the story he said, "It was all right to fool the young people, but when it

came to fooling a nice old lady I had to stop." (The remark is typical of his respect for age and for women.) All of his life he had been a constant attendant at church, much of the time as organist. Being naturally reflective and of a religious temperament he thought much along theological lines. As a boy in Columbus, he had felt the desire to unite with the church, which had been restrained by Miss Brown. She had feared that he was acting on a mere impulse but he had undoubtedly given the question careful thought even then. In these days when the spirit of liberality has crept into the churches it is hard to understand the situation forty years ago, with its cold, hard, dogmatic teaching. Much that is held as non-essential now was essential then. Brought up in this atmosphere of strict orthodoxy, Walter Campbell had the desire to believe, but there were certain doctrines that he could not accept. During his last year in college there had been a revival and discussion of religion among the students. There was only one public meeting, but there were smaller ones in some of the men's rooms. At one of these meetings his will to believe overcame his doubts, and he spoke of his faith. Shortly after this he went to Salem, and one evening in prayer meeting there, he rose from his seat, and said, "Lord, I

believe, help thou my unbelief." It was a startling and unusual thing to do, but no one present had any doubt of his sincerity. On the 28th of March, 1867, he was received into the Presbyterian Church in Salem on the profession of his faith. Even after this the old questionings kept coming up and it was not until he met Professor Parsons that his mind was at rest.

Professor Parsons was a leading member of the Swedenborgian Church, and a writer on Swedenborgianism. In the course of conversation, one day, his pupil said, "I wish that you would tell me something about Swedenborg's philosophy. I do not care about his theology." The reply was that "his philosophy and theology were inseparable." The way was now open for the discussion of the subject, for Swedenborgians never proselytize or thrust their beliefs, unasked, upon others. The theology of Swedenborg was a revelation. It threw a new light on Biblical teachings and presented a view that he could accept. It is not known whether or not he accepted Swedenborgianism in its entirety. It is certain that he did largely. He was never again thrown with Swedenborgians and never connected with the church, but it gave him a very beautiful, broad, and happy faith that remained with him.

As in Hudson, so in Cambridge, Mr. Campbell pursued his studies with a determination and zeal that, at once, put him in the first rank of the students. Professor and student alike testified to the quality and brilliancy of his scholarship and achievements. One of the most noteworthy pieces of work that he did was a so-called "written opinion." With his fellow-classmates these opinions were actually written and read. They were long and carefully written, citing the different cases bearing on the subject. He gave his entirely from memory, and cited his cases and authorities without an error.

These letters tell of the other events of the year; how he spent his winter vacation; his admission to the Massachusetts bar; and what led up to his determination to settle in Wyoming.

8th Feby.

MY DEAR BROTHER—

I yesterday recd your letter of the 5th inst. I suppose before you left Cambridge you recd. my letter of the same date asking you to visit me. Write me by what train you propose to start from New York and I will meet you at the depot, or in case I shld by any accident miss you the enclosed card will give you my address.

If I had known that you were to be in New York I would have had Col. Schofield who is now at Fifth

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Avenue come over with you, but he returns tonight and I could not get word to him in time.

Come on as soon as you can.

Your affectionate Bro.

ALLEN.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS TO GOV. CAMPBELL

CAMBRIDGE—May 28/69.

TO HON. J. A. CAMPBELL,

MY DEAR SIR—

The question you propose to me is one of great importance to your brother Walter, & therefore of great interest to me.

I have always believed that a young man who proposed to become a lawyer, gained an immediate advantage, by thorough preparation; and that the time expended in this preparation, was never lost.

In proportion as the student has ability and energy, it is, on the one hand, more desirable that he should continue studies in which he can profit more than others.

But, on the other hand, it must be admitted, that in proportion to his general ability & capacity of profiting by study, must be his ability to make up by personal study for what he gives up of school study; especially if he have had enough to regular study,—so to call it,—to lay in his mind a firm and adequate foundation for his further private labour. I have also felt the importance to a young lawyer of profiting by whatever facilities are opened to him at the outset. For of nothing is it more true than of a lawyer's career, that the first step is all the difficulty.

Now to apply all this to your brother Walter. I

have never had a student, more capable of profiting by instruction, or more disposed to profit by it to the largest possible extent. It follows that I have had no student who would be likely to profit more by continued study, & full preparation. And his blindness adds greatly to the expediency of his waiting before he begins, until he has made the amplest preparation.

But it is equally true, that his loss of sight makes it especially desirable for him to profit as promptly & largely as possible, by those means of assistance which are within his reach at the beginning of his career.

And I know no one, literally no one, of whom I am more certain that, if he has books and opportunities, let him live where he will he would be more certain to become a first-class, learned & skillful lawyer.

Now, your position, & the vicinity of your brothers, offer him immense advantages. Your state is but now launched. Let him be once rooted there in its beginnings, & I am certain he will grow with the state, & as that advances in prosperity so will he.

Finally, I do not know the facts as well as you do. I should certainly advise him to stay here another term, because I am certain he would gain a great deal by it, unless it is probable that he would lose more than he would gain.

Are young lawyers now pressing into your state, & filling all the posts in the advanced guard of the profession? If so, he should be among them.

Are you and your brothers able to reserve for him, & for a future day, all that you could do for him now? If so he might lose nothing by delay. If it be otherwise he might lose a good deal.

In one word I would stay here, were I in his place, unless by my delay in seizing valuable facilities where

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you are, they would be lost. But, in that case I would go at once.

Walter will not fail, whether he comes to you now or presently. I am sure he is better prepared to begin work now, than nine out of ten of the men who open offices either here or with you; more than ninety-nine in the hundred, I think, of those who open offices in your new state.

You see that I do not answer your question positively, because you alone can judge of facts which are essential to a wise answer. And therefore you must decide.

You may have one comfort, whichever answer you make, you will be *safe*. The question is not what shall Walter do that he may not fail; but what shall he do that he may succeed most easily & most promptly.

I am, most sincerely y'rs

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

GOV. CAMPBELL TO W. L. CAMPBELL

WYOMING TERRITORY,
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

CHEYENNE, 5th June, 1869.

MY DEAR BROTHER—

I have recd. the letter from Prof. Parsons and also your own letter. It appears to be your wish to come out here and it certainly is mine to have you come. Under the circumstances perhaps it is as well for you to pack up your books at the end of the term, take leave of your friends, and go home to make preparations for your start in life in the "Far West." I think we can manage to pull through together and now I suppose

we may consider this matter settled, without upon reflection and consultation and advice from those at home, whose wishes should properly rule us we change our minds. I think you will like it here. I do not know how long it will take you to get into practice, but think it will not be a great length of time. You need not think you are going to have a hard time. You will ride out here in comfortable silver-palace sleeping cars; stop at a good hotel and I will try to have a comfortable office fitted up for you by the time you arrive where you can sit like the famous spider weaving meshes for entrapping the innocent flies. I do not feel the least doubt in regard to your success—not the least. I wish I was as sure of my own future as I am of yours.

Col. Fisher will supply you with what money you need. Such law books as you absolutely require it will be well for you to purchase in Boston, but perhaps it will be as well before you make any extensive purchases for a library that you should come out here and see what you most need. All the money you want for any purpose whatever will be supplied by Col. Fisher.

I think that perhaps Loring Brooke would be a good partner for you, but of that matter you must be the judge—Judge Ambler spoke to me about bringing him out here, and he wants to come. I do not know but that I will have an appropriation for a Private Secretary, or be able to pay for one out of my contingent fund. The salary will not be large but I can give it to your partner if necessary.

Our Chief Justice is a first class gentleman, and I know you will like him. Amasa is now East, and says he will bring you with him. By-the-way, I just re-

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member that I met Julia Ward Howe in Washington last winter and she gave me her address in order that you might call on her. You can find out where she lives if you desire to call.

Since commencing this letter I have recd. another letter and also a certificate (signed by all the Faculty) from Prof. Parsons. I have written him but could scarcely find words to express my gratitude for his kindness and the interest he takes in you.

Please remember me to Mrs. Bixby.

Your friend Mr. Morrill only remained with me a few minutes. He has gone to Colorado, but promised to stop on his return.

Don't know whether Amasa is going to Boston or not. Newton is quite well—He is at the Sweetwater gold mines in this Territory.

Write me.

Your affectionate Brother

ALLEN

FROM THE LAW FACULTY

Mr. Walter L. Campbell, of Ohio, has been a student in this Law school for about one year.

When I learned that he had no power of sight, it seemed to me almost impossible for him to acquire, or to make use of, the knowledge which a first class lawyer must possess. But the ability of the blind to compensate for the want of sight by industry and intelligence, of which there are within the last few years remarkable instances, is better illustrated by Mr. Campbell than by any other case that I have known; unless it be that of Mr. Fawcett, who, although perfectly blind, is now an influential member of the parliament of Great Britain, and a successful lawyer.

More than a hundred and fifty young men have been students with Mr. Campbell; and I am certain that no one has learned more law or learned it more intelligently. Knowing his desire to be spared in nothing, two very difficult cases were given to him,—his full share—one for trial & one for opinion. And the least that I can say is, that no one has shown in either argument or opinion, more knowledge of the law of the case, or more thorough investigation of all the precedents bearing upon the questions involved, or more accurate citation of the authorities, or a more intelligent comprehension & use of the principles of law.

I do not say that he leaves us, a good lawyer considering the disadvantage of blindness, but a most excellent lawyer for the time that he has studied law. And I have no doubt that his ability and sustained energy, will make him a better lawyer every year that he lives.

I therefore commend him, unhesitatingly, to all who may need his services; entirely confident that he will be faithful and adequate to every duty, and that, whether in a trial at court, or in advising in his office, he will satisfy the requirements of any work he undertakes.

THEOPHILUS PARSONS

Dane Professor of Law in Harvard College.

CAMBRIDGE, June, 1869.

The above is by no means an overstatement in my judgment of the qualifications & attainments of Mr. Campbell.

EMORY WASHBURN, Bussey Prof.

I fully concur in the above expression of opinion.

NATHANIEL HOLMES

Royall Professor of Law in Harvard Univ.

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CAMBRIDGE—June, 12, 1869.

MY DEAR COL. STACKPOLE—

This note will be handed to you by Mr. Walter Campbell, who desires admission to the bar.

He was deprived of sight many years ago; and when I learned that he proposed studying law, I considered it a very questionable matter.

But he has been in our Law School one year; & I have no hesitation in giving it as my opinion that in our large school, he has no superior in point of wide and accurate knowledge of law.

His industry and energy are most remarkable. He reads of course only by hearing others read; but his arrangements, for that purpose, aided by the sympathy of his fellow-students, have enabled him to cover a wider extent of study than is usual even with diligent students. His memory is unfailing. Whatever he acquires is not only perfectly preserved in his mind, but so classed & arranged as to be always accessible.

In all the exercises of the school, arguments, examinations, etc. he has always done his full share, & no one has done it better.

I confess to a very earnest desire that he may meet no obstacle in his way, & shall regard any assistance you can render him, as a personal favor to myself.

Sincerely y's

THEOPHILUS PARSONS.

CHAPTER VI

CHEYENNE

IN August of 1869 Mr. Campbell went to Wyoming, happy, hopeful, and ready for work. In the following June he returned to Salem despondent and completely disheartened. Why did this happen? The answer is not easy to find. There are very few people now living who were with him in Cheyenne. He had little to say to his other friends about the time spent there or his reasons for leaving the Territory. There is a rumor of an "insuperable obstacle" to the practice of law. Only one definite fact is stated or cause given—his inability to read faces in the trial of his cases; but the absence of sight in no way interfered with his trial of cases a few years later as Mayor of Youngstown. He jokingly told one of his friends that there were not enough ladies in Cheyenne. These are the explanations given. They seem inadequate, and are in themselves, but a knowledge of the conditions that he met there and of his temperament,

joined to the few facts that are to be had, gives a solution that should be the right one.

When Governor Campbell arrived in Wyoming the previous May, he found the Territory absolutely without any law or order. The mob ruled. Crime was punished by a "Vigilante Committee." There was no authority to be obeyed or respected. There is a story of the Governor's first Sunday there. While it may not be absolutely accurate in detail, it is in the main true, and shows the state of things that he found. He had arrived in the town the night before. Early on Sunday morning he was told that a delegation of citizens wanted to pay him their respects and welcome him to the Territory. He went down, to meet the worst looking set of ruffians he had ever seen. They told him that they wanted to celebrate his arrival in the Territory, and were about to send to the next town for a pugilist to match against their own man. But before sending they wanted to know how he felt about it. When he did not favor the plan they suggested a dog or cock fight. He did not care for either of these, so he was asked what he *would* like to do. He suggested going to church, to be told that there was no church for miles. They finally compromised on a walk. This led them through the graveyard. The Governor expressed



GOVERNOR J. A. CAMPBELL

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surprise at seeing so much shoe leather, and was told that it was not worth while to dig deep graves for the men that did not die natural deaths.

These were the conditions that the Governor met upon his arrival in May. He at once organized the government, opened courts, and set about establishing law and order. Still, things could not have been very much changed when his younger brother followed him three months later.

Accompanied by Mr. J. Loring Brooke, Walter Campbell went to Cheyenne in August, 1869, and at once opened his law office with Mr. Brooke as partner. Mr. Brooke had read law with Judge Ambler, and been in partnership with him for some months before he left Salem. The two young men were friends and had corresponded during the winter. Their certificates of admission to the bar in the Eastern States served as credentials in the new Territory and they were at once free to practice their profession. Mr. Brooke acted as private secretary to Governor Campbell, as well. The first important event for them was the appointment of Mr. Campbell as United States Commissioner. He served in this capacity during the remainder of his time in the Territory.

With the convening of the first legislature, Mr.

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Campbell had an opportunity to use his knowledge of law in active constructive work. His aid was sought by the Governor and the legislators in the work of organization and lawmaking that was begun. Of such help was he that ten of the thirteen members of the Legislature and eight of the nine members of the Council sent petitions to the Governor asking that he be made Territorial Treasurer.

These replies were sent by the brothers:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, WYOMING TERRITORY
CHEYENNE, December 4th, 1869.

GENTLEMEN—

I have the pleasure of acknowledging the receipt of your letter of this date in reference to the nomination of a Territorial Treasurer.

While I am individually grateful to you for the preference you are pleased to express, loyalty to my own nominee, and what I believe to be a regard for the best interests of the whole Territory compel an adherence to the nomination I have already made.

Very Respectfully,

Yr Obt Serv't.

(Signed) J. A. CAMPBELL.

To

HON. G. W. WARDMAN, GEO. WILSON, JR., T. W. POOLE, T. D. MURRIN, WM. S. ROCKWELL, JAMES W. BRADY, W. H. BRIGHT.

CHEYENNE WY. T. 4th Dec. 1869.

GENTLEMEN:

The Governor has just handed me a note from you requesting my nomination as Territorial Treasurer.

While I cannot sufficiently express my appreciation of this mark of confidence, I feel unwilling under all the circumstances of the case to allow my name to be proposed for the office. The Governor has already made known his preference. For his nominations and appointments he is and must be held responsible, and I am sure you will think with me that I of all persons ought to be farthest from desiring to take away or weaken this responsibility.

Allow me gentlemen again to assure you that for this honor you have done me, coming as it does unsought and unasked, I am grateful more than I can tell.

I am Very Respectfully,

Yr. obt. svt.

W. L. CAMPBELL.

To the Honorable G. W. WARDMAN, GEO. WILSON, JR.,
T. W. POOLE, T. D. MURRIN, WM. S. ROCKWELL,
JAMES W. BRADY, W. H. BRIGHT, President of
Council.

The Governor had two reasons for his refusal. The one was that given—loyalty to his nominee; the other was a desire to avoid any suspicion of nepotism. This is the short record of Walter Campbell's work during his Western winter. His brothers, Newton and Amasa, as well as Allen, were in the vicinity, and he took some little trips through the Territory in their company. He seems to have had few other friends. During this winter he kept up a correspondence with Salem, and a number of

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letters are found from schoolgirl friends telling all about the doings of their older sisters. These Christmas letters were sent by him to two of the Boyle girls:

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MISS MARGARET BOYLE

CHEYENNE, Dec. 28th, 1869.

MY DEAR MAG,

I hope you all had a merry Christmas, plenty of presents and a lively time. I suppose your Christmas tree flourished as usual and all the good old customs were observed. I am sorry that I was not there immediately before Christmas to find out what you and Mamie were making for each other and excite your ire by telling. I might have written however if my goodness had been overcome by malice for Mother wrote me that Mamie had been up to our house working on something for you, the difficulty was, she did not tell me what it was. I hope Mamie enjoyed her letter. How do you think I succeed on literary stilts? I shall never cease regarding it as a subject of congratulation that I got through some parts of that letter without getting my soaring neck broke. Well if I get letters I suppose I must write them, and if I write them I suppose I must say something, and if I say something there must be something to be said, and if there is nothing to be said, why what shall I do? I don't know, do you? I suppose Al will be in Salem before this letter. By the way how soon may we look for you in Wyoming? Your always great anxiety to vote led me to believe that you would be out here before this time, but there is no particular hurry

as there is no election before next September and only three months previous residence is required. The latter part of May then or the first of June will do. The effect of this move will doubtless be to people the mountains every summer with the strong minded, who will return in the Autumn. Of course they will only come out here to enjoy the pure air and the scenery hereabouts. If accidentally one of them should be desired for member of Congress or of the legislature or any other office in the gift of the people, there will be doubtless no objection to accepting it, although be it all the time understood no one came out here with any such object in view.

Remember me to the Brainard girls. Tell Mother that my health is not complainable that everything is going along smoothly. I shall write to her in a day or two. I hope you and Mamie will write me soon, telling me all the news and gossip. A happy new year to you all.

Your friend

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MISS MARY BOYLE

CHEYENNE, December 29th, 1869.

MY DEAR MAMIE:

My wakefulness a night or two ago led my idle musings into very strange paths, the doors and windows of the chambers of memory were broken open or knocked out and I entered. Sweeping down the cobwebs, brushing away the dust that years had accumulated I had revealed the stores the trash, the

trinkets, the treasures the heapings up of years. Deep and deeper I dived descending into the very caverns and lowest bottoms of my recollection, startling by my visits owls with their "blue fringed lids" and bats hating the light, and gibbering demons, grimacing goblins and all the vile winged and creeping things and dreadful shadowy images which were as representations of my wickedness and follies. Can nothing be revealed to my prying curiosity but these intellectual gorgons and hydras and chimeras dire? Can this delving into memories mine bring up nothing more desirable than these?

How different too, many of them seem from when I first beheld them. Those that were now black with awful crimes once shone as virtues or at most danced as mere moats in the sunlight of truth. If my recollection can bring to contemplation no more cheering thoughts, let the curtain of oblivion be forever drawn. Let one drop from Lethes silent stream touch me with eternal forgetfulness. But hark! A song harmonious with many voices pierces the thoughtful gloom as the morning light, the night. Struck with consternation the portentous shapes and shadows to their lurking places fly: to their secret recesses and undiscovered nooks the grizzly terrors and grim horrors speed. Nearer, sweeter merrier, happier, comes the strain. And now in full view passes a bright procession with gems and gold and garlands decked, with toys and picture books—the blessed fruits of a Christmas day—a troop of happy children. There are then in the past bright spots and these bright spots are Christmases. This is a very admirable introduction to the history I am about to relate, somewhat personal in its character it is true, of the various places and

times (generally the 25th Dec.) and manners in which I have spent Christmas.

For the first eight years of my life it was spent as nearly as I can remember at home. True at one of them, the last of the eight, I was four miles below Lisbon sick nigh unto death. It has I have understood been a matter of regret to all those whose good fortune it was to know me that it was not my last. This may be described as the period of tin horses toy wagons and dogs that barked, lead teapots that imitated the canary bird, of india rubber lions and fishes, of all such things that make glad the heart of childhood. The next nine years the delights of Christmas were experienced with the exception of one, the second, at Columbus. This is the era of twenty-five cent editions of Milton's "Paradise Lost," Pollock's "Course of Time," and Young's "Night Thoughts." In those days a great many friends could be supplied with these most elegant presents at a very small cost, and it was really interesting to see what zealous lovers all the striplings were of English Classics, all because they were cheap. No one so far as I knew read these books until years afterwards and I am sure that if he did he experienced a very small benefit from them. On these Christmases also I think I occasionally exchanged daguerreotypes. Indeed I am quite sure I did for I have a very distinct recollection of working very hard to take some three or four out of their cases and thoroughly scratching them and throwing them away, the case of one of them I have yet, quite as valuable to me without as with a picture. Full of pleasure as nearly all of these Christmases were there is one to which my thoughts recur with an overwhelming regret, it was a regular conscience stinger. It

used to be our custom at the Institution for the Blind at Columbus to get up at four or five o'clock on Christmas morning and with orchestra and choir serenade the officers of the Institution. The Christmas referred to came on Monday. All Sunday evening and night was spent in laborious business, clear up to the attic were carried barrels, stovepipes and I am not sure but old stoves themselves everything that would roll or make a noise and piled up at the head of the fourth flight of stairs. There were I think two or three old drums among the things thus accumulated. No one among the band of rioters slept that night. About two or three o'clock in the morning "borne through the hollow dark" assaulted the ears of all good people with loudest vehemence the noise as of thunders near at hand starting at the top of the fourth story, rolling, tumbling banging, crashing, clear to the bottom went box and barrel and drum and stovepipe and stove, all the while the musical horsefiddle and the watchman's rattle played their lovely accompaniment. So long as the row continued every one was safe enough. It was impossible for any lover of good order, a kind teacher for instance, without losing his life to come near the stairs. It will however be evident on a moment's reflection that the largest collection of such instruments of evil must in time give out, and when they would it was altogether certain that he who was caught would be in a pretty bad fix, when therefore the last of the pile was started to its destination with hot haste we scampered for our beds & here it was that I made two mistakes. In the first place I didn't go to my own bed and in the second place I didn't take my pants off. When the officer came around and asked me what I was doing there I told

him that I thought I would sleep there that night but seeing my suspenders over my shoulders (which I neglected to cover) he remarked that it was doubtful about my being able to rest well with my pants on and that I had better get up and go down stairs with him. Remonstrance was useless so I resolved to avail myself of his kind hospitality and show myself grateful for his interest in my welfare. Going down stairs was by no means an easy undertaking, banisters were in places knocked away, subjecting one to the danger of tumbling head foremost some thirty or forty feet into the hall below. The footing was rather bad in a number of places the plastering covered the steps rather than the walls. Nevertheless "I so endured" till I reached the lower floor and was led defeated and disconsolate by the triumphant official into the very presence of the grand mogul himself, the Superintendent of the School. I wasn't expelled nor yet suspended but got a very good lecture which I do not remember and forfeited my Christmas candy which I do remember. We are now come to what I was going to call the third class of Christmases, that expression however would be improper as they will not admit of classification. To classify to raise by successive comparisons and recognitions of similarity from the individual to the general, from a single percept to a comprehensive concept—to perceive in the almost boundless variety and diversity in the infinitude of incongruities of natural objects, the magnificent plan—the wonderful system—the constant approaching toward unity which carried to perfection will bring us into the very presence of the beatific vision, to do this I say is regarded as the highest achievement of human understanding. If it be and I do not doubt it,

I am sure you will be surprised perhaps cruelly disappointed that in the present instance I do not at least endeavor to reach these high planes of intellectual attainment but in such a variety of places and in such a variety of ways have these Christmases of the latter time been passed that it is impossible to describe them in general language. The first of these was spent in Philadelphia on which about ten or eleven o'clock in the morning my slumbers were disturbed by the announcement that some one wanted to see me, and as I was coming down stairs still rubbing my eyes I was met by Jim and Mary Brown with news jelly cake and gingersnaps from home and Salem. The rest were long to tell, sometimes at Salem sometimes on the banks of the Scioto and now in hearing of Atlantic waves as they lash the rocky shores of New England, have these joyous and joyful days visited me with their delights. By this introduction and retrospect if I have been successful you are prepared to read understandingly an account of my first Christmas in the shadows of the Rocky Mountains. It may to you seem strange that all the foregoing was necessary for this, but a moment's reflection will teach you that nothing stands alone. If it had not been for those former Christmases this could not have been, were it not for the twin egg Homer would never have sung of Troy and its fall. Last Saturday, then was this Christmas. The sky was clear, the sun shone bright and the wind which for many days previous had been blowing almost a hurricane had lulled to calm. So nature did all she could to make this a day of peace and goodwill, fit emblem of what it was, and that is about all that I have to say of this my first Christmas in Cheyenne. True an invitation was accepted to eat turkey with

Gen. Lee Secretary of the Territory in which I succeeded as I generally do inimitably. There was also to be a taffy pulling at his house in the evening, but wonderful to say, an hour or two transformed it to a dance. I was the musician. To the best of my recollection I received no presents nor did I make any. This I believe is all that I know of Christmases past or present or at least all that I care to tell.

Yours truly

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

These imaginary "press notices" were enclosed with the letter:

NOTICES OF THE PRESS

We publish this morning a chapter from the autobiography of W. L. Campbell from the advance sheets furnished the press by the publishers. It is said and as calamities never come alone we half believe the tale that there is a whole book of just such stuff however inconceivable it may be that one brain should be the source of so much folly. Who the autobiographer is no one knows and what is quite as much to the purpose no one cares. This class of literary productions is generally worthless and this can scarcely be regarded as attaining to the ordinary level.

From the "N. Y. Grindstone," June 15th, 1881.

Awake fools and be glad, rejoice and be merry, shout and be comforted for your time is come when such autobiographies as this find their way into print. This is all the criticism we care to make.

From the "Crusher," June 14th, 1881.

The chapter we publish this morning from the advance sheets, if it fitly represents the book ought to disgrace all parties connected with it. It is conceived of a morbid fancy executed with marvellous stupidity and given to the world by a conceit that is scarcely comprehensible. The object in its publication as far as we have been able to discover it is to shock the sensitive and disgust the sensible. If such things continue to be inflicted on the reading public, let publishing houses be closed, presses destroyed and reading cease to be taught in the schools. Surely these are degenerate times and we must soon expect to hear the wail long and loud over the decay of good taste, on the destruction of art and the death of literature. From the "Great American Howler," July 16th, 1881.

The chapter we publish this morning promises to the world a rare treat. Such rare combinations of fancy and fact are not often met. The splendors of a poetic imagination here to be found are only equaled by the simple grandeur and magnetic power of the prose.

From the "Boston Adjutor," June 16th, 1881.

While in Cheyenne, Mr. Campbell served as organist and took much interest in its little Congregational church. An incident in connection with it had a permanent influence on his attitude toward "Home Missions" and the organizing of churches in the West. When Gov. Campbell arrived in Cheyenne, being a Presbyterian, he asked the railroad company to give some lots for a

Presbyterian church. The request was granted. The Congregationalists were the first in the field, however, and organized their church. The church thrived and ministered to the spiritual needs of the little community. If left to itself in time it would have become self-supporting. But it was not. A Presbyterian missionary visited the town, and on the strength of the lots that had been given, started a Presbyterian church. As a result there were two struggling churches instead of one strong one. This was a circumstance that strengthened him in his feeling that much of the Christianity of the churches did not ring true. He was so open and honest himself that anything that savored of hypocrisy was hateful to him. Afterward, whenever he heard a report of the number of churches that had been established within a certain time, his first thought was, "How many other churches have been injured to bring about this result?" Though he was told that the practice of breaking into the fields of other congregations had been abandoned, he never lost his distrust. An opinion once formed was hard to change. When he trusted, he trusted wholly, and vice versa. He was never lukewarm in his sympathies. This characteristic of his was the cause of some of his disappointments later on.

Returning to his life in Cheyenne and his reasons for leaving it, we can see the effect of his high-strung disposition. He was either up or down, never on middle ground. He went to Wyoming after the most wonderful winter of his life. The days had been filled with hard work along congenial lines. There had been keen intellectual companionship. A satisfactory system of theology and philosophy had banished the old doubts. There had been music and the drama. Everything had combined to satisfy his needs, to stimulate his mind. In Cheyenne, how different it all was! His brothers were there, but aside from them there was little companionship, and there was nothing else. Other men could have filled in the hours with reading, but the supply of books in the raised type was very small. There was his profession, it is true, but his cases were petty criminal ones, with little interest for his type of mind. And with these cases he met with an unexpected difficulty. He could not read the faces. He could not seize the clue that a look on a witness's face often gives the examiner. He could not tell the effect that the testimony had upon the jurymen as the case progressed. He felt that the absence of sight was an insuperable obstacle and became discouraged. The change from the life

of culture to primitive conditions had been too abrupt. There were too many long, empty hours in which to think about the "obstacle." It grew and grew and he decided to go home. When he stopped in Columbus on his way to Salem he gave as his reason for returning, "There were not enough ladies there." Accompanied by his brother, the Governor, he left Cheyenne the first of June, 1870, his partner having returned a few weeks earlier.

A very different man returned from the West from the one that had set out so hopefully less than a year before. Heartsick and discouraged there seemed to be nothing in life for him. He had been so sure of his success with the law, and had overcome so many other obstacles, that it had not seemed possible that he could fail. With his return all was changed. Hope was past. His despair reached untold depths. A weaker man would have given up to it. As it was, he spent his days in repeating Milton and Dante. He frequently made his way to the Boyle homestead, and going in without speaking to anyone, lay down on a couch. Here he would be found saying over these verses to himself. The kind friends took him as he was. They never expressed surprise at anything he said or did, or inquired how long he had been there alone. His little friend

Mamie sang to him one hymn after another until her stock was exhausted, only to hear him murmur, "Another hour gone."

After some months he conquered his despair and did with this first great disappointment what he did with those that came later—put it behind him and forgot it. To those who were close to him in after life, he seems never to have spoken of the time in Wyoming as disappointing. It was past. The incident was closed. The power he gained of burying misfortune was one of the greatest sources of strength that he had. Without it he would have been a sad and bitter man, instead of the cheerful, happy one remembered by his friends. After all, perhaps this experience was worth while.

CHAPTER VII

POLITICS AND JOURNALISM

AFTER the period of depression following his return from Cheyenne, Mr. Campbell began to consider what occupation he should pursue and where he should pursue it. He made frequent visits to the home of his sister in Youngstown, twenty miles from Salem, where Mr. McMillan was superintendent of the public schools. Even then Youngstown was the larger and the more flourishing of the two towns and offered a broader field of opportunity than Salem, which he never seems to have considered as a permanent residence. As a natural consequence he settled upon Youngstown, and it is there that most of his life was passed.

Youngstown is situated in the northeastern corner of Ohio, midway between Cleveland and Pittsburg. After Cleveland it is the largest city in the Western Reserve. It is important on account of its large manufacturing interests, having

many other industries beside the iron and steel, of which it is a center. In the early seventies when Mr. Campbell went there, it had, as well, a number of coal mines of some importance. Then, as now, it was industrially busy, with an established place in the world of commerce. Its various activities made it prominent, too, from a political standpoint, and even before this Mr. Campbell had done a certain amount of campaign speaking. Politics, law, and journalism were in his mind when he went to Youngstown in 1871. Along with these things he served as organist in the First Presbyterian Church, had a few music pupils at first, took up lecturing again and addressed audiences both in Youngstown and elsewhere. These were only side issues, however, not first interests.

He soon made friends in Youngstown, and with these friends many of the events of his after life were connected closely. Sidney Strong, whom he had known so well in Hudson, was already practicing law there when he arrived. Thomas H. Wilson and he found each other congenial. They had similar tastes in literature and spent many hours together in reading. It was customary on Sunday afternoons for Walter (he was "Walter" to everyone in Youngstown) to drop into the Wilson home. Mr. Wilson would read aloud until

supper time. After supper they went to church together, returning to the house afterward to resume their book. The two men who were closest to him during his years in Youngstown were Robert McCurdy and J. Harris McEwen. More will be said about them later on. The three men were constant associates, connected in business as well as socially, and the life of no one of them would be complete without more than passing mention of the others. It was a threefold friendship and a very strong one.

On his arrival in Youngstown, Mr. Campbell did not open a law office. The court house was then in Canfield and it was this fact, coupled with his general feeling of discouragement over trying to practice law, that kept him from doing so. He did a certain amount of legal work, however. He was in frequent consultation with some of the leading lawyers of the community, and he undoubtedly employed himself considerably with his profession. For the law *was* his profession, and he always thought and spoke of it as such even after he had abandoned it and turned his efforts into other channels.

It was to journalism, however, that he gave the best energies of the next ten years of his life. In September, 1871, he was made "special corre-

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spondent" of the *Cleveland Leader*, sending a weekly letter signed "Camp." In the following January he received this letter from Mr. Frank H. Mason, connected with the paper:

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 20, 1872.

MY DEAR MR. CAMPBELL:

I shall be down again this week. The best arrangement I can secure for you with our people is two dollars a letter or about a hundred \$ a year.

This is double what we pay any other correspondent and though no great sum it is a good rate as prices go in the newspaper world. I hope to get you something to do for the Cincinnati Commercial though I have not yet heard from Mr. Halstead on the subject.

Yours very truly,

F. H. MASON.

In March we find a letter from William Henry Smith appointing him correspondent for the district of the *Western Associated Press*. Two years later he invested twenty-three hundred dollars in the *Mahoning Register*, of which he became owner of a third interest and editor in chief. The *Register* was an old established Republican paper. Associated with him in this enterprise were Messrs. C. A. Vaughn and A. R. Seagrave. They were men of little force, and Mr. Campbell was really the controlling partner.

So closely connected were his newspaper and

his political life that now we must turn to his activities in the field of politics. He was a Republican, and from his college days well acquainted with the State leaders of his party. In February, 1872, he wrote an open letter to Carl Schurz that attracted a good deal of attention, and first brought him into public notice. Its theme was the danger incident to allowing foreign-born citizens to hold important political offices.

1872 was the year of the Ohio Constitutional Convention and it was a very natural thing for him to seek the office of delegate to it. It was work for which his studies and his experience in Wyoming had fitted him. He was defeated for the nomination by one vote. As soon as the result was announced he rose and gracefully moved that the nomination of his opponent be made unanimous.

A few months later came the Grant and Wilson Presidential campaign. He threw himself into the thick of it, making many speeches both for these candidates and for the Congressional nominee, Major L. D. Woodworth.

With his editorship of the *Register* he was able to do still more work for his party. It was a well-known paper when he went into it and he soon raised it to greater prominence. In character,

he and it were one. A few months after he became interested in the *Register*, the *Tribune* was started as a morning daily. Thereupon he made the *Register*, then a weekly, into a daily. It was published in the evening. The town could not support two daily papers, indeed there was doubt about her being ready for one, the experienced newspaper men saying not, so the two papers combined in the following February. The new paper was called the *Register and Tribune*. In it the *Tribune* was allowed two more shares of stock than the *Register*. This was controlled, if not entirely owned, by Judge J. R. Johnson, who became the largest stockholder. Mr. Campbell continued as editor in chief.

The *Register and Tribune* soon attained a foremost place among the newspapers of the State, and was the leading one of its own section. Its political influence was large. It was absolutely honest and straightforward, perfectly fearless, and when there was a question of right and wrong involved, merciless and relentless. Had it been more tactful, less strong in its denunciations of men and of policies that it thought harmful either to the city or to the nation, it would have been a greater success financially; but such a paper could not have been run by Walter Campbell. He could

not see or take a middle course. The very thing that made his paper a power in the community made it enemies and strong ones at that. In looking over the files of the newspaper, one is struck at once with the importance of the editorial columns. Of its four pages a large part of one is taken by the editor. Here events and questions of the day are discussed clearly and carefully.

The first question of national importance that came under the pen of the new editor was that of Greenbackism and the resumption of specie payments. He now made practical use of his study of economics in his editorials in favor of "hard money." He saw the necessity of having a sound financial system, and worked hard for it. With the country in the grip of the "greenback craze," the resumptionists had the unpopular side, and his paper lost money by its stand. He made out a strong case, however, and did much toward bringing the Republican party of his section into sympathy with the idea, and towards its success in the following campaigns. This interest in finance continued until the close of his life. It is the political question to which he gave the most careful study, and thought. For the next twenty-five years the currency question (a little later it was the "silver question") was uppermost in his

mind and he worked on it between campaigns as well as in the heat of them by talking, speaking, and writing.

In the campaign of 1875 when "inflation" was the chief issue, it is doubtful if Hayes would have defeated his opponent, Governor Allen, for the Governorship had not the attention of the public been diverted to the minor issue of the "Pope's Toe," which had to do with the Roman Catholic parochial schools. This kept many Republican inflationists, who otherwise would have bolted the ticket, inside the party. Mr. Campbell felt that this diversion was unwise because it arrayed class against class and might help to establish a dangerous precedent. He was opposed to anything that would array one group of people against another, feeling that it was un-American in spirit. The country must be held together by strong national principles and not divided by petty jealousies, animosities, or sectional strifes. Here was the great danger in the influx of foreigners, and the utmost should be done to educate the strangers to the fundamentals on which the nation rested, taking care not to foster any prejudices that they might have brought with them from their native lands.

The campaign of 1875 had an important local

issue. This was that of the "Courthouse Removal" as it was called. When Mahoning and Trumbull Counties were separated, Canfield was made the county seat of the new county, Mahoning. As the years went on and Canfield was a sleepy little village and Youngstown a thriving manufacturing town, the leading one of the county, it seemed to its citizens that it was properly the county seat, and steps were taken to have it so made. In order to accomplish this, a fusion party was formed in 1873. With the other "Removalists," Mr. Campbell joined in the contest to elect "fusion" candidates that would work for this issue. The matter was brought up in the legislature and the measure changing the county seat passed. The man most influential in bringing about this result was Chauncey Andrews. Mr. Andrews subscribed a large sum of money, himself, helped in raising more, made a trip to Columbus, and but for his efforts the act would not have been passed. In the summer of 1875 the money for the new courthouse had been raised, the building was nearly finished, and the only thing that could stand in the way of the removal of the county records was a decision of the courts declaring invalid the "Removal Act" of the State Legislature. The question was out of the hands of the lawmakers

and to Mr. Campbell and to others it seemed that the Fusion party had served its purpose, was no longer of use, and should be dropped. It was a critical time for the Republican party and he felt that for the best interests both of his city and of his party there should be a local Republican ticket in the field. It was largely due to his work that a Republican ticket was nominated. In this he was in opposition to Mr. Andrews, and aroused his hostility. There may have been ill-feeling between the two men still earlier, but this is the first record that can be found of the open strife that continued until the winter of 1882 when Mr. Campbell was finally forced out of his editorial chair and left without occupation and in debt. It is characteristic of him that he never told the story of the conflict to either of his children. He would not hand down to them any feeling of bitterness or of animosity. If there be any trace of it in this record the blame must not rest upon his shoulders, for not one detail was related by him. It has been pieced together by a careful study of the files of his paper, some old letters, recollections of his associates and of his opponents as well, and a very few answers given by his wife to a questioning daughter.

Chauncey H. Andrews was a strong man—one

of the strongest that Youngstown has ever produced. Self-made, self-reliant, and self-willed, he brooked no opposition. More forceful than refined, his methods showed more of the bulldozer than of the conciliator. He had amassed quite a fortune but he prized power more than he coveted money. His associates, with few exceptions, were as lieutenants; his bidding was the rule of action. As counsel he had some of the leading lawyers of the community—men of keen intellect and skilled in legal practice.

The first man to oppose himself to Mr. Andrews was Robert McCurdy. Mr. McCurdy was a man of the highest character and integrity and it is not surprising that the two men clashed. Mr. McCurdy and Mr. Andrews had been at odds for some time before 1875, so it is not at all unlikely that Mr. Campbell had been involved in his friend's quarrel before this campaign. From this time on the two friends worked shoulder to shoulder against the man, who, they firmly believed, was corrupt in his practices and trying to gain control of the city government for his own selfish advancement and against the public welfare. As a result the town was divided into two opposing factions between which, at times, feeling ran very high.

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In 1875 the *Register and Tribune* charged that Mr. Andrews was keeping up the Fusion party for the sole purpose of electing tools of his own to the offices of Member of the State Legislature, Probate Judge, and County Commissioner, and that in the previous year he had tried to secure the nomination on the Fusion ticket of a County Commissioner who would "support the Basin St. bridge, which meant thousands of dollars to Andrews." In other words, the Court House Removal question was a blind. Mr. Andrews controlled the *Vindicator*, the Democratic weekly of Youngstown, and carried on a campaign of personal abuse. At the end of it Mr. Campbell, who had been speaking as well as writing, was utterly exhausted. He felt that his own reputation was at stake and took it all very much to heart. He was never able to take anything of the sort lightly, and at this time even went so far as to make some efforts to sell his interest in the paper. The Republican party won in the State campaign and the Fusion in the county. Results proved that Mr. Campbell was right in his contention that the Court House Removal question could be settled only by the courts, and in the summer of 1876 the records were moved to Youngstown, whereupon he inserted the following editorial in his paper:



ROBERT McCURDY

THE NEW
HOLLAND
FOR THE
HOLLANDERS

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE

It is but just to C. H. Andrews to say that to him more than to any other man the success of Removal is due. It was largely his energy and tact that secured the passage of the enabling act, and it was his indomitable perseverance that pushed the buildings through to completion. He had the nerve to sign the contract and become individually responsible for the large sum required for their erection. He is still held, we understand, for a large amount, though the guarantee bond will secure him against loss, eventually. Others have played an earnest and an active part in the work of Removal, and contributed in proportion to their means, perhaps, as generously towards it, but his spirit has been controlling from the first, and, as we said before, to him more than to anyone else is due the consummation. This we say because we believe justice requires it. We have animadverted sharply on his political course because we were confident that he was wrong, but we have never questioned his fidelity to Removal, and we thus record our opinion as to the value of his services to Youngstown. (*Youngstown Register and Tribune*, August 14, 1876.)

In January, 1876, Gen. J. A. Campbell having resigned his position as Governor of Wyoming and gone to the national capital as Third Assistant Secretary of State, his brother Walter went to Washington to spend some months with him. While there he wrote a book entitled, *Our Sovereign's Characteristics*. It was a political

forecast of events, purporting to be written in the year 1910. It showed the result if the popular tendencies toward inflation, commercialism, paternalism, railroad rule, and the arraying of class against class were not checked. It opposed the party caucus, with its policy of forcing individual legislators to vote with the majority, and is the first sign of his own restiveness under party rule. The work was never published. During this winter he was frequently at the White House, and renewed and extended his acquaintance with many prominent public men. After visiting Philadelphia and New York, Mr. Campbell returned to Youngstown the last of April and resumed his editorial work. During his absence he had sent letters to his paper dealing with events in Washington.

In the early part of the campaign of 1876 an incident occurred illustrative of Mr. Campbell's complete disregard of his own interests when a question of principle was concerned. A man was nominated on the Republican ticket whom he could not support conscientiously, and against whom he had made a hard fight in the nominating convention. His paper was the Republican organ and bound to support the ticket, and he and his paper were so closely identified that it might be said that he was the paper. Everything that he

had was invested there. If he withdrew from it he would be out of employment and with no capital to reinvest. Furthermore, he was engaged to be married. The day after the convention that nominated Judge Servis, he informed his fiancée that he had called a meeting of the Youngstown Printing Company which published the *Register and Tribune* in order to present his resignation. It was not only a question of private interest, but it was probably the first time that he had to make an open choice between following his own convictions and supporting a party candidate. These clippings tell the story and how the matter was arranged.

A LETTER

The following letter has been handed to us with a communication requesting that we publish it. It was used in a case pending in Columbiana county. It was the case of Meek against Chamberlain and others, in which it was sought to hold Mrs. Lee, with Judge Servis as a partner, in the Leetonia Banking Company. The letter has been in Democratic mouths, and threats were made that it would be used after the nomination in case the choice fell on Judge Servis. He was at the time it was written a United State Judge in Montana Territory. The character of those who make the request would almost compel us to publish, but Judge Servis is entitled to know what is being used against him, and the Republican party is entitled to an explanation of the letter from its most prominent

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candidate for the judgeship. We hope by to-morrow evening to have a communication from Judge Servis that will satisfy every fair-minded man:

(COPY)

VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA TERRITORY,
April 24, 1873.

MRS. ANNA E. LEE, Randolph, N. Y.

Madam: My wife writes me that you and I have been sued by some of the creditors of the Leetonia Banking Company, and I write you to say that the only evidence that exists that can make you liable I have in my possession, which consists of your letters and receipts to Mr. Cowden, and the drafts he issued to you for your dividends, and your statements to me; these I do not now propose to surrender or further reveal.

The creditors have already got all there was of the bank and every dollar's worth of my individual property beyond exemption and if you are to be made liable, I believe from what I have seen and heard of you that you would rather *contribute* to my poor family than to the general creditors of the Leetonia Banking Company. I expect to return to my home at Canfield, Ohio, about the last of May next, to remain about one month, and shall be pleased to hear from you there.

Respectfully your friend,

F. G. SERVIS.

(*Youngstown Register and Tribune*, July 5, 1876.)

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC

The public is not specially interested in my personal views, and I have rarely, if ever, troubled it with

them. Inasmuch, however, as I have hitherto been held responsible for what appears in the *Register and Tribune*, I think it due to myself to say that I cannot support the Republican Nominee for Judge in this sub-division. I do not see my way clear through his letter, though accompanied with his explanation, which was satisfactory to three-fourths of the Republican Convention, composed of men doubtless more honest than I. The paper belongs to the Youngstown Printing Company, and the Republican party, and will stand by the Warren Nomination. I, however, although always a Republican, cannot do it.

W. L. CAMPBELL.

(*Youngstown Register and Tribune*, July 11, 1876.)

LETTER FROM WALTER L. CAMPBELL

EDITOR SALEM REPUBLICAN:

DEAR SIR: Ordinarily I try to take criticisms upon my political course philosophically, disregarding what is unjust and endeavoring to profit by what is reasonable. I trust that you will not regard as unnatural the anxiety not to be misunderstood in Salem. There, at least, I desire not to be misrepresented. In the *Republican* that has just come to hand, however, I find you give place to my card and accompany it with the charge that I oppose a Republican nominee for Judge in this subdivision of the Ninth Judicial District because he beat a Youngstown lawyer in the convention. This does me great injustice. My objections to Judge Servis do not arise from his residence in Canfield, nor yet are they personal. Neither place of residence, nor personal relations would prevent

my supporting any reasonable nomination made by the Republican party. You know that for the sake of that party in this county the *Register and Tribune*, as well as myself, personally, received as much abuse as could well be condensed into one four months' campaign, and if you doubt it you may inquire of any well informed Republican in the townships of Mahoning County that surround you. Let me state by way of justifying myself in my course to my friends among the *Republican* readers my reasons for declining to support Judge Servis. He was sued with others, among them a Mrs. Lee, as partners in the Leetonia Banking Company by the general creditors of the concern after its failure. Now when Judge Servis was informed that suit had been begun, he was sitting as a United States District Judge, holding court in Virginia City, Montana territory. Upon receiving the information that he had been sued with Mrs. Lee, he wrote to her the letter to which reference was made in the card you published from the *Register and Tribune*. This letter which he admits he wrote is susceptible of only three possible interpretations. It may mean that he was willing to suppress evidence in a lawsuit for a contribution to his "poor family," and thus swindle creditors out of their dues, or it may mean that he was willing to suppress evidence for a contribution to his "poor family," and thus shield a debtor from paying her honest debts, or it may mean that he was willing to suppress evidence for a contribution to his "poor family" wholly regardless as to how his conduct will affect anybody but himself. Now I submit that any man who could offer for a consideration to suppress evidence when he was called upon in a Judicial proceeding to tell not only the truth, but the

whole truth on his oath, is not fit to be supported for a place on the bench by anyone who has the least regard for the purity of the Judiciary. If such a letter, written by any man would be so reprehensible, how much more is it when written by one who was at the time on the bench? The sequel to this letter to Mrs. Lee is interesting. She, instead of complying with the request and contributing to his "poor family," handed the letter over to her lawyer. The proposition for a contribution not being answered, Judge Servis' deposition was taken and all he knew told. To break the force of his evidence this letter was introduced on the trial of the case in New Lisbon, and twelve Columbian County jurors said by their verdict that they would not regard as of any value as testimony the deposition of a man who could write such a letter. You have in Salem attorneys who were interested on both sides of the case, perfectly reliable Republicans, one formerly a Judge and the other now on the bench, and although I have heard neither of them allude to this letter in any manner I should not hesitate to submit to their judgment the propriety of refusing to support a man who could thus write himself down in black and white. Judge Servis, instead of expressing regret for writing such a letter, says that it was a perfectly legitimate proceeding and just what anyone would have done under the same circumstances. Your prediction that I will bolt the Congressional nomination should Woodworth be defeated, is hardly worthy of you, as I am not given to such performances. I do think that our Judiciary should be above reproach and even suspicion, and will, so far as I can by my vote and influence, if I have any, endeavor to make it such. I should not have troubled you with this

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communication had I not been a little sensitive about my reputation at my old home if nowhere else.

Yours respectfully,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

(*The Salem Republican*, July 27, 1876.)

It was in this same campaign that Mr. Campbell first came into touch with William McKinley. Before the congressional nominations had been made the *Register and Tribune* supported the candidacy of Major Woodworth, who was serving his second term in Congress. It urged his record and experience and the greater value to the community of a tried hand than of a new one. It pointed out the disadvantages of displacing an efficient representative for the sole reason that his county had had the office for a certain length of time and that it must let another have its turn. It declared that it would support the nominee, spoke in derogatory terms of no candidate, but urged the claims of Major Woodworth. McKinley was nominated.

The Silver Question had come to the front, and in this connection an extract from the report of the proceedings of the nominating convention is made:

The following additional resolutions were also read

by the Chairman, offered by Walter L. Campbell. The committee, whilst without exception endorsing the sentiment and doctrines expressed in them, thought it best to submit them to the convention for consideration and action:

Resolved, That justice is done to the Government and its creditors by paying the bonds and legal tender notes according to the laws which authorized their issue, only in coin, and that coin, by the language of the Constitution, and the practice of the government was gold and silver money, and that the depriving of the silver dollar of its legal tender quality was a wrong to all debtors as well as to the Government, that ought to be righted.

Resolved, that we demand of the candidate this day nominated in case of his election, the exertion of his best endeavors to have the silver dollar restored to its old place as a legal tender, to the end that our bonds and notes may be redeemed in gold or silver, according to the option which undeniably existed at the time they were issued.

W. L. CAMPBELL.

Mr. Campbell moved to amend the report by adding the resolutions offered by himself to the resolutions of the committee, and supported his motion in a speech of some length. The question of Campbell's motion was taken and declared carried by the President.

A motion was then made that the report of the committee on Resolutions as amended be adopted. The motion was put and declared carried. This, it will be observed, showed two direct votes on the silver dollar resolutions; first, the one which added them by

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way of amendment to the majority report; and, second when the whole report was adopted by the convention. At this point many delegates left their seats in order to catch the train, and someone moved to reconsider the vote by which the report of the Committee on Resolutions was adopted. The motion to reconsider was carried, and after some more discussion participated in by Judge Ambler, M. L. Edwards, and W. L. Campbell in favor of the report, and Judges Wisden and Firestone and Gen. Myer in opposition, another vote on the resolutions was had and they were defeated, thirty to twenty-one. Thus fifty-one delegates in a Convention of 168 members reversed the action which the whole Convention had taken. So great was the eagerness to reach the train that a motion was made and carried to adjourn. The Convention thereupon adjourned *sine die* without any resolutions and without having appointed a Congressional Committee.

(Youngstown *Evening Register and Tribune*, August 19, 1876.)

A short time later McKinley spoke in Youngstown, giving his views on the silver question as in accord with the resolutions offered at the convention. Mr. Campbell loyally supported Major McKinley throughout the campaign, both in the columns of his paper and on the stump. These letters of McKinley to Mr. Campbell show the friendly relations that existed between them in the years immediately following:

WILLIAM MCKINLEY TO W. L. CAMPBELL

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., March 15, 1878.

Personal

WALTER L. CAMPBELL, Esq.

Youngstown, Ohio.

DEAR MR. CAMPBELL:

I received your letter of the 12th yesterday and was very glad to hear from you. There is no vacancy on the Niles & New Lisbon road and none on any of the other roads running through our District. I would be glad to recommend Mr. Calahan, if you desired it, did any vacancy exist, and will keep him in mind in the event of a vacancy. I have an almost countless number of applicants for appointments in the mail service, but I have adhered to the rule, which I regard as a safe one, to ask for no changes, except for cause. If a place can be found for him upon any of the roads running through Mahoning County I will ask for his appointment. He need not at this time forward any testimonials. I am satisfied with your statement of his character and qualifications and only lack the vacancy to request his appointment. I am exceedingly gratified with your assurances, that my course in Congress has been approved by my constituents, and have been greatly pleased with your course in connection with myself. I am a little surprised at the news of Mr. Andrews' probable candidacy for Congress; I did not know he had any ambition in that direction. . . . Mr. Kelley was badly "scooped" by Garfield—this was the opinion upon all sides. I read Genl. Garfield what you said of him and also gave him your editorial comment upon the subject, with both of

which he was much pleased. I get your paper and read it daily. The report, I was to make a set speech upon the Tariff was unauthorized. It is true I have taken great interest in the subject, and have done what I could before the Committee to prevent the destruction of our industries, and if an opportunity presents itself, I shall probably speak against the bill. I am most emphatically against it and shall do my very *utmost* to secure its defeat. I have had in my desk for about two months, a resolution declaring that it was inexpedient to change existing Tariffs, and have been only prevented from presenting it from fear that it might not pass, under the circumstances. I wish that you would send me any facts of a local character important to the subject. Will you visit Washington this spring? I shall be glad to hear from you often & believe me,

Sincerely,

WM. MCKINLEY, JR.

WILLIAM MCKINLEY TO W. L. CAMPBELL

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 23, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,

I write to thank you most cordially for having taken the pains to publish my tariff speech in full. It was more than I expected—my speech was so long, that I did not suppose you could give the space for more than extracts. I believe we will defeat the whole bill as soon as we can get at it.

Very truly yours,

WM. MCKINLEY, JR.

Walter Campbell, Esq.,
Youngstown, Ohio.

In 1878, Youngstown found itself in a new congressional district, which did not include McKinley's county, Stark. The *Register and Tribune* regretted the circumstance as it would have liked to help McKinley in his campaign. Garfield was the candidate for the new district and his name was presented to the nominating convention by Mr. Campbell.

At the Reunion of the 23rd Ohio Regiment held in Youngstown in September, 1879, McKinley was entertained at the Campbell home. He won the hearts of the members of the household by his attentions to the infant son who had arrived on the scene seven months before and was the pride of his parents.

In a public meeting on this occasion Mr. Campbell was delegated to deliver the address of welcome to President Hayes who was present.

In the winter of 1880, some unpleasantness arose between Major McKinley and Mr. Campbell that altered the friendly relations between the two men. This was partly, and probably entirely, due to the opposition of Major McKinley to General J. A. Campbell's retaining the consulate at Basle. On account of his health Gen. Campbell had resigned from his position as Third Assistant Secretary of State in 1877, and been appointed to the consulate

in the hope that the change of climate would be beneficial. Undoubtedly Mr. Campbell felt aggrieved at McKinley's actions in the matter. McKinley was under obligations to him in a political way and anything done against his brother, to whom he was devoted, must have hurt him far more than anything done to himself. He still continued to support him politically, and in the following summer made the speech renominating him for Congress. The State had been redistricted again, and Stark and Mahoning counties were once more together.

As an outgrowth of this campaign there was more friction between the two men. The term of the Youngstown postmaster, Mr. A. R. Seagrave, was about to expire and Mr. Seagrave desired a re-appointment. He was opposed by Mr. Andrews on account of his connection with the *Register*. McKinley sided with Mr. Andrews and agreed to appoint his man. The *Register* charged that this was the result of a pre-election agreement between McKinley and Andrews by which Andrews gave McKinley the support of the *News* (a paper he had started in Youngstown with the avowed purpose of breaking the *Register*). A bitter fight ensued and McKinley refused to recommend Seagrave in spite of the fact that he was endorsed

by a large majority of the Republicans of Youngstown. Mr. Campbell made at least one trip to Washington in the interest of his friend, seeing both the President and the congressman and bearing a message to McKinley from Hayes. Mr. Andrews also sent a representative in behalf of his candidate, George J. Williams, an old soldier. The matter dragged on and was allowed to go over to the next administration, when Garfield appointed Williams. For some time after this relations between Mr. Campbell and Major McKinley were not at all friendly.

It goes without saying that in the campaigns of 1876 and 1880 Mr. Campbell supported the Republican national nominees. All through the trying time when the result of the 1876 election was in doubt, the *Register* published strong editorials urging the placing of the dispute before a tribunal of unquestioned authority and the necessity of abiding by its decision, no matter which side it might sustain. An editorial on this subject will be found in the next chapter. Here we find pleas for just laws and submission to them as the foundations of liberty, the theme developed ten years later in *Civitas*.

This letter from General Garfield was received during this period:

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J. A. GARFIELD TO W. L. CAMPBELL

MENTOR, O., Oct. 25, 1878.

DEAR CAMPBELL—

On my return from Mich. I find yours of the 21st awaiting me. Until Lewis letter came I never heard of him, or of the work he was undertaking at the Tabernacle—& I have so written him. I am sorry if I was even the unconscious cause of embarrassment to him.

I was delighted with the result in the State, especially with the vote in Mahoning Co. It shows that the head and heart of our party are still sound.

I received your account of my meeting at Youngstown & was greatly pleased with it.

With kindest regards—I am,

Very truly Your Friend,

J. A. GARFIELD.

P. S. Remember me to our brave fellows who worked so nobly in Youngstown. I go to N. Y. to-morrow to speak four times.

J. A. G.

by a large majority of the town. Mr. Campbell was a member

Washington in the year 1860

both the President and the

bearing a strong resemblance

Mr. Andrews was in the

behalf of his country

an old soldier. He was

was allowed to go to

tration, when General

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bell and Major

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CHAPTER VIII

EDITOR'S WORK

Register and Tribune was more than a popular party organ and it is pleasant to turn from its animosities to some of its other themes. In its editorial columns it reviewed lectures and discourses, discussed questions of local, of national, of international interest, and dwelt on the prominent features of the lives of the prominent figures of world history as they passed into the life beyond. By his articles on Remenyi, Mr. Campbell won his love and regard to such an extent that the violinist would send for him as soon as he reached Youngstown, greet him with great effusion, and embrace him affectionately whenever they met. He sent him his photograph with this letter:

ED. REMENYI TO W. L. CAMPBELL

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI,
2/2, 1880.

DEAR SIR,

I am tardive, but still I come—Here my promised

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photo—They will tell it to your fine mind how I look—

Have me in your good friendship,

ED. REMENYI

Please to acknowledge the receipt of the photo—
Atlantic—Iowa-post-office.

With Robert J. Ingersoll Mr. Campbell's relations were not so pleasant. He attended one of Ingersoll's lectures in which the lecturer said that no man was ever justified in making a remark that would cause a maiden of sixteen to blush. After the lecture was over Mr. Campbell, with others, called on Col. Ingersoll at the Tod House. Mr. Campbell took occasion to say that while he was in sympathy with some of Col. Ingersoll's ideas, he felt that he was taking the wrong attitude toward men of the Jonathan Edwards stamp. Ingersoll interrupted him with such a volley of oaths and abuse that he left the room at once, and lost all confidence in Ingersoll's sincerity and interest in his views. He had not practiced what he preached, and that, in the eyes of his critic, was the unpardonable sin and put him in the ranks of the hypocrites. This extract from an editorial review of this lecture, shows his own reverent and tolerant religious spirit and his view of the intolerance frequently shown by those posing as liberal minded.

SOME MISTAKES OF INGERSOLL

It will not be expected that in a short newspaper article a complete review of Colonel Ingersoll's two hour and a half lecture would be possible, and yet something ought to be said in the way of pointing out palpable mistakes, misapprehensions, or misrepresentations. To those who have never given the questions discussed any attention, it must have seemed strange, as the brilliant orator proceeded from point to point in his arraignment of the Bible and the God of the Bible, that the best men who have ever lived and died for the cause of Truth on earth should have found in those books their inspiration, and in that God their ideal of perfect love and justice. Not only the best, but the most intellectual of men have prized those books and have adored that Deity. The wise and the good have regarded these pages as sacred, not because they had never heard of Colonel Ingersoll's arguments, for they have been familiar with them all, but because on an impartial weighing of all the probabilities the evidence led them to accept the pretensions of the Bible to be the Word of God. They may have been mistaken in their conclusions, it is true, but they were not fools nor bad men, and their honest convictions and self-denying lives cannot be made contemptible by coarse wit and brutal jests. He is indeed a very small man who imagines that he can shake this faith of the ages or tear down its pillars by a joke. Fair reasoning, not reckless ribaldry; argument not ridicule, alone has place here. Buffoonery may obtain temporary applause, but brains will beat in the long run.

In saying this we do not wish to be understood as

implying that Colonel Ingersoll is not doing society and religion some service. The field he finds for his exuberant wit to rove over is the narrow literalism of interpretation by which the Scriptures have been read and explained. The word of God must be as deep, as high, as unfathomable as his works, and if modern discovery, investigation and thought should disturb generalizations of one, two, or more centuries ago, that should excite no surprise. It may be that the perfection of interpretation, or rather, method of interpretation, has not yet been attained. Attempts to explain natural phenomena were for thousands of years conspicuous failures, because scientists, so-called, generalized first, and endeavored afterwards to force facts to accord with their theories. Bacon and Descartes told them that their method was radically wrong and they ought first to find their facts and do their generalization afterward. It may be that theology needs a Bacon, and that the Bible should not be made to conform to the creed, but rather that the creed should be revised to conform to a more rational interpretation of the Bible. The crude theorizing of the early gropers after scientific truth did not destroy the natural universe, and if the Bible be really the word of God, mistaken attempts to interpret it cannot destroy it. There may be nothing in all this, but then it is suggested for what it is worth.

(*Youngstown Register and Tribune*, November 29, 1878.)

Later on in the editorial he points out various inaccuracies of statements in regard to passages in the Bible, either deliberate misrepresentations or

"mistakes" of the lecturer. His own knowledge of the Bible was so wide and accurate that it was an easy matter for him to detect such "mistakes" as there might be, and he found a goodly number. For sometime after this Ingersoll figured in the columns of the paper, in contributions both by the editor and by others.

It is not necessary to reproduce many of Mr. Campbell's editorials. A few will show what sort of paper he published and the breadth of his views. He gave to that small middle Western city what the large dailies now give the metropolis. Important events in Russia and Turkey, as well as in England and France, were dwelt upon and their special significance pointed out. Then as now, appeared editorials on the Balkan States. It was in no sense merely a local sheet. These selections from his editorial columns are important, too, because they show the man and how he looked at things, his feeling toward women, as well as his estimates of men.

PHILLIPS'S O'CONNELL

We regret our inability to give more than the very briefest report of the superb address of Wendell Phillips last evening. It was in the highest sense a triumph of oratory and thoughtful, deliberate speaking. The audience was held, not by noisy declamation,

not by rant, not by laborious attempts to produce an effect or make a sensation, for there was a total absence of all these things. Calmly, quietly, without any apparent emotion, he elaborated his great theme, and everyone listened more to what the orator said than to the orator himself. It was a great study for every man who ever expects to address an audience; for in the absence of the appearance of art there was exhibited the very consummation of art. You could not but think when the orator described Daniel O'Connell with his magnificent presence and marvelous voice "every attitude beauty, every movement grace" that he was holding up the picture of himself. As men looked upon the great Irish liberator and heard him speak they would say, "what wonderful things he might do if he would only let himself out," and so many thought, no doubt of Phillips, as in his matchless way he reviewed the career and delineated the character of the champion of Catholic emancipation.

Indeed the lecture itself was in more than one sense the vindication of Phillips's own course, and a defense of his life's labors. The Irishman applauded, and the American who applauded him, were alike agitators, were alike victims of persecution, were alike strugglers for the right, almost single-handed and alone, against odds that might easily appall the stoutest heart and most unfaltering courage. Their principles were the same. They both appealed to the intellect and consciences of men rather than to prejudice and physical violence. O'Connell sought to secure his ends without spilling a drop of blood, because progress gained through bloody revolution is followed by partial retrogression when the violent cause is removed; whereas the progress attained through the changed

convictions of men is sure and permanent. So has Phillips believed, and so he has ever addressed himself to the reason and sense of right of men. O'Connell's other principle has been Phillips's, viz.: Nothing is politically right that is morally wrong. The one in his conflict against British oppression and the infamous Irish Code, and the other in his warfare upon negro slavery and its constitutional guarantees planted themselves on the principles of right as written by the finger of the Almighty on the hearts of men, and established on this rock, fought the great fight and won the crown.

They were both preëminently agitators, both acting on the maxim, "What God gives me to know I will tell you." As Mr. Phillips says politics and the press adopt no such principle. "The politician in addressing the caucus dares not tell all he thinks or half his listeners know, but strikes them between the wind and water of their ignorance and prejudices, so as not to lose a vote; and the editor might as well shoot his subscribers with bullets as give them unacceptable ideas." Thus, according to Mr. Phillips, neither the politician nor the editor can be safely looked to to cure the follies or eradicate the prejudices of men; but the agitator who desires no votes or wants no subscribers can preach the truth God has given him to know; and to him the world must look to point the path and lead the way to a higher life and brighter civilization.

There is much, very much of truth in all this; and while we naturally recoil from admitting it in all its fullness and are reluctant to believe that the chief sources of giving the people new light are more or less polluted with considerations of expediency and time-

serving policy, it cannot be denied that dependence of one sort or another too often deters the politician, the editor and even the preacher from a fearless proclamation of truth.¹ Neither Daniel O'Connell nor Wendell Phillips was ever known to swerve in delivering himself of his convictions one hair's breadth from the maxim, "What God gives me to know I will tell you." They both may have been mistaken as to what God told them, may have had their judgments perverted and their understandings darkened by prejudice, but still they were faithful to the light they had, and preached the truth as it seemed to them to be.

So we might go on through this admirable lecture tracing out the resemblance between the eulogist and the Irish patriot he eulogized, but both time and space forbid. It is a shame, as we have often had occasion to say before, that lectures like the one given last evening, full of instruction and entertainment, are so poorly patronized in this city. Though it ought to be said, in justice to the community, that the hard times have prevented any very cordial encouragement of any sort of entertainment recently. *Youngstown Register and Tribune*, April 26, 1878.

BEACONSFIELD

The death of the Earl of Beaconsfield closed one of the most remarkable careers that ever fascinated or disgusted mankind.

It is impossible not to admire the pluck by which he conquered the adverse circumstances of race and birth,

¹ In Chapter X., p. 173, will be found Mr. Campbell's portrait of the popular politician as it is given in *Civitas*.

and, himself a living protest against the exclusiveness of the nation of his adoption, became the champion of all that was most exclusive in its exclusiveness.

In all his aims he had only regard for success. Conscientious conviction seemed to play no part in his life or to have any effect in determining his career. At twelve he quietly repudiated the faith of his fathers and submitted to Christian baptism that the proscriptive obstruction which religious bigotry had placed in the path of his ambition might be removed. He always played to win, and it is almost true to say that he always won by playing.

The utter want of sincerity in the man, in all things public or political, forces itself upon the thought at the contemplation of every step in his remarkable career. There seemed to be in his plans of State more of the dreaming of the novelist than of the earnest strivings of a patriotic statesman. He was constantly seeking to capture the multitude by some dramatic stroke which appealed to the popular love for the ostentatious and high sounding. To increase the veneration of her subjects for the Queen of England he had her dubbed the Empress of India.

It was the appearance of things that he kept uppermost in his thoughts. When he became enfeebled with age and there was a stoop in his walk he would not, on entering the House of Commons, go directly to the ministerial benches, but would stop, look around and gather strength for the ascent, and when fully ready would spryly run up as though he were but in the vigor of his early manhood. He has had his servants of the press even very recently writing himself up as strong in the enjoyment of all his mental and physical powers, in contrast with his great rival,

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Gladstone, who was at the same time described as broken in strength and worn out with the toils of office.

Such shams would be contemptible unless practiced by the most accomplished artist. There was, too, behind it all the courage of a sublime egotism and faith in his own personality.

This scheming has not elevated the character of the British name or added to the glory of the empire. He has complicated the affairs of England by his method of settling the Eastern dispute, and, though he added Cyprus to Her Majesty's dominions, he bound England to the maintenance of a protectorate which can hardly be otherwise than fraught with incalculable mischief.

Beaconsfield was while he lived an enigma and is destined so to remain. He is a hero. Of this there can be no doubt, and his career would read like a romance of another age or another land. The splendor of his triumphs, nevertheless, cannot blind to the glaring defects in the moral obliquities by which they were secured or the mental infirmities which suggested them as the aims of personal ambition.

Youngstown *Daily Register*, April 20, 1881.

MRS. LIVERMORE'S LECTURE

For more than two hours Mrs. Livermore discussed the great problem of woman's relation to modern life and development before a most interested audience. She was at home with her subject and eloquent and philosophical in its treatment. It was by all odds, whether you take into the account its appreciation of the nature and difficulty in the way of a practical solu-

tion of the question she was dealing with or the earnest womanliness that characterized every word spoken, the best lecture—the ablest, most philosophical address written or spoken, that this agitation has produced. It is too long to be reported in full, and too broad in its conception and too logical in its argument to be abbreviated to advantage.

There is one point that should be thoroughly impressed, not only on the public at large but on all those who on either side take part in the discussion of the woman question, which Mrs. Livermore made prominent and strong. It is the proposition that she repeated over and over again, "sex runs through everything." This is a truth absolutely universal in nature, and as essential as universal to anything like an adequate appreciation of the rights as well as the sphere of woman, of the rights as well as the sphere of man. She said: "If you say that man is the head I shall not dispute it, but if so, then woman is the heart. If you say with the Swedenborgians, man is wisdom, I say with the Swedenborgians, woman is love."

This is exactly it, a statement at once of the difference between the sexes, and the equality, of the place each has been assigned and the claims of each to sovereignty within the range of work which this difference imposes and requires. By ignoring or refusing to recognize sex in a discussion of this most important of problems of modern life, intelligent debate is out of the question, progress impossible, and a satisfactory conclusion utterly hopeless. But, by endeavoring to understand it in all its range, by attempting to give it force and effect in thought as well as in fact, by admitting the manliness of manly qualities in men,

have learned to respect the decisions of the courts, the findings of tribunals, the laws of the State. We know that these decisions, findings, laws, are not always right, are indeed often wrong. We knew that the injustice often effected is great and irreparable, but still, down in the very innermost being of our life, there is an abiding conviction that unless these decisions are enforced, these findings are accepted, these laws are obeyed, there is no hope for the perpetuity of the Republic, no hope of freedom among men, no possibility of popular government surviving the struggles of factions. We are, therefore, a law-abiding people, respecting the forms of law and observing the decisions of regularly constituted tribunals. This is a habit with us. We do not do it so much from a recognition of the necessity of it as from practice, constant observance, and in consequence of training.

In Mexico and the Republics of South America the habit of the people is strongly contrasted with all this. They have not been trained to liberty. It has been grafted into their politics by the longing for something better than tyranny, and by the hope that they might realize the splendid achievements of our own political life. It is to them a foreign tree planted in a soil never cultured for its growth. They have not learned to accept the decisions of tribunals or respect the forms of law, because for generations they meant nothing to them but the grossest tyranny and the cruelest oppression. They have recently learned that the power of the tyrant, the rule of the despot, could be broken by force, and they have adopted the idea that their sole redress for every individual or political wrong suffered is an appeal to arms. The

consequence is that revolution after revolution perplexes their government and unsettles society. There is no progress, no growth, and there can be none. Anarchy instead of law rules; war instead of legal tribunals is the arbitrator of disputes. There is no increase of wealth, no development of civilization, no cultivation of art or science, no statesmanship, no mark of that mutual dependence and trust that must characterize the people of a free State.

Just now there is a manifest attempt to degrade the politics of the United States, the Government of the United States, the society of the United States, to the low level of these faction-riven Republics. There is a talking of war to determine the question as to whether frauds have been perpetrated in the election of a president. Suppose this talk should turn to practice, this boasting become action, how long, do you imagine, the place we occupy among the nations could be maintained? Was there ever held in this country an election in which fraud was not charged by the defeated upon the successful party? We go further and say that it is not probable that there was ever an election held, national or local, but frauds have characterized it to a greater or less extent. Generally, it is true, these frauds have not been alarming in their magnitude, but still they have existed and given ground for complaint. If then the doctrine, now so loudly preached in some quarters, is to be accepted and the aggrieved party, whenever it imagines itself defrauded at an election, should go to war, every political campaign would be succeeded by armed conflicts and every disappointed candidate would become the leader in an insurrection. Revolu-

tion would become the order of the day and anarchy (if we may so speak) the law of our Government.

Do we counsel then quiet acquiescence when an election is stolen? By no means. Do we discountenance war? Most certainly we do. What then is the redress when a party has been defrauded of its rights by an assault on the purity of the ballot? Most surely it is not war, for that will imperil the existence of the ballot itself even though it should end in the securing of justice of which a fraudulent vote has deprived the insurrectionists. The form of our Government has provided a way to secure righting of wrongs and the obtaining of justice without a resort to the barbarian's argument, violence and arms. There is a sense of the right, of the just, prevailing among the people of the United States, that will never be appealed to in vain. Let any fraud perpetrated be thoroughly exposed and its perpetrators will suffer the humiliation of popular condemnation. This sense need only be aroused to be felt. It is, therefore, the duty of every wellwisher of this country to submit when, in regular process of law by decisions of legally constituted tribunals, the verdict of the ballot has been against him. It is his duty to submit, not indeed as though he were rightly dealt with, but as a citizen of a free State, taking an appeal from an unjust decision to the people again, demanding a revision of the judgment. He is to use his best endeavors to secure the passing of laws which will prevent in the future the outrage of which he complains. He is to perfect the election machinery, so that every illegal vote may be excluded and every repeater may be detected and punished. Meanwhile we must all stand by the forms of law, we must abide by the decisions of regularly con-

stituted tribunals, we must acknowledge that law is sovereign and must prevail. Republicans cannot afford, even if they so desired, to threaten the life of the Republic and assassinate liberty because ballot boxes are stuffed in New York City and thirty-five electors stolen from Hayes to elevate Tilden. Democrats cannot afford, even if they so desired, to assail our free institutions and imperil the Republic because dissatisfied with the action of a Southern Canvassing Board, believing that it is corrupt. It is rather the duty of Republicans and Democrats alike to remedy their ills by appealing to the conscience, the sense of justice, the ballots of the people, and by enduring temporary defeat prepare the way for obtaining an assured and permanent victory. Let the law rule and in time all will be well, and the Republic be built on foundations which can never be moved or shaken, when the right of every citizen will be sacred, every ballot be honest, and every decision just.¹

Youngstown *Register and Tribune*, November 25, 1876.

In spite of the character and influence of the paper, it was not a financial success, although it was not a losing venture for some years after Mr. Campbell went into it. He went into it at a time of great business depression, worked against the Greenback craze, made enemies who conducted

¹The theme of Mr. Campbell's book, *Civitas*, published in 1886, is that just law, justly enforced, is the foundation of liberty. See Chapter X., p. 164, "Liberty and its Foundations"; p. 172, "Unjust Laws Breed General Dissatisfaction."

violent personal campaigns, and as a result as early as 1875 we find him trying to dispose of his interest in the paper. Again, in 1877, he was looking for another occupation, and would have liked to secure a territorial governorship under the Hayes administration.

The strife with Chauncey Andrews was ever present. One question was no sooner settled than another arose. Andrews desired to go to Congress. The *Register and Tribune* opposed him. Andrews secured the appointment of an inefficient mining inspector instead of a man who had closed some of his mines that were not complying with the safety regulations required by law, and immediately started his mines again. The *Register and Tribune* dwelt on this. Always there was conflict. Andrews controlled the *Vindicator*, a weekly, and in 1877 started another daily—the *News*. He declared his intention of "sending Campbell to the poorhouse." It is estimated that he spent between forty and fifty thousand dollars in his effort to wreck his opponent's paper. He waged a war of personal abuse of such character that his editorials do not bear reproduction. It is small wonder that Mr. Campbell welcomed the change of ownership of one of his contemporaries, that came in 1880, in this friendly way:

THE REFORMED VINDICATOR

With the present issue of the *Vindicator*, Brown retires from its proprietorship and the little he had to do with its management. His successors, Messrs. Vallandigham and Clarke,¹ are gentlemen of acknowledged ability and attainment, and will beyond any question give the paper character and influence. They are Democrats, as they describe themselves, of a radical type, and do not intend to sacrifice their convictions or betray the time-honored traditions and teachings of their party for supposed temporary advantage. They do not make themselves perfectly clear on the question of the currency, but are decided in an expressed determination not to follow "in the wake of adventurers," which would seem to be something of a slap in the face for the latter-day leaders of the Democracy in its wanderings. However, these points will be made clearer as time advances. They introduce themselves to their readers and the public in a truly manly and straightforward fashion, and if we must have a Democratic party in Mahoning County, it is better that it should have a paper to represent it whose publishers have convictions and regard their political organization as something more than a mere combination to get office at whatever cost of principle or consistency. The *Tau Corum* welcome, "With bloody hands to hospitable graves," would hardly be appropriate. That is the sort of greeting we are very willing to have the party receive, but for the gentlemen themselves in their business venture we have only wishes for the very largest measure of

¹John H. Clarke, now Associate Justice U. S. Supreme Court.

success. Differences will come soon enough, no doubt. Discussion is necessary under a popular government. Agitation is the vital breath of freedom. In journalistic battles it is pleasant to know that you are going to fight soldiers and not guerrillas. So the *Register and Tribune* most cordially welcomes the *Vindicator* to its new life and hope under its new and promising management.

Youngstown *Register and Tribune*, April 17, 1880.

In the fall of 1880 the *Register and Tribune* was not making any money, and Judge Johnston did not care to go on with it. He sold his interest in it to a number of Youngstown men, who were glad to support a paper with the policies of this one. "Tribune" was dropped from the name, and it became the *Daily Register*. From this time on more attention was given to the telegraphic reports, and less to the editorial columns. The *Register and Tribune* from the beginning had had the Associated Press dispatches and succeeded in keeping them in spite of great efforts made by the *News* (Mr. Andrews's organ) to get them away from it. The fight was kept up for a year and a half, but it was a losing game. The editor, who now had a wife and two children to consider, was discouraged. His debts were increasing. The *News* and the *Register* were consolidated. It is probable, however, that his fellow-stockholders would have

been willing to go on for some years longer as they signed a paper agreeing to contribute certain sums annually for a term of years, a few days before this occurred.

In the combination of the *News* and the *Register*, the Board of Directors was to have three representatives from each paper and one neutral man. In the election of the editor, the *Register* stockholders had been confident of the success of their candidate. However, the referee voted for the other man, and Mr. Campbell retired from the newspaper world.

CHAPTER IX

MAYOR

THE next few years were very discouraging ones for the Campbell household. In debt and without any regular employment and with a wife and two delicate children to support, he did not find the situation reassuring. At this time Mr. Campbell again turned his attention to the law, wrote and delivered a lecture on "Capital and Labor," continued as organist in the First Presbyterian Church, and in these ways succeeded in keeping the wolf from the door.

This lecture on the "Combination of Capital and the Organization of Labor," was the forerunner of *Civitas*. Chapter X. gives the idea as developed there. In the present state of commerce, combination of capital is a natural result of free competition. Organization of labor must act as a check on its power. He preaches the doctrine of co-operation, a doctrine that is just beginning to be understood. These extracts are from his conclusion.

There must be, in a word, the substitution of fair dealing for free competition, of honesty for over-reaching, of justice for the disposition to get rich at another's hurt.

But that is attacking a natural law, the law of free competition. . . . Is there anything, after all, so very monstrous in an effort to modify the regular operation of a natural law which works wrong? Must we never assert our will through our muscles to overcome the natural law of inertia, to take a step? Must we never fly a kite, arch a bridge, inflate our lungs, strike out with our hands, push forward with our feet to swim in order to save ourselves from sinking by a natural law to a natural death by strangulation? . . . It is the great business of our lives to play one natural law against another. Now all that I insist on is that the natural law of free competition shall be controlled by the moral law of justice exactly as the natural law of brute force has been effectually modified by the moral law of justice. Is it to be done by legislative act? Not entirely, not chiefly. I have little faith in laws that there is no public opinion to enforce. Some things, however, can be done by judicious enactment. I would have the government assume such supervision of the highways of the country as would make extortion impossible and favoritism out of the question. I would have the government assume such control of the telegraph lines as would put all citizens on terms of equality so far as intercourse is concerned and prevent the possibility of their being used to destroy public journals that refuse to enter the service of the monopolies. I would have the people stamp relentlessly into his political grave every aspirant for public honor, whose only claim to recogni-

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tion is his wealth, and who by buying office not only stabs liberty in a most vital part, but gives warrant for the belief that he is ready to make himself whole by doing the briber's bidding. I would have them so mold their political conduct that they would not discriminate against the rich nor in favor of the poor but select solely by the measure of desert. I would have capital combinations and labor organizations bid their destructive strivings cease and say henceforth, profits shall be fairly distributed according as saving or muscle or brain has contributed to them and equitably apportioned shall be the losses. But that is coöperation? Exactly so. Thus would I substitute the dispensation of the Gospel for the dispensation of political economy. I would establish equity not equality, a commercial republic which means commercial order, not a commercial democracy which means commercial anarchy, communism; and so would rapidly become as much a relic of barbarism as its great prototype our impending commercial feudal system.

In the spring of 1884 the better element in Youngstown decided that the government of the city was in need of reform. Vice was rampant. Laws were not enforced. Conditions were notorious. In their search for a man who would administer the laws rigorously and justly they decided upon Mr. Campbell, who had in his career as editor shown himself absolutely fearless and honest. They nominated him for Mayor on the Republican ticket.

The national issue of protection had as much to do with his success as the local one of reform. Major McKinley made overtures toward a reconciliation which were accepted and resulted in his speaking in Youngstown the night before the election. It is very probable that this speech turned the tide in favor of his candidate. On April 7, 1884, Mr. Campbell was elected Mayor of Youngstown by a majority of 231 votes over his opponent, Matthew Logan.

In the beginning of the campaign an incident occurred which is worth relating because it shows the attitude of the two friends toward each other. At a meeting held to further Mr. Campbell's candidacy, Mr. McCurdy said that as he had a number of opponents in the city he would keep out of the campaign—that his help might do more harm than good. The prompt reply was, "No, Bob, I want you with me," and so the question was settled.

One of the first acts of the new Mayor was to secure as secretary his former classmate at Western Reserve, Mr. William R. Merrick. He was very fortunate in this as it was most important that he have the right man in this capacity.

Next, he turned his attention to his police force and impressed upon them the necessity of their

enforcing the laws. This they were afraid to do, because it might interfere with their reappointment. The Mayor declared that the odium would be his and that the officers must do their duty. When the time came to make his own appointments he had great difficulty in having his nominations ratified by the City Council, and was obliged to send in one list of names after another before he succeeded in filling his force. He created one new office, that of Roundsman, to which he appointed David T. Williams, who proved an able and trustworthy officer.

There was no delay in rigorously enforcing the laws. Gambling dens and houses of ill-fame were made to close their doors; saloon-keepers were obliged to comply with the regulations in regard to closing hours, at night as well as on Sunday. Where habitual offenders had previously escaped with light fines they now received workhouse sentences. Streets that had been shunned at night by law-abiding citizens became orderly thoroughfares. Absolute impartiality was shown to all offenders, no question of previous acquaintance or of social standing being allowed to interfere with the administration of justice. The office of Mayor included that of Police-judge and it is a noteworthy fact that not one of Mr.

Campbell's decisions was reversed by a higher court.

Not only were laws in respect to vice strictly enforced but other statutes that had become dead letters were brought to life. One of these in particular was of benefit. The railroads ran through the heart of the town and the engineers used to blow their whistles to an obnoxious and unnecessary degree. No attention was paid to the ordinance regulating the matter. The Mayor ordered all offenders to be arrested. After this had been done a few times with the resulting interference with traffic, the companies decided to observe the law and the nuisance was abated. This law continued to be observed for some years, but again lapsed into abeyance.

This rigid enforcement of the law, while of great benefit to the city at large, brought down on the head of the Mayor the hatred of the malefactors. Men and women who had been forced to obey the law or leave the city wrote letters containing threats of personal violence. These disturbed the Mayor not at all, but were a matter of great concern to his wife. Their house was over a mile from the Mayor's office and part of the way was along a lonely road. Many a night when her husband was late in returning his wife would tuck

her babies into bed and go down to meet him. On seeing him in the distance she turned back. Her husband never knew about these lonely walks for he was never able to understand why anyone should worry more about him than about any other man. Special consideration of himself annoyed him more than anything else.

One case in particular made a great stir among the saloonists and brought the Mayor their ill-will. Under a previous administration a saloon-keeper, Fred Hepp, had been convicted after a jury trial. He left town without paying his fine or costs. When the witnesses and the jurors in the case returned for their pay there was nothing for them. During this administration Hepp came back, thinking that with a new Mayor he was safe. He was mistaken, however, and locked up for his fine and costs. After three or four days in jail his friends succeeded in raising the money and he was released. At the close of Mr. Campbell's administration more than one offender went out of town and stayed away until he was out of office rather than receive the heavy sentence that he knew would be given him.

When the next election came this animosity bore its fruit. The lawless elements of the city were of one mind and worked hard in opposition

to the man who had made their way so hard. The better element was so sure of his reelection that it was somewhat lax in its efforts to secure it. Their candidate had given a record administration, that was notable not only in the city but in the State. His reelection was certain—why work? He was defeated by the Democratic candidate, by a majority of twenty-one votes. It is interesting to note that the Prohibition party polled fifty-four votes. These votes were wasted and had they been cast for the Republican candidate the result desired by both parties would have been gained.

On retiring from office after a term of two years, Mayor Campbell submitted the following report to the City Council:

TO THE CITY COUNCIL:

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN—As required by law, I herewith submit to your honorable body my report for the year closed, with the accompanying suggestions. Notwithstanding the repeal of the so-called Scott law and the financial embarrassment occasioned by it, the financial condition of the city has been materially improved by a very substantial lessening of the debt and reduction of taxation. This result has been attained through the cordial coöperation of all branches of the municipal government in practicing economy and adhering steadfastly to business methods in contracting obligations and discharging

liabilities. The instances of apparent extravagance, as shown by the clear, able, and comprehensive report of the City Clerk, are exceedingly few, and these are no doubt susceptible of easy explanations. Not to speak of the eight thousand of a temporary loan to meet current expenses, in anticipation of a revenue already provided for, there has been during the last year a net reduction of the debt of the city amounting to twenty-seven thousand three hundred and forty-nine dollars, and in the two years of this administration eighty-two thousand eight hundred and sixty-one dollars and forty-two cents. This it should be remembered is over and above the additional liabilities, contracted in making some necessary improvements, the burden of which will fall for the most part on the property specially benefited and not on the city at large. If nothing untoward should happen, there is no good reason why the next year should not show a continuance of the good work. There are thirty-five thousand of waterworks bonds due in September next and there will be funds on hand to pay about twenty-five thousand of them, leaving ten thousand to be refunded at a lower rate of interest. While I am always ready to defer to the superior wisdom of council and experienced financiers, it nevertheless does seem to me that no injustice is done by requiring the Waterworks Trustees to take care of the interest on waterworks bonds.

The interest upon this debt after this year should not much exceed six thousand dollars, and the increased and increasing revenue realized from the water rents would seem to be ample to meet this without appreciably impairing the efficiency of the water service. It does not seem to me that the policy of reduction

of debt and consequent lessening of taxation can be too strenuously insisted upon.

The wages of labor, the returns upon invested capital, and, indeed, the manufacturing and industrial future itself of our goodly city depend upon it. When taxes become equal to interest on investments, prudence withholds its hand from new undertakings and enterprise itself shrinks from an encounter with disadvantages which can be avoided. Our financial condition would be much helped, of course, if the Scott law should be restored to vitality, and the opinion seems to be well grounded among good lawyers that were its provisions put again to the test, the present Supreme Court would sustain its constitutionality. Entertaining such an opinion myself, I would recommend that the Solicitor be instructed to commence at once proceedings in mandamus to compel the auditor to put the saloons on the tax duplicate for taxation.

I come now to the business of the Mayor's office proper, and for the purpose of giving Council a basis for judging of the efficiency of the work done, some figures are appended from the records of the office embracing a period of three years. During the last year of my predecessor there were three hundred and fifty arrests for drunkenness, and during the first year of the present administration one hundred and fifty-two and during the last one hundred and ninety-four, not showing the steady improvement that ought to be expected. For drunkenness and disturbance there were during the last year of my predecessor one hundred and ninety-eight, during the first of the present administration one hundred and nineteen, and during the closing year eighty-one. For disturb-

ance simply during the last year of my predecessor there were fifty-eight, during the first year of this administration one hundred and fifteen, and during the closing year forty-eight. On the whole it would appear as though there had been a very substantial decrease in offenses of this character. During the last year of my predecessor there were no arrests for the violation of the so-called ten o'clock ordinance and fifteen for keeping open on Sunday. During the first year of the present administration there were sixty arrests for the violation of the ten o'clock ordinance and eleven for keeping open on Sunday, but during the closing year there were only eight arrests for violating the ten o'clock ordinance and thirteen for keeping open on Sunday.

The fewer arrests for the violation of these ordinances is partially attributable to the heavy penalties imposed for the large number of arrests during the first year, and partially, I fear, to the fact that those officers who had been most efficient in these respects became so obnoxious that their confirmation when reappointed became doubtful or was refused entirely. In this connection it would seem proper to renew the suggestion made a year ago, to the effect that if the policy of regulating the hours of traffic in intoxicating liquors is to be adhered to, and in my judgment it should be, the sweep of the ordinance should be enlarged so as to include places where spirituous as well as malt liquors are sold. Whatever doubt may have been entertained of the power of the Council to adopt such an ordinance would seem to be removed by the very comprehensive opinion of the Circuit Court, rendered in the case of the city against E. L. Wright. During the last year of my predecessor, for keeping disorderly

houses and houses of ill-fame there were ten arrests; for residing in them, twenty-three, and visiting them thirty-seven. During the first year of the present administration, for keeping disorderly houses and houses of ill-fame there were nine arrests, for residing in them seven, and for visiting them twenty-seven. During the closing year, for keeping them there were nine arrests, for residing in them nine, and for visiting sixteen. It may be proper to observe for the consideration of Council, that the rigid enforcement of the ordinances against the keeping of houses of this character has resulted in changing the method of maintaining the nuisances without entirely destroying the evil complained of. Houses with lewd women where lewd men congregate by tens and twenties have been succeeded by the single room where one woman and one guest in a manner comply with the law while they violate decency. Under the present method there is not the open shocking of the public sense of propriety nor so much of a defiant flaunting of vice in the view of all the community, but still the social evil itself is by no means cured. Under the last year of my predecessor there were no arrests either for keeping gambling places or for gambling; during the first year of the present administration there were five for keeping a gambling room, and for gambling twenty-six, and during the closing year for keeping a gambling room there were two arrests and for gambling seven. For resisting officers during the last year of my predecessor, there were twelve arrests, during the first year of the present administration seven, and during the closing year four. Without going further into detail it may be sufficient to observe that during the last year of my predecessor, for violat-

ing the city ordinances there were in all seven hundred and sixty-three arrests, during the first year of the present administration five hundred and eighty, and during the closing year four hundred and twenty-five. Whether this does or does not show an increased respect for city ordinances and municipal regulations is submitted for the candid judgment of those interested in the preservation of order and the peace of the community.

I am not of those who measure the success of municipal government by the amount of fines turned into the treasury, and yet I do think that so far as doing justice would allow, criminals should be compelled to pay the expense of their trial and punishment. It has been the endeavor to do this. The Mayor's office during the two years last past has turned into the treasury sixty-four hundred and ninety-one dollars and ninety-two cents, and during the closing year twenty-seven hundred and eighty dollars and eighty-one cents. This sum could have been very materially augmented had a different policy been pursued. If fines had been imposed so low as to have become in effect licenses for violating laws and ordinances, they would have been paid much more cheerfully and replenished the treasury more generously. The ordinances were, however, designed either to regulate or destroy, and the endeavor has been to enforce them with strict regard to their character. It would be possible, for instance, to blackmail the houses of ill-fame with a fine every month or so, and the city would gather revenue and they would flourish, but the spirit of the law contemplates their destruction, and the penalties imposed have aimed at this result. For more than fourteen months now the experiment of sending the

worst offenders against the municipal regulations to the workhouse has been tried and it will be for your successors in office to say whether the contract shall be continued in force. The contract is almost entirely a one-sided one, inuring from a financial point of view almost entirely to the benefit of the Cleveland Workhouse. It should not be forgotten, however, that the arrangement has been most salutary in affording a means of punishment which has been effectual in preventing crime; the expense has been considerable, but it has been in some degree compensated for by the reduced cost of maintaining prisoners here. From April, 1882, to April, 1883, the cost of boarding and maintaining prisoners in the city prison was seven hundred and twenty-three dollars and eighty-eight cents, for the next year eight hundred and seventy-eight dollars and eighty cents; during the next year from April, 1884 to April, 1885, it was seven hundred and eight dollars and twenty cents, whereas during the last year since the workhouse contract has been in force the cost of boarding prisoners at home has been only five hundred and thirteen dollars and twenty cents. There is thus an average saving of about two hundred and sixty dollars a year. The total cost of transporting and boarding prisoners at the workhouse during the fifteen months the contract has been in force has been eight hundred and seventy-four dollars and seventy-three cents or about six hundred and ninety-nine dollars for the year. Taking from this the saving of about two hundred and sixty dollars, the workhouse arrangement resulted in an average cost to the city of about four hundred and forty dollars a year. There is another element of advantage arising from this contract which, though it

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cannot be definitely stated in dollars and cents, is nevertheless considerable. The fear of the workhouse has led to the payment of many fines which would not have been otherwise collected. On the whole experience would indicate that the contract should not be abandoned, although the sentences it makes possible should only be resorted to in desperate cases.

In order to make the exhibit of the police record as full as possible, I append a table of the State cases tried in this office during the past two years: . . .

I have already, perhaps, extended this report to an undue length, but in retiring from an office of great trust and responsibility I cannot refrain from expressing my thanks to my associates in government, one and all, for the cordiality with which they have supported me. The end and aim of my official life has been to practice economy, reduce debt, maintain the authority and dignity of the law without fear or affection, to prevent and punish crime, and to preserve the city's peace. If these results have been in any fair measure attained, I am thankful to the people for the opportunity they gave me to serve them, but if I have failed I trust that it will be attributed to lack of ability and not to any want of honest endeavor. That citizen and official may join non-partisan hands in urging our city forward in a path of prosperity, one and all consulting its peace, respecting its wholesome regulations, and revering its laws, is the wish I cannot too devoutly express in laying down an honor which I have honestly striven not unworthily to wear. All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. L. CAMPBELL, Mayor.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, YOUNGSTOWN, O., April 12, 1886.

CHAPTER X

CIVITAS

WHEN Mr. Campbell's term as Mayor was over, he took an office which he furnished with a chair, a table, his typewriter, and a spittoon, shut himself up, and wrote a book. This book was called *Civitas, The Romance of our Nation's Life*. In the course of five months the book was written and the arrangements made for its publication by the Putnams. In the writing of the book he had the help of his warm friend, Mr. Colwell P. Wilson. The office was on the third floor of a building; on the first floor was the First National Bank with which Mr. Wilson was connected. Mr. Wilson, whenever he had an opportunity in the course of the day, would slip up to the office to see how the work got on. Sometimes there would be one line, sometimes several, and sometimes none at all. Whatever was there, was read over and frequently discussed. Every evening Mr. Wilson proof-read what had been written during the day. As a

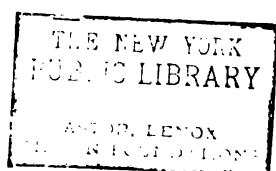
result some years after the book had been published Mr. Campbell declared with truth that Mr. Wilson knew more about it than he did himself. *Civitas* did not have a large sale although with only one exception it was favorably reviewed by the critics. When he saw that his book was not widely bought, Mr. Campbell did with it as he had done with his former disappointments, forgot it. The author forgot, but the friend remembered, and, in later years, more than once quoted passages that their writer failed to recognize. It was through Mr. Wilson's help that the writing of this chapter was made possible.

Civitas, while written in the form of an allegory and of an epic, is primarily a philosophical essay, embracing in its sweep both the historical and the prophetic—the story of the nation's trials by centuries rather than by years. It is a plea for just laws, justly enforced. It shows the materialism on which the structure of society really rests and its dangers—some of which menace us to-day. These lines from the Introduction give its plan:

So I now sing a plain terrestrial verse
Which some may like, which many more may curse;
But, liked or curs'd, it mighty truths reveals
Which everyone, who thinks, in secret feels.



COLWELL P. WILSON



I sing a hero more illustrious far
Than Alfred Great or Henry of Navarre,
Epaminondas, or King Philip's son,
Or any who Olympic laurels won,
Or fought 'round Troy, or Roman legions led,
Or in crusade for God and glory bled;
Who seemed a man but was himself a state,
Beloved of Heaven, favored of kind fate;
As man was tempted, as a god withstood,—
Preferred a lasting to a seeming good;
Reached up to heav'n and brought a goddess down,
And wooed and won an everlasting crown;
Forgot his vows awhile afar to rove,
Returned ere long obed'ent to his love;
Who coped with perils menacing the state,
With corporations vast and Plutarchs great;
With anarch's schemes to murder, wreck and rob,
Dethrone all law and glorify the mob;
With politicians' arts and shameless wiles—
The craft unwary innocence beguiles;
Whom, for his triumphs, all the world applauds—
As hero hails and ranks among the gods.

In brief the action of the book is this. Civitas, "surnamed America," lies exhausted on the field of battle. He is wooed in turn by Anarchia, Monarchia and Philosophia, each of whom he rejects. Finally his "Land's Free Genius" leads him to Libertas who consents to a union after he has taken certain vows singly and in sum. Quickly the vows are forgotten and, intoxicated by materi-

alism, in spite of the protests of Libertas he adopts the methods of the present day politician. These lead him to a brothel where Anarchia keeps the promise made on her first visit and reappears. His "Land's Free Genius" rescues him. Returning to Libertas he promises to follow a different course. Plutocrat suddenly comes upon the scene. Coached by Anarchia he claims to be her son and Civitas's. Threatening to tell Libertas of his parentage, he blackmails Civitas into giving him complete power. At this Libertas summons Civitas, who admits what he has done. Then she summons Plutocrat, who confesses his fraud, but says that the power is his "vested right," "For at my back's the Dartmouth College case." At this Anarchia bursts into the room, scores Plutocrat for his admissions, slays him, and curses Libertas. Libertas in a few words quells Anarchia, dismisses her from her presence forever, and restores his sovereignty to Civitas.

Within this action the writer gives his own views on many questions. Some of these are in the following passages.

LIBERTY AND ITS FOUNDATIONS.

Libertas speaks and demands these vows of Civitas:

“The vows thou’st singly sworn in sum repeat,
And thus the plighting will be made complete.
As first in love, I’ll first in honor stand,
The pride, the hope, the glory of thy land;
The weak to shield, the strong to justice hold,
The timid nerve, their bounds prescribe the
bold,
Till strong and weak and bold and timid learn
To serve the one the other, all in turn.
And next to me, but equal, law shall be,
The standing proof of my supremacy,
To execute alike on small and great
My perfect will, and so preserve thy state
When tyrant’s craft thy rising power assails,
Or mob’s disastrous rage its woes entails.
As I in law, so law in me shall prove
That state is governed best whose law is love.
As lawless love to lawless power may grow,
And richest blessing bring the direst woe,
So law of love must sanctions sure ordain,
Or else who could his sovereignty maintain.
But law and love together thou wilt bind,
As one in aim, twin blessings to mankind.
O then how sweet will swell the harmony
From law attuned to love of liberty.
The melody sublime will touch thy soul,
Inspire thine aims, thy passions all control,
Till lust of power thou’lt surely learn to hate;
Till ignorance as wisdom thou’lt ne’er rate;
Till avarice, the meanest monster bred,—
Ere it is living, thou wilt smite it dead.
Through weal and woe, through prospects dark and
fair,
All this thou’lt be and do;—dost thou so swear?”

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LOVE OF WEALTH A MENACE.

Quickly the nation has grown strong with
apparent prosperity, but, unknown to itself, the
fabric is woven on the frame of materialism. This
is described and its danger pointed out.

As firm as Civitas had stoutly vowed,
Temptation meeting, he as weakly bowed.
Before one century his life had spanned,
Shrewd flatterers his vanity had fanned
Until it burned a furnace, raging hot
Within his soul, consuming every jot
Of aspiration after nobler things
Than wealth, whose seeming strength with poison
stings.

Stones make not bread, though tempters say they
may;
The food that strengthens not, but feeds decay.
When wealth's an end and not the means employed,
And all endeavor's with its dross alloyed;
When nations build their strength on it alone,
And boast their greatness in the heaps they own;
When offices are bought and laws are sold,
And public virtue has its price in gold;
When freemen in the market hirelings stand
And, dogs of slaves, lick foul corruption's hand;
When churches point their gilded spires to heav'n,
And in the pulpit praise to Mammon's giv'n;
When schools and universities abound,

¹ Beginning with the late nineties many LL.D.'s were conferred
on men whose sole claim was dollars. Some colleges took the
names of their benefactors.

And learning's self is worthless not wealth-crowned;
When knaves to power on golden ladders mount,
And all of worth is in the bank account;
When all of life to live is gain to get,
And honors only come at riches' let;
Then, though mankind looked on in awed surprise,
Saw States from prairies, towns from marshes rise,
Which, in scarce one short generation's span
In opulence old empires far outran,
And forced the world to shout in loud acclaim
The glory of a new-born nation's fame;
Though all the wealth of all the Indias piled
Upon that land by lust for gold beguiled;
Though every hut a palace should become,
And millions daily should enrich each home;
Though want an exile from the country flies,
And idleness each luxury supplies;
Though art, philosophy and learning light,
In splendid rivalry, this manhood's night;
Though all this be and infinitely more—
The continent turned gold from shore to shore;
If public virtue wanes as waxes wealth,
And avarice all manhood takes by stealth:
Then damned's that land to doom of endless shame
When *manhood's* dead and *dollars* rulers name.
When Freedom breathes Corruption's sick'ning
breath,
The nation's writhing in the throes of death.
O then's the time for heroes to arise,
With souls that shun, with hearts that dare despise
The placeman's glories with'ring as they're clutched,
And meet the foe, as with God's spirit touched,
And smite and smite and smite till brib'ry's dead
And men are men again to freedom bred.

This is the ~~man~~ that will set the state
 His ~~interests~~ in love or marked by fate.
 Should ~~never~~ and a ~~lasting~~ byword be
 Where ~~there~~ are men and government is free.

A BUSINESS VIEW.

He presents the ~~like~~ arguments of practical
 business which are based on materialism.

'This is a business world' which clearly means
 That he must look with dread from dreamings gleams;
 As ~~the~~ is marked in ~~his~~ and ways,
 And ~~judges~~ each thing's worth by what it pays—
 For what it takes in property, of course,
 As ~~of~~ world there is no other source.
 I thought and so ~~ere~~ I had learned the world;
 When I ~~in~~ ~~practical~~ dreams along was whirled,
 I ~~ought~~ now this now that, I knew not what,
 Still ~~was~~ ~~glad~~ ~~by~~ ~~fancy's~~ cunning wrought.
~~Now~~ ~~the~~ ~~imaginations~~ I now eschew,
 And ~~only~~ substantial gain from all I do.
 He who goes sowing fertile fields around,
 At ~~what~~ ~~loses~~ when he should till the ground;
 At ~~is~~ ~~at~~ ~~vain~~ when he should watch the fold;
 At ~~loses~~ ~~God~~ when he should dig for gold;
 At ~~loses~~ ~~to~~ ~~church~~ when he should run his mill;
 At ~~loses~~ ~~the~~ ~~temperance~~ by an idle still,
 May grow in grace, his fat'ning soul expand,
 He ~~loses~~ ~~for~~ ~~virtue~~ throughout all the land;
 He ~~loses~~ ~~still~~, impractical and vain,
 He ~~loses~~ ~~the~~ ~~loss~~ must count and not for gain.

'clubs' worked for Garfield.

Nor in all this can harm be done to thee,
Unless abundance wars with liberty.
The rich can scarcely pass the pearly gates,
But no such gospel bars the growth of states.
Is liberty a boon? Then, if so, why?
To teach poor mortals how in hope to die?
Or how by faith immortal life is won?
Or how the just man's path shines as the sun,
And brighter grows until the perfect day?
To teach the strong to thank, the weak to pray?
And all, the wisdom of the pious road
Which leads through self-denial up to God?
Not so, Libertas; we're not here for this;
We seek not heav'nly, but terrestrial bliss.
We are immortal but our home is earth,
And making home most bright is test of worth.
Those who sing doleful psalms and preach for pay
Will mourn our course and this degen'rate day;
But we, naught fearing, will move wise along,
With wealth endowing our republic strong,
Till plenty blesses e'en the humblest home
And every man has more than king become.
A bread-and-butter gospel thus we live,
And in return for work, abundance give."

REPLY OF LIBERTAS.

In these days of high wages and steady work,
with dissatisfaction and strikes on all sides, this
forecast of thirty years ago is fulfilled.

"False Civitas, thou dost most weakly speak,
Nor dost thou wisely thus thy boon now seek.

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Thou sneer'st at that thine oaths had giv'n applause,
And tear'st at virtue with thy wordy claws.
Shame on thee, traitor. Dost thou not well know
That freedom never can in such soil grow?
In noble minds alone it can find root
And noble thoughts must train the tender shoot.
Thou know'st that virtue is my vital breath,
That, with that lost, there is eternal death;
And yet, for silver, thou wouldst sell thy soul
And damn my life with thine! Is this thy rôle?
" 'Tis not the business of the state to preach,
Nor after joys supernal try to reach;
But to consult man's highest earthly good,
Which surely's something more than clothes and food.
The slave who works the cotton and the corn
Has both of them in his dark lot forlorn,
But freedom is not there to bless and raise,
Or light his toilful night with cheering rays.
To fill the belly and to warm the back,
To see of comforts that there is no lack,
Might satisfy the wants and aims of those
Whose brutish minds ne'er 'bove the grov'ling rose;
But men who think, as well as eat and wear,
Of higher joys will ask a larger share.¹

¹ "A decade ago when there was a decided impulse towards some form of improvement, it was undertaken not through altruism but through necessity. The awakened intelligence of workmen began to voice itself in expressions that something more than wages was due them. Hitherto they had accepted their surroundings without demur. To allay this feeling of smothered discontent, the industrialist was forced into attempts at betterment; he felt this step was necessary to hold his labor."
—William H. Tolman, *Social Engineering* (1909), p. 365.

Eat, drink, and merry be, to-morrow die,
With beasts' low instincts may in scope comply.
Mere soulless things, that root and grunt and grow,
And, in the end, to slaughter, fattened, go,
May have a mission useful of its kind,
But never can provide the thinking mind
With types of life that would its longings meet,
Nor hint a way to make its joys more sweet.
Thy gospel new has this, then, for its boast,¹
It makes men hogs, and hogs gives honor's post.
Thy care should first, should last, should always be
To guard the life, the law of liberty.
If this be done with ever thoughtful zeal,
This land of ours shall know no lack of weal:
And growing wealth will breed not bitter strife
Which threatens all when greed, unchecked, is rife.
When men are bound to avarice as slaves,
And know no good but what its spirit craves,
They'll not be then in anything denied
Which may, by blood or riot, be supplied.
But if my love controls in every breast,
And every wrong is by my law redressed,
Rash discontents will not then fly to arms
And shake the state with barb'rous war's alarms,
But bide their time till justice th' issue tries,
Brands wrongs as wrong and that that's right as
wise.

The reign of liberty is reign of law,
And this it was I clearly then foresaw
When by firm oaths I thee once sought to bind
To serve me only and my laws defined.

¹ In 1900 the Republican party promised a "full dinner pail."
This was the period of the greatest activity in our history in the
formation of combinations and trusts.

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The reign of wealth is reign of avarice,
A passion brought to empire, which means this :
Blind justice sees, sees profit in the scales,
While to all else the passion vision veils.
O then renounce thy gospel's shameless creed
And follow me as I, in love, shall lead."

UNJUST LAWS BREED GENERAL DISSATISFACTION.

"If wealth to give shall be the state's whole aim,
Then, equal giving vindicates its claim
To justice in its rule; but if not so,
And while some richer, others poorer grow,
The poor will envy those the state preferred,
And wreck the state whose partial laws thus erred.

So long as cunning robbed not just desert,
And trustfulness as craft was as alert;
And wit the witless tried in vain to foil,
And shrewdness stole not gains from honest toil;
So long as things like these did not confuse
The giving to all equally their dues;
So long thy state to quest of wealth enslaved
Might boast its triumphs though just laws it braved:
But when the inequalities appear,
And rich and poor each at the other jeer,
The rich with pride, the poor with envy blind,
Then where wilt thou thy right to govern find?
Thine aim was plenty to insure to all,
And if thou fail'st in that, the whole must fall;
For what remains when life's sole aim is lost,
But vain contrition's counting up the cost?
If thou becom'st of wages guarantor,
And wages fall, and fall still more and more;

Or if thou sponsor stand'st for ventures made,
And into losses promised profits fade;
Then workmen and investors both will say
That with their int'rests thou didst falsely play;
Much thou didst promise and didst give but loss,
Thy golden glitter proved but worthless dross.
Again I plead, renounce thy shameless creed
And patient follow where, in love, I lead."

THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE.

This characterization is singularly apt. The popular politician stoops to the people instead of leading them.

He who would rise must be where people are;
See what they want, not study from afar.
To lay the ropes must first be thorough learned,
To pulling them attention next be turned.
Who lays and pulls ropes best sees this most clear,
He lessens friction as he pays for beer.
The fool makes speeches, arguing at length,
In politics believing truth is strength;
While this delusion flattering he hugs,
Another gets the votes with five-cent mugs.
The tyro goes to books to learn to rule,
The vet'ran knows the bar's a better school.
Know then the people, care naught else to know,
If in official life you'd like to grow:
Their whims make yours, their follies see as wise,
And ever read your duty with their eyes.
Think not to find a better way than theirs,
For thoughtful independence lays but snares.

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Who waits for them to blaze a certain trail
And follows close, can surely never fail;
To watch its crooks and turns is all the skill,
If none be blazed, then, prudence says, stand still.

.

Be what they want and at the very time,
'Tis pushing on ahead that here is crime.
Make paper money, silver, gold or skins—
And when they want it—that it is that wins.
If harm should come, you're surely not to blame,
Their will can never be their servant's shame.
To know the people first, the people next
Is omega and alpha of this text.
Go where they are, where'er that place may be,
And with surroundings make yourself agree.

.

So go to church when church bells solemn ring,
Join in responses, with the loudest sing;
Be sure all see you in your pious mood
And know one politician who is good.
But with the service o'er hunt up a bar,
Confusion drink to partial laws that mar
Enjoyments—not of preaching, praying kind,
But those of men more lib'rally inclined.
Be sure they see you in your jolly frame
And know that you and they have minds the same.
You thus may win both classes to your side
And mount ambition's path with easy stride.

False Civitas was wise, and knew these things
Without book-learning and the doubts it brings.

Who cultivates the wisdom of the schools,
Rejects clear instinct to obey its rules,

Imagines statecraft some mysterious art
Which only ancients knew and books impart,
Will one day mourn the grievous error made
And curse the law his common sense betrayed.
He'll wary be, when that which wins is dash;
Conservative, when that alone is rash;
Will march by beaten roads when they're worn out,
Will hesitate, when doubt means certain rout;
Will play in politics a losing hand
Where knowledge counts far less than skill and
"sand."

Attainments here are greatly out of place;
Who squanders cash when he can run his face?

So Civitas, to instinct giving ear,
And seeking by its light his course to steer,
Was down among the people, working well
To learn for his own use the ways of hell.

Though back to God is sometimes traced its birth,
All human government is of the earth.
The wicked, as the good, its power preserve,
The wicked, as the good, have weals to serve.
Just government should recognize them both,
And deal with all alike who aid its growth.
If representative the state would be,
It cannot rest alone on piety,
But on the people, good and bad alike,
Who will in laws a wholesome average strike.

PLUTOCRAT DESCRIBED.

This character which appeared so mysteriously is
a product of our own institutions and love of money.

Now Plutocrat a spirit bold possessed;
A cunning matchless, zeal that knew no rest;

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An industry that would the world subdue
If time were given all he thought to do;
A mind far-reaching in its plans for gain,
But soulless thought, pure product of the brain;
A conscience, feeling money-loss alone
A crime for which no penance could atone;
Ambition vaulting; caution circumspect;
An avarice that ne'er for wrong done recked;
A robber's instinct and a robber's nerve;
A will unyielding, bent but self to serve;
A judgment, seeing when to bribe or fight;
A skill in logic which could black make white;
A power for evil clearly manifest;
A power for good, perhaps, which never blest.

PLUTOCRACY LEADS TO ANARCHY.

In time the outraged sense of justice of the
people will manifest itself. Plutocracy will fall
and anarchy arise.

Anarchia into her councils took
This man or monster (as you on him look),
And formed alliance with him to the end
That each the other's schemings should befriend.
Unnatural at best this union seems,
The meeting and agreeing of extremes;
For Plutocrat all wealth would make his own,
And found on it a grasping, tyrant throne;
While she would scatter all that thrift might gain,
And 'mid the wreck of all things fix her reign.
Impossible this compact must have been,
Had he, as she, the future clearly seen.

Regarding only progress made each day,
He never thought or cared where led his way.
A dollar hid no one could further see,
But how to keep it, none so blind as he.
He would not lose, by any sudden turn,
To guard 'gainst that he had been quick to learn;
But consequences, distant or obscure,
Which foresight, seeing bad, can sometimes cure,
He lacked ability, somehow, to trace,
And saw that fair which looked fair on the face.
Anarchia was cast in diff'rent mould.
The future and results her acts controlled.
Libertas of her empire she would rob,
O'erthrow all law, to power exalt the mob.
If she could this, her aim of aims, secure,
Rebuffs for her were nothing to endure.
She counted not the days' but ages' flight
In working out designs conceived in spite.
No temporary gain elated her,
And losses seemed the more her zeal to spur.
She saw afar and sacrificed to-day,
The distant morrow trusting for her pay.
To overwhelm Libertas, Civitas, and all,
In universal wreck she'd made her call,
And days and years, and centuries' long sweep
Were naught to her whose vengeance knew no sleep.

PLUTOCRAT'S CAMPAIGN.

By bribing legislatures, buying laws, and securing control of railroads, telegraph, and press, plutocracy gains power. Anarchia speaks to Plutocrat:

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"I shall with definiteness speak," said she,
"From compliment and figures vain keep free,
Unfold the plot whereby we shall achieve
Ourselves vast empire, and Libertas grieve;
Great Civitas to hopeless ruin bring,
Wreck the republic and enthrone thee king.
This is the scheme, then, I would have worked out:
First, Civitas thou'lt make face right about
And have him place Libertas after thee
In moulding law and fixing policy.
Thou must his master absolute become
So that he wiggles as thou wagg'st thy thumb.
His favorite, in brief, thou'lt make thyself,
And shrewdly use his power t' increase thy pelf;
For favorites, though hated, spoils enjoy
Without the cares that sovereignty annoy.
Thou'lt have him frame his laws to let thee cheat,
And cancel debts which others have to meet;
Let thee make ventures, which, if they should fail,
On others would the loss entire entail;
But, if they should at all successful prove,
Thou wouldst the profits in thy pocket shove.
Have all his laws contrived to meet thy views,
And read, 'If heads I win, if tails you lose.'
Then of his highways thou wilt get control,
And make all commerce pay to thee a toll.
Each journey made will tribute bring to thee,
In every pound of freight thy gain thou'lt see.
Of all the people eat or drink or wear,
Through transportation take the lion's share.
He who can make the king's highways his own
Has him enthralled who occupies the throne.
When thou dost come thy railroads to construct,
Let promises to profits sure conduct.

Pay out but wind, but take in all thou canst;
Though thus thy friends be robbed, thy wealth's
enhanced.

Thy hand lay on the lines of telegraph,
And, at Libertas' wails, serenely laugh.
On all communication, tax assess
To rob the public and thyself to bless.
Then, of the press a censorship create,
Quotations change and stocks manipulate;
Pervert the truth to serve thine own design,
And square all news by int'rest's crooked line.
Two things at once no people ever saw;
Then run thy papers by this well-known law.
Let scandal loose, attention to arrest;
While others read, well feather thou thy nest.
With railroad, press and telegraph controlled,¹
No one from thee can empire long withhold.

¹ These methods were employed to defeat the passage of the Roosevelt railroad legislation. "But even more cogent proof of the need of control was the outrageous attempt of the carriers to influence popular opinion through so-called publicity bureaus. An extensive service, regardless of cost, was set up with headquarters at Washington and with branches in all the leading cities, headed by the President of the Southern Railway. Bogus conventions, packed for the purpose,—such as the 'Alabama Commercial and Industrial Association,'—passed resolutions unanimously, to be scattered broadcast by free telegraphic despatches all over the country. . . . Palpably garbled news items from Washington were distributed without cost, especially during the hearings of the Senate Committee. Even more insidious and misleading methods were employed. An elaborate card catalogue of small newspapers throughout the United States was made; in which was noted all of the hobbies, prejudices, and even the personal weaknesses of the editors. . . . Magazine sections or 'ready to print' insides were also made up, in which appropriate and subtle references to railroad issues

With favoring laws and these things at command,
 Thou'lt soon be hailed as prince o'er all the land.
 I think there's much that I might still suggest,
 But wisdom clear as thine will know what's best.
 With progress made, what next to do thou'lt see,
 And soon supreme o'er all the land wilt be.

"I pardon beg.—I had almost forgot
 A quite important detail of the plot.
 Before thou hast advanced far on thy path
 Thou mayst excite the thinking voter's wrath,
 Who may oppression see before it comes
 And fail to nibble at thy bribing crumbs.
 If on thine arguments thou wouldst put stress,
 A people tractable thou must address.
 But thinking men thy reas'ning will not blind,
 Nor will they be to thy designs inclined.
 They'll spurn thy bribes, thy power will see to hate,
 And of thy usurpations loudly prate.

were concealed in a mass of general reading matter. Two or three weekly letters were sent gratis to minor newspapers without regular Washington correspondents, containing 'good railroad doctrine,' together with *spicy local news items* ["Scandal let loose, attention to arrest"]. . . . As an indication of the formidable proportions of this campaign of education, the Chicago office, alone, employed some forty highly paid experts. Regular reports were rendered by this news service to the railroads' committee, as to the results achieved; setting forth the number of columns of news matter distributed and the changes effected in the proportion of 'pro' and 'con' items published. It was indeed a most astounding demonstration of the lengths to which organized corporate power would go to defeat regulative legislation. That it proved upon exposure to be a boomerang for the railroad cause, is to be inferred from the entire absence of all such political methods from the succeeding campaigns dealing with further amendment of the law."—*Railroads—Rates and Regulation*, William Z. Ripley, pp. 496-498.

Thou mayst thy hireling press sick on them—true,
But something more than that thou'lt need to do.
Thou must import an ignorant voting class¹
To swear by thee, and stand by Civitas
In the alluring principle he spread,
That States exist to give the people bread.
Those who think thus, or never think at all,
Thou must rely upon to heed thy call,
Thy bribe to take, to vote the ballot giv'n
When freemen ask from power to have thee driv'n;
Thine enterprises can employment find
For countless hordes of this convenient mind;
And barb'rous lands can inundations roll
Of such as fitted are for thy control.
Thou'lt thus get labor cheap, and votes to boot,
Enrich thyself and liberty uproot.
Thus power will profit, profit power augment,
And people bribed will be with all content;
And labor free, reduced to bondmen's pay,
Will forced accept conditions of thy sway.
Thy greatness firm foundation will have laid
In votes thine own, the price for which thou'st
paid,
And all the world will thy great craft applaud;
Libertas see as Civitas—a fraud.
The scheme I've thus unfolded at some length;
Now to its execution bend thy strength,
Till thou hast conquest greater far achieved
Than ever victors crowned or peoples grieved."

¹ The first Contract Labor Law was passed in 1885, the year previous to the publication of *Civitas*. In 1887 and 1888 provisions were added to make the law effective. The statute of 1891 made the law broader and more stringent. It was reaffirmed in the later laws of 1903 and 1907.

"WHO OWNS THE HIGHWAYS OWNS THE STATE IN FEE."

In these words of Civitas to Plutocrat are the writer's own views of the importance of government control of railroads.

"Couldst thou but for a single moment dream
That I request like thine would ever grant?
That I, a sovereign, would myself supplant?
Who owns the highways owns the state in fee;
To sovereign leaves mere show of sovereignty;
At pleasure commerce taxes with high hand,
To avarice a prey devotes the land;
The people plunders while he seems to bless,
And freedom murders, feigning a caress.
Let thee my highways build, and own, and use!
Request like this I scarcely can refuse!
My sovereign rights I'll sovereign-like maintain,
And be myself supreme in my domain;
Nor lend my power, so easily abused,
To one who might prove stronger when accused."¹

¹ At the time this was written, two Federal statutes regulating railways had been passed, in 1864 and 1872; but the Interstate Commerce Commission had not been created. It came in the following year, 1887.

In 1903, B. H. Meyer, in *Railway Legislation in the United States* (1903), p. 245, said:

"Neither in the federal law, nor in the laws of a single state, nor in the laws of all the states collectively, does there exist adequate power to protect the railways against each other, on the one hand, or the public against the railways on the other."

Conditions improved after the legislation of 1906 and 1910.

HOW PLUTOCRACY RULES.

Swift revolutions came, by wiles achieved,
Far greater than the world had e'er conceived.
Proprietary workmen who, anon,
Supplied communities are lost and gone;
Are seen no more as men with minds and hearts,
But of machines as necessary parts;
With reason not addressed, by force coerced,
Oppressed, submissive, but rebellious cursed;
Become mere fractions of wide-reaching wholes,
Automata,—mere numbers on pay-rolls;
Combined against, if they in turn combine
The world's askew—there's war on rights divine.

Once, competition business life controlled,
And industry and skill and muscle told
In strife for bread and modest competence:
Machines and combinations, impotence
Make manly qualities like these to-day—
The sport of chance, the plutarch's easy prey.
Alliance to alliance swift succeeds,
A compact broken, closer compacts breeds;
Where one to pieces falls, another springs,
Till now, where'er we look, we see but "rings."
Associations, corners, unions, pools,
Or simply corporations make the rules
Which run the markets and prescribe the price
We pay for food, for furniture, for ice,

In *Railroads—Rates and Regulation*, William Z. Ripley says (1912), p. 578:

"The fundamental principle of effective government regulation had been indisputably affirmed in 1906. The Act of 1910 had for its purpose a firmer intrenchment of the position already occupied."

For everything we eat, or drink, or wear;
 For berth in sleeper or for railroad fare;
 For coffins, cradles,—everything we use
 From grandma's night-cap to the baby's shoes.
 We do an errand, telegram despatch,
 Express a package, or but strike a match;
 We ring a telephone, our lamp we light,
 Whate'er we do by day or e'en by night—
 Some combination, somewhere, tribute takes
 And what we pay is just the price it makes.
 Grow larger, fewer, factories and mills,
 And mechanism more men's places fills,
 Till in vast corporations men are lost;
 Mechanics for machines aside are tossed.
 The little shops, where skill and toil combined
 To foster manhood with content of mind,
 To ruin by the thousand have been hurled,
 As now plutocracy enthralls the world.
 Thus labor loses zest, of thought deprived;
 Mere toilers strive to live where manhood thrived.
 The current rushes on more strong, more swift;
 Still more of wagemen, and still less of thrift;
 Still larger corporations, fewer shops;
 Of discontents, still larger, larger crops.
 Still sweeps the current and the flood still swells;
 The stronger corporation now compels
 The weaker, in its line of industry,
 To sacrifice its life in bankruptcy.
 With aid of telegraph and railroad lines
 What warfare leaves, self-interest combines
 In one consolidated mighty whole
 Which can its branch of trade, at will, control.

.

"The empire's peace"—so despotism said,
Which only meant that liberty was dead.
Thus combination competition slays
And brings repose which all but croakers praise.
A feudal system grows like that of old,
With serfs submissive and with chieftains bold;
With vassals, liegemen, lords high paramount,
With fiefs and tenures more than one can count;
Now broken into fragments, now combined,
Cohering, yet discordant, still entwined
Around and through our life of trade and toil;
Now parts at war each other to despoil,
Now, all united to maintain their power
Whenever people see what dangers lower;
On force not founded, nor by sword maintained,
But holding fast, by fraud, what knav'ry gained.

Thus coal-oil, whiskey, silver, gold, have rings,
Whose managers, mere lords, swell 'round like kings;
Through statesmen dictate policies and laws,
Teach courts, in statutes how to find queer flaws;
Elections buy and legislatures sway,
Choose senators, have congressmen in pay;
In every lobby work a bribing gang
To see that acts adverse shall have no fang.
Like feudal chiefs, they fight o'er this or that,
But serve their suzerain, great Plutocrat;
As he o'er all his mighty scepter waves,
And makes these vassal lords his loyal slaves.
He fortunes makes, and fortunes, too, destroys;
Brings profits here, with losses there, annoys;
Turns fields to towns, if int'rest so inclines,
Turns towns to fields, if that suits his designs;
All ventures makes mere reckless games of chance,
Compels all markets, as he pipes, to dance;

Shows favor here, discrimination there;
All business life controls through freight and
fare;

To combinations gives, from men withholds;
On whims of his the world commercial moulds;
For his own gain his trusting friends he robs,
And scruples at no crime, contriving "jobs."
On cities now, and now on men he preys,
T' increase his pelf his corporation flays.
Thus hind'ring, helping, as caprice inspires,
In mill or furnace, damps or kindles fires;¹
New mines now opens, old ones now shuts up,
Withholds or gives the life-infusing cup;
A law regards, obeys a court decree,²
If they with int'rest can be made agree.
Does as he pleases all the Nation o'er,
Has one land conquered—and he weeps for more.

He builds great colleges to teach the youth³
His ways are just—as learning's leading truth;
Political economy rewrites
To show who wars on him 'gainst nature fights.

¹ One means used by large corporations to expel unionism from their mills has been to agree to unionize the mills that they intended to close. Cf. *Report on the Conditions of Employment in the Iron and Steel Industry in the United States*. Prepared under the direction of Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor, 1911, Vol. 3, ch. 4.

² "We must make it so that the poor man will have as nearly as possible an equal opportunity in litigating as the rich man; and under present conditions, ashamed as we may be of it, this is not the fact."—William H. Taft.

³ Several colleges became undenominational in order to secure endowments from the Carnegie Corporation, and pensions for professors from the "Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Teaching." Chicago University was opened October 1, 1892.

He pulpits pays, to keep the churches sound—
Till in the pews the rich are only found;
To cultured souls has able sermons read,
With stones for bread, has hungry ignor'nce fed.
To clothes, not souls, the temple's portals ope,
And in their *styles* is seen the ground for hope.
In golden currents flows the gospel tide—
Religion serves to minister to pride.
"Salvation, O salvation," loud is sung;
"Salvation, O salvation," still is rung.
"Salvation, O salvation"—but for whom?
For whom is life made glad, and bright the tomb?
The gorgeous temples modest worth repel,
'Gainst fine phrased sermons untrained minds rebel.
The int'rest in the preaching always flags
When snobs, in broadcloth, sit by men in rags.
The gospel for the rich suits not the poor,
And for them heav'n should keep a sep'rate door.
It might a scandal prove, for long debate,
If they should meet before the pearly gate.
Meanwhile, on earth, divergence greater grows,
As Plutocrat his strifes more widely sows.
The schools, as well as churches, he divides
By class distinctions, showing life's two sides;
For foolish fashions lives of children shape,
And strain the purse, wealth's foppery to ape;
And drive full many a boy to toil from school
Whose parents are too poor to play the fool.
Excite mean rivalries does Plutocrat
Between the nabob's son and poor man's "brat."

To humble labor and his power increase,
By thousands he imports here, under lease,
Bohemian hordes, barbarians of all climes,
To push the wageman down as up he climbs.

He gets his workmen cheap from these rude tribes,¹
And, ere long, voters swarm to take his bribes.

O'er man and mill and manufactory,
O'er officer of low and high degree,
O'er colleges and schools and church and state,
O'er laws and courts—o'er all he was elate.

ANARCHY OVERTHROWS PLUTOCRACY.

*A lawless power is lawlessly destroyed;
In vain to save, is lawful power employed.
Who want protection must obed'ence give;
Must die by violence who lawless live.
Who taketh up the sword must by it fall,
For sovereign law supreme reigns o'er us all.*

When he began his book Mr. Campbell saw no ending but disaster, but rather than give it an unhappy ending he made this concession to hope. Whether his first or second thought was correct, events have yet to prove.

Mr. Campbell borrowed the necessary money and, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, went to New York and arranged for the book's publication. The proceeds from its sale about covered what he had spent on it.

¹ "Another striking characteristic of the labor conditions in the iron and steel industry is the large proportion of unskilled workmen in the labor force. These unskilled workmen are very largely recruited from the ranks of recent immigrants."—*Report on Conditions of Employment in the Iron and Steel Industry in the United States*. Prepared under the direction of Charles P. Neill, Commissioner of Labor (1911), vol. 1., p. xvi.

In these days much is said of the duty that college men owe the country. Twenty-seven years ago Mr. Campbell delivered an address before the Western Reserve Alumni Association that develops this idea. As it is a characteristic statement of his views, and contains much of his philosophy of life, these extracts are given:

Do not imagine, my friends, for a single moment that I am come into this presence and under the influence of these hallowed associations, to criticize the admirable mental discipline here obtainable, or to sneer at the culture here offered, or to belittle those ideals of aim and endeavor with which all student life is, or should be, inspired. God forbid. But I am come to deplore the use made of this discipline, the prostitution of this culture, and the abandonment, in the press and activities of actual life, of these high ideals. The theme of the hour will be, "The duty devolved by an imperiled Republic, and a menaced civilization, on the college-bred, the educated sons of America."

Of what a country are we citizens, and of what a civilization are we partakers, but the genius of our republic and of our civilization is one and the same; the genius of manhood untrammelled and free, the genius that works the beneficent wonders of our marvelous development and is the spring, the inspiration, and the hope of all modern life.

These are some of the things which a free manhood, the genius of liberty, has done for the enlightenment,

the elevation, and the amelioration of the world; and if we betray it not—if we stand steadfastly by it and true to it—they are but the beginnings of achievements whose full accomplishment would mean for man an ideal life, of which it would be thought to-day the merest madness even to dare to dream.

But "there's the rub"; for that firm allegiance which we owe and should pay with constant care, with ever jealous solicitude and tireless devotion, we have wavered in, we have been indifferent—nay, we have been actually false to, in the service of a too successful rival for the throne of our homage. That rival is the Spirit of Commerce, of trade, of production and exchange, of money-making. It is the child of liberty; and yet threatens its overthrow. It is the offspring of a free manhood, and yet, with parricidal perfidiousness, menaces its destruction. It is the life of modern civilization; and yet it may prove its death.

Let us not be pessimistic; but yet, nevertheless, notwithstanding, let us have courage to see things as they are. This one thing is true or all history bears false witness: Every government which has flourished, every civilization which has smiled on earth hitherto, has, soon or late, fallen prey to what at the time was regarded as its glory and its strength. To our clearer view, in the light of results, it was its weakness and its shame, but the age which wrought out its development and participated in its achievements saw through other glasses and measured by a different standard. So may it be, so must it be with us, unless with our greater experience has come also a greater wisdom.

Now why? Why, since time began, have governments and civilizations risen but to fall, flourished but

to perish? The answer is no secret. You have but to read to understand; you have but to look to see. It is because they have not been true to themselves, have been false to what should have been the controlling principle and purpose in all their aspirations and strivings, have chosen rather to enter bondage to some passion or ambition, whose gratification circumstances made apparently easy, than to follow with unfaltering fidelity the path prescribed by manifest destiny. It is here that despotism sees and seizes its opportunity. It promises to minister to this mastering passion, to serve this controlling ambition, and nations, listening to its pretensions, have been lured to their doom. Despotism does not seem the hateful thing it is, when it first addresses itself to the enthralling of a people. On the contrary, it presents itself as the true expression, the fair representation in governmental form of the National ideal. Only a martial people would submit to a military despotism; only a superstitious people would bend their necks to receive the yoke of a religious despotism. If this is so, and that it is all history proclaims with a clearness which does not admit of mistake or misunderstanding, our liberties, if threatened at all, must be assailed on the side of our national passion or ambition. We need not fear the soldier who, under promise of glory and dominion as the rewards of valor, leads his legions to battle and to victory, nor yet the priest, who threatens the timid soul with perdition as the penalty of disobedience and so terrorizes it into submission; but him rather should our wary vigilance stand ready-armed to baffle and defeat, who asks the power to plunder at will, under the assurance that he will always generously give far more than he takes, or seeks

absolute control of the commerce of the country in return for the pledge that he will develop the resources of the nation, build up its industries, and promote its prosperity. I mean by this that the only possibility of danger to this republic, under conditions as they exist to-day, lies in the direction of a commercial despotism; and I do believe and say that this is not now merely a remote possibility, but is rapidly becoming a most alarming probability.

A hundred years ago, our Republic was born, out of trial and poverty and almost despair, into a splendid promise and a magnificent hope; and, as we recall the story of her growth, how completely, apparently, has that promise been fulfilled and that hope attained. For years wages followed toil, and competence rewarded industry and thrift. Where want and wretchedness had clung, with slender hold, to hovels of misery and despair, homes of plenty and happiness and blessing looked smiling into the face of Heaven, as if to challenge its holy rivalry.

No wonder that an exultant optimism should view with admiration material triumphs like these, so fair to see, so hopeful, so inspiring. No wonder that it should contemplate with a confidence alloyed with no misgiving, the possibilities of a development whose veriest beginnings could boast such prodigies of achievement.

Unfortunately there is another side to the picture, another chapter to the history. The relation between work and wages, which a hundred years ago was fixed by the law of free competition, when industry, skill, and thrift were the tests of merit and apportioned the rewards, is to-day determined by bitter, destructive

industrial wars, in which colossal combinations of capital and wide-reaching labor organizations are the fierce, the desperate, and the more and more unpromising combatants. If hovels are fewer and homes are happier, palaces are relatively more, and the gulf between the rich and the poor has widened—become well-nigh impassable toward the attractive shore, save by the rare and daring few.

Schools, elementary and collegiate, instead of being the nurseries of noble, self-sacrificing servants of their country and their kind, are beginning to see the fulfillment of their highest mission in a special technical training, essentially selfish and belittling in its scope and trend, as its ideal of excellence and efficiency is not the good it makes it possible for its recipient to do, but the pecuniary returns it enables him to secure. When education, whose sublime purpose should be the drawing out, the developing of the latent powers of the individual to the perfecting of manly character and a lofty appreciation of the duties and responsibilities of life, has thus degenerated into a grindstone process of sharpening faculties to drive bargains and to discern shrewdly the exchange value of all things, small and great, not only of lands and wares and stocks, but of sacred things, of truth, of learning, of scholarship, of convictions of the soul, of impulses of the heart, of scruples of the conscience, let then the curfew toll the knell of manhood's "parting day" and night close down on civilization's golden promise. If the foundation be laid in mire, what can you expect the superstructure to be?

Churches, where, if anywhere on earth, petty class distinctions should vanish or count for naught and a common faith should be a sure pledge of a brotherly

right to an equal participation in their services and ministrations, are in danger of becoming little more than a sort of social arrangement, a kind of pious club house where religious forms are observed for good manners' sake, and the cash value of Christian labors is annually accurately computed from the sum of the contributions to the mission fund and other benevolences.

The railroad, whose locomotive whistle, without any stretch of imagination, seemed the trumpet call "To advance" to the too laggard forces of civilization, was not slow to perceive, as an organized power, that its possession of the highways gave it the country to rule, and as it swayed its absolute scepter, commerce and manufacturing thrived or died at its caprice, courts bowed to do its will, great cities bent their necks to receive its yoke, powerful States laid down their independence to be enrolled among its provinces, and Congress and legislatures consented to become mere corporation boards of directors to record its decrees. It has not stopped here. Not content with corrupting, subverting, and usurping the legislative and judicial powers of the State, it has, with an audacity which has never been rivaled and with a success but too apparent and complete, assumed to abrogate the natural law of free competition which, by right Divine, was supposed to reign supreme in the world commercial. To favored corporations in chosen lines of industry or trade, it showed, with its aid, the possibility of successful combination, and with them formed its unholy alliance to destroy where opposition was too weak to resist, and to bribe where it was too strong to be forced. Individuals were swallowed up in corporations, corporations lost in combines, combines merged in

trusts which, as their only hope for long and prosperous life, cling in faithful vassalage to the Lord High Paramount of the modern feudal system, the railroad power. Monopoly has been substituted for competition, arbitrary power for freedom, in supplying the demand for the necessities and conveniences of life.

We are told that there is in all this nothing to excite alarm, that it is a cheapening and an improving of production, that it is an economizing in the methods of distribution, that it is giving to the great body of the people and to all the people more comforts and at less cost than was ever before known in the history of the world.

Is it not strange that no one seems startled at the infamy of the insinuation that Americans would, for one moment, think of putting their free institutions into the scales to be weighed out against so many pennies? Is it not "passing strange" that a generation which has not even yet forgotten to exult in the self-denying heroism of a quarter of a century ago, which for thirteen dollars a month marched to disease and wounds and prison and death that a government of the people should not perish from the earth, should calmly listen to labored argument to show that liberty makes dear coal oil? Does it not transcend belief that sons of sires, whose blood was not doled out in niggardly drops, but was poured out in unstinted streams, that this priceless heritage of liberty and law might be won and be bequeathed to their children, should be found, with pencil and paper, carefully and coolly computing, from a money and an arithmetical standpoint, the relative value of a free manhood and refined sugar? Could a more forcible illustration of the de-

bauching influence of the mercantile spirit on public discussion, character, and life be given?

But I am here, perhaps, admonished that I am playing with words, am guilty of double dealing, am confusing things which are, in their nature, distinct, that a commercial despotism is not only not the same thing but is, in fact, a very different thing from a political despotism. I answer that the difference is more seeming than real. I answer that, if there be in the State an irresponsible power which can lay violent hold on the means of livelihood and springs of happiness, it will not be long before its extortions will need, and it will demand the sanction of governmental authority. Power is never satisfied. The greater it is, the greater it would be. Opposition but feeds the passion for aggrandizement. If laws hamper, they must be repealed; if popular indignation resents, it must be legislated out of the way—into crime or impotence. The difference between a commercial and a political despotism does not break out into irreconcilable antagonisms in the lobbies of our legislative halls unless, which unfortunately is too rarely the case, the price of votes runs too high. It does not manifest itself, either, at our caucuses, where the representatives of great corporations, most loud in their protestations of unfaltering devotion to popular interests, bitterly struggle for party nominations, and use the money of their masters to corrupt the choice of conventions; nor yet at our elections, where they are tireless in plying their arts and their gold to make citizens careless of their rights or blind to their duties. No, whenever a spirit dominates a people, absorbing their interest, moulding their thought, and giving direction to their ambition and character

to their life, it will, if possible, force their government to carry its colors and follow its lead. So it has been with us.

The commercial spirit has entered the domain of our politics, given color and character to our political campaigns, furnished its "mules" and "blocks of fire" as its new and improved weapons in partisan warfare, and sought to school workingmen, farmers, and manufacturers into the belief that government's chief end was to legislate up wages and profits. It has substituted, for appeals to patriotism as the sole motive for political action, arguments addressed to mean self interest as though they alone should weigh with men of sense. Corruption has thus become a trade; bribery, an art; and jobbery, one of the recognized professions.

Business methods when applied to politics, it is admitted, might well excite alarm, if fields for their employment could be discovered sufficiently extensive to produce permanent or generally disastrous results. Do you doubt the existence of such fields, or the possibility of their discovery?

Look down, if you will, into the slums of our great cities, whence all reverence for law has fled; where crime is never guilt, except as it is detected, and its commission never dreaded, except as it costs; where ballot boxes are stuffed, tally sheets are forged, and counting is of more consequence than casting votes; where constituted authority, itself, lays its unhallowed foundations in license to lawlessness, and popularity is the reward of official infidelity, where all things are for sale, office, for the power to plunder the public under guise of performing contracts, or the privilege of engaging in illegal traffic; votes, for cash in hand, an

hour's debauch, or a night's revel. What a school for slaves is that! "Where all life dies death lives." Where manhood is mocked as the weakling birth of a sickly sentimentality or a prudish piety, liberty will only be seen as the shameless prostitute laughing her derision at the wholesome restraints of law, and making merry over a decline of public virtue by which alone can society be saved from an inundation of ruin. Where the ballot is only prized as the means of extorting a bribe, the government will be despotic, purchasing ever new power to plunder with the proceeds of power once bought. Where politics is pursued for the profit in it, and a statesman is the boss of a hireling gang, principles of government will be only merchandise, and the hand, liberal with largesses, has but to reach to seize an absolute scepter. Where a Catiline, with his dissolute bands, can seriously menace the peace and safety of the state, a Caesar of the needed type is always standing near. Here is the explanation of the expensiveness of campaigns and of the necessity every party feels, of having at its back a large pecuniary interest in the issue of the contest and millionaire aspirants for posts of honor and distinction. So, in the slums of our great cities, in the haunts of vice, where want and ignorance and crime have formed their triple alliance against the republic, and where the pearls of our liberties, priceless and glistening, are lightly thrown to be trampled in the mire or to be bartered for bread or brutishness, may the architects of a commercial despotism find ready at hand their workshops, their tools and their materials.

Look now again. Feel trembling beneath your feet the very foundations of the republic. In too

many States of this Union the republican form of government, guaranteed to them by the Constitution, crime and craft have undermined, overthrown, destroyed, and the governments of these States are no more creations of the popular choice than is the autocracy of Russia or the imperialism of Japan. And mark: This condition of affairs is not the result of any sudden localized ebullition of popular fury, which assails the polling place, destroys the ballot box, burns the tally sheets, and nullifies an election. If it were only that, there would be room to hope for a return to sober sense and the fruits of repentance, but it is very much more than that. It is as wide as States, as extensive as their authority, a considered policy, a confirmed practice, an established usurpation. It is an usurpation of the rights of the many by the few. It is tyranny, here in this land dedicated to freedom, showing "his horrid head" in derision of the Declaration of Independence that "governments derive their just power from the consent of the governed." It is an insult flung in the very teeth of liberty. It is a sneer at free institutions leering out on the very face of the republic. It is despotism throwing down the glove of challenge to popular government and gloating over the pusillanimity which dares not take it up. And the victims of this usurpation, this tyranny, this despotism, who are they but the wage-workers and the peasantry, the great mass of the people of the oppression-doomed section? It is property asserting its right to govern poverty without its consent; capital, to rule labor in contempt of its will; intelligence, to enslave ignorance with or without its leave. The worst of it is that it is an assertion of right which the mercantilism of our country and our age

bridicules every attempt to dispute, and attributes every effort even to discuss to political demagoguery, partisan malignity, or sectional hate; but if it cannot be really disputed, if it is so clearly true that it does not admit of discussion, then, surely, has our republic been builded on a false and hence a failing foundation, with nothing certainly before it but irretrievable disaster and hopeless doom. A nation cannot, any more than a man, long thrive on a lie. If, however, it is not true; if, in the solution of the industrial problems now pressing politically, the honest opinion of the poor as well as the rich, of the wage-earners as well as of the capitalists, of the ignorant as well as of the learned, is entitled to fair, legal expression and just consideration,

"Till jarring interests of themselves create
The according music of a well mixed state,"

then how clearly must it appear that plutocracy, in the disfranchisement of more than a half of a million of probably adverse voters, has obtained for itself an undue, perhaps a decisive advantage in the pending struggle and wrought an incalculable wrong to the nation at large.

Look now again, to the far-off West, where pioneer life is budding and blossoming into new States as fast as they can be voted in, where cattle kings and mining magnates hold their fiefs and reign as princes. Additions these seem to be, or to be in danger of becoming, to the too many already existing rotten boroughs whence the United States Senate recruits that sort of energy which presages dissolution. Deplorable, indeed, would it be, if what was once "the sheet anchor of the Constitution" should become its peril and reproach; but some of its seats seem to have been for

sale and at a price to attract buyers. Whether it is because the mercantile spirit has more completely than elsewhere enthralled the inhabitants of these States, or because the scantiness of their population offers an inviting field for the employment of money with a view to political results, or because their interests, large from a pecuniary standpoint but small numerically and little diversified, can be readily united to buy representation in the government with the promise of returns in legislation, or because they feel there the more urgent need of those instrumentalities of modern commerce, the railroad and the telegraph, and careless of the future and the consequence, sacrifice all that the immediate want may be supplied; whether it be because of any or all of these things, the fact is clear, and important as clear, that some of our newer States have, with most unseemly haste, sworn allegiance to this upstart despotism and led the van in this most dastardly assault on constitutional liberty. If older, graver, and more dignified commonwealths have not been slow to catch the inspiration from the young, the bold, and the dashing, and have been quick to follow where they in madness led, "The more the shame and the pity." Here, then, in the slums of our great cities where want and ignorance and vice stretch forth their eager and unclean hands to clutch the proffered bribe—in the South where the people are already prostrate at the feet of a most foul usurpation, and in the North and West where the waving of a golden wand more potent than was the rod

"Of Amram's son in Egypt's evil day,"

converts, in a twinkling, expert stock gamblers into flourishing statesmen—here, I say, are fields which

need but too little cultivation to flower into most abundant harvests for despotism's garnering.

Wealth is thus a political power, and if there be substantial inequality, certainly if there be substantial inequity in its distribution, there is in it a most weighty suggestion of imminent peril to our free life. That there is this substantial inequity, this substantial inequality in the distribution of the wealth of the country, philosophers own by their efforts to dream out an explanation of it; philanthropists admit by their attempts to alleviate the hardships it breeds; statesmen acknowledge by their industrious endeavors at statutory remedies; and statistics proclaim with a demonstration that is altogether startling in its certainty and clearness. We have but to open our own eyes to see; we have but to attend to the evidences unfolding around us to be convinced. The wealth of the United States is rapidly massing in the possession—and is far more rapidly passing under the control—of numbers so small that attempts, which can scarcely be regarded as altogether unsuccessful, have been made to set down the names of the owners of the country, that they may answer at call of roll. Wealth with its concentrated power, capital with its combined energy, has already taken the field, and with its railroads, associations, trusts, is noiselessly advancing on the very citadel of our liberties. On the other side can be heard the ominous roar of angry voices and the tumultuous tramp of wrathful feet, as with little organization but with desperate resolve, communism and anarchism, revolutionary and terrible, are marshaling their allied hosts for a mad assault on the same fortress of our hopes.

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To avert this crisis, what has been done in the past, what will be done in the future by the college bred—the educated sons of America? They have learned at the feet of instructors whose lofty ideals of duty to country and civilization never made synonyms of money and manhood, material prosperity and civil liberty. Have they been faithful to these instructions, loyal to these ideals thus taught and lived? Minister of a faith whose Divine Founder never sold a thought or made merchandise of a truth . . . have you never figured up to yourself just exactly how much it was likely to cost you in dollars and cents if you should venture to tell the whole truth? Have you always been equally eloquent and ardent in denouncing the irreligion of injustice on the part of employers as in lauding the beauty of the virtue of contentment on the part of employees? Have lockouts by capital, with their brood of miseries, been, in your preaching, less serious offenses against the peace of society and the precepts of Christianity than strikes by labor with all their attendant mischiefs? In a word, has the gospel you have preached been, so far as you were able, patterned, always, and in all respects, after that which was taught by lips divine on the hillsides of Palestine, “which the common people heard gladly”?

I am asking questions simply, not answering them. The masses of the people in our cities find no religious home or asylum save as it is offered (I speak it most respectfully) by those antipodes in faith and form and worship, the Church of Rome and the Salvation Army, and you are asking “why?” Perhaps a candid, dispassionate response to the questions I have put may suggest an answer to the vexing query. If mercantilism stood less in temples and at altars, if preachers

felt themselves more ambassadors of God and less servants of fashion to give a weekly, literary entertainment, if they glued their thoughts for six days of a week on the text selected, and patiently, persistently, piously, sought to ascertain its real meaning, regardless of the effect of its telling, I firmly believe that on the remaining day they would ascend their pulpits and stand behind their sacred desks with soul aglow, with brain on fire, with lips burning to deliver the message they had learned from on high, and once more as of yore, just as truly, just as really, though in a very different sense and way, the blind would see, the lame walk, the lepers be cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead be raised up, and (lo, the climax of the Lord's work as he himself described it) the poor would have the gospel preached to them.

The educated lawyers of the land, with their mental powers trained, quickened, sharpened by a course at college, where are they to be found in the insidious war now waging between a commercial despotism, on one hand, and liberty and manhood, on the other? The annals of their most honorable profession are bright with records of devotion to the laws of the State, as unselfish, as uncompromising as ever crowned martyr who died for his faith, with defiance of the arbitrary power, which would subvert or annul them at will, as fearless, as heroic, as ever immortalized soldier who fell in battle. Theirs has been, indeed, a splendid opportunity to direct the current of legislation, to mould judicial decision and to apply old and established principles to new and changing conditions, and, if they had, with patriotic courage and resolution, embraced it, we should not be to-day face to face with a peril whose magnitude we cannot appreciate and whose

possible outcome we dare not even imagine. They, too, unfortunately have accepted the commercial standard as the true measure of success, and for the money in it, have forced statutory constructions which have thwarted the legislative will, refined, by their logic, ancient and time-honored principles out of all recognition, and made justice, in its practical administration, dependent more on the length of the purse than the merits of the cause. Too often, as the merest hirelings, they have engaged service with corporations, associations, trusts, and devoted their magnificent powers to making smooth the otherwise impossible path of usurpation. Professional pride once looked to the bench, as the crowning reward of an honorable career at the bar; but to-day, the successful practitioner sets his fees over against the salary of a judge, and is more than content. If the ermine is occasionally assumed for a season by marked ability, it is, too often, with Raleigh-like courtliness, thrown into the mud to win favor with a "Lord Superior" client who would make head with the people by having in his service an ex-judge thrall.

So I might go on through the so-called liberal professions, whose members have certainly been educated to better things, and show the gradual lowering of time-honored standards to meet the tests of merit which mercantilism prescribes. The medical practitioner, for instance, touches at but few points the conduct of public affairs or the administration of justice; and yet, I have heard him, an expert on the stand, a witness under oath, playing the part of an advocate or an attorney, adroitly parrying questions based on undisputed facts in the case, shrewdly qualifying, doubting or even denying uncontroverted teach-

ings of his science and beclouding his whole testimony, with an evident purpose to blind both court and jury, with so much of technical phraseology and nicety of distinction that, when he was done, it was hard to tell whether he had been diagnosing a diseased liver or a fractured limb, and all—for fifty or one hundred dollars a day according to his reputation, or a fee contingent on the result of the litigation. These are some of the things which, in the beginning, I deplored as abuses of mental discipline, as prostitutions of culture, as abandonments of the high ideals of student life.

It was no part of the original purpose of this address to suggest remedies for these ills. I should be more than content if I had made even one educated man feel that there were perils menacing this republic deserving more than a passing thought or a contemptuous sneer. I may not have done even this, but educated patriots will be without excuse if they walk with closed eyes and fail to discern the signs of the times.

Suppose that there be the inclination to act; what can then be done? By educated Americans, everything! They are "the saving remnant." If, for one short year, they would devote but one half the thought they are now giving to the accumulation of property to the solution of these most momentous problems, their difficulties would vanish as the night before the day. They would not, perhaps, become apostles of the "new gospel of wealth" which would distribute to communities, during the lifetime of the possessors, fortunes won from them by industry, capacity, or even fraud; for they would know that, while the knight errantry of chivalry might be a bright spot in the dark-

ness of feudalism, it would be anything but a permanent relief from its mischiefs. They would go to the root of the matter.

They would see that education should be directed to making worthy citizens, rather than mere machines for money-getting; that manhood is more to a free state than enterprise; and civil liberty, than material prosperity.

They would see that the parent and nurse of real social ills are discriminating laws, that partial legislation is as impolitic as it is unjust.

They would see that tampering with the currency of the country, at the behest of a dominant and dominating interest, is but robbery glossed over with congressional authority, whether it comes in the shape of paying coin obligations in depreciated paper or silver obligations in appreciated gold.

They would see that the abuse of credit, under power legislatively conferred, pillages the multitude to the enriching of the few, and is, more than any other one thing, responsible for the existing disparities in the distribution of wealth.

They would see that corruption in politics would wane, as the alliance between business and politics is broken, that bribery would cease in proportion as the inducement to resort to it is gone.

They would see that the state's ownership of its own highways is but the exercise of a necessary attribute of sovereignty as "Who owns the highways, owns the state in fee," that transmitting and delivering telegrams are just as legitimately functions of government as carrying the mails, and that, as the railroads and telegraphs alone make possible and dangerous wide-reaching commercial and manufacturing com-

binations, so their absolute control by the state would be the beginning of the end of trusts.

They would see that, when monopoly, of any sort, becomes too strong for free competition to break, socialism, in public ownership and control, suggests the only sure defense against rapacity and possible oppression; that, when governmental interference gives to one person, class, interest, or pursuit an undue advantage over another, individualism, in its maxim of "Hands off," points out the only infallible remedy for resulting ills. They would see that, thus, individualism, within its sphere, would contribute of its freedom, independence, and aspiration to the development of national character and life, without the threat of anarchy; and that socialism, within its sphere, would assert a beneficent power in checking the aggressions of the mighty, without the menace of despotism. They, in a word, would seek and find the cause of every real complaint or grievance, and, when they had discovered it, would, with patriotic courage and fearlessness, apply the remedy which justice, the essential principle of liberty, prescribes and requires.

Instead of doing this, educated America, with enough and to spare of the good things of earth for itself, and fearful of changes, has answered each cry of distress as it arose, if it has even condescended to heed it at all, with an ejaculation of disgust at "the thriftlessness and improvidence of the masses," accompanied with something of self-adulation over its own prudence and capacity, has met each honest effort at practical relief with a contemptuous sneer at "socialistic agitation and demagoguery," as it is pleased to stigmatize everything which regards as of any significance popular discontents.

I say to you, brethren, this will not do. I say to you, and to those who, like you, owe much of the manhood in them and all of the life they consider really worth the having, save what comes from the sacred ties of family and friendship, to what has been bestowed by Western Reserve and colleges like it, that upon you and them rests and abides an awful responsibility. These complaints, these grievances, these injustices, these oppressions, with their consequences real and imagined are too wide-reaching, too many, too general, too palpable to be whistled down. You must be politicians, you must concern yourselves about them, if you would leave this republic as great, as free, as just, as you received it. We are groping, it may be, in the dusk of a night, dark with unutterable woe to liberty and to man; or we are walking, let us hope, in the dawn of a day, bright with ineffable promise for us, for our children, for the world. The college-bred, the educated sons of America, cannot, dare not, be indifferent to an issue which they may, if they only will, correctly determine.

CHAPTER XI

LATER PUBLIC ACTIVITIES—THE SILVER QUESTION

IN the spring of 1887, Mr. Campbell was a candidate for nomination on the Republican ticket for Probate Judge. After he had entered the race and announced his candidacy, he found that he was to be opposed by Major Woodworth, his old friend and the man to whom he had given such wholehearted support both in his congressional campaigns and during his terms in the national House of Representatives. Major Woodworth owed much to him and it was almost unbelievable that he should go into the field against him. He did this, however, and successfully, securing the nomination. Mr. Campbell was not happy in his choice of political friends; he would work for them unceasingly only to have them fail him or as in this instance oppose themselves to him when he needed their support.

On the first of July of this same year, Mr. Campbell entered into a law partnership with Mr. Jared Huxley. It lasted for only six months,

when it was dissolved by the mutual consent of the members. There was no ill-feeling involved, each man preferring to work separately.

After the Republican victory of 1888, Mr. Campbell sought a government appointment of some sort, preferably that of Governor of one of the Territories. In this he had the support of the leading citizens of Youngstown and of many of Cleveland as well. It is interesting to note that the first signature on the Cleveland petition is that of M. A. Hanna. Among others Senator Sherman promised him his support and his friends were sure that he would obtain the desired appointment, but again he was to be disappointed. This is the last time that he even tried to secure any political office, although his name was frequently mentioned in connection with various ones. He never again consented to run. The following letter is found among Mr. Campbell's papers. It is not known whether it was sent but it serves to give his own view of his achievements up to this time.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Nov. 19, 1888.

HON. JOHN SHERMAN, U. S. S.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

MY DEAR SENATOR:

Mr. McCurdy has shown me a note from you in which, accompanied with assurances of warm friend-

ship and kind regard which, I scarcely need say, are heartily appreciated and cordially reciprocated, is an intimation that my blindness would be hardly less than a fatal objection to my making successful application for a governorship of one of the territories. I am not surprised that it should so appear to you at first sight. Indeed, I have been so accustomed to meet this objection at every step of my life thus far that I might, perhaps, have occasion for just surprise, did I not encounter it now. Do not think, Mr. Senator, that I question for one moment either your fairness, your friendship or sincerity. Your frankness but confirms the faith I have had in you in these respects during all these years. It is because of this, this confidence in your justice and personal regard that leads me to ask for a hearing before the objection alluded to becomes fixed and unalterable in your mind. Forgive me now if, under the stress of my present circumstances, I presume to write to you as I have never yet written or spoken to any man. Do not set it down to egotism, but rather to an earnest desire to serve truthfully my necessities. I have not accomplished the impossible by any means, but I have done that which many wise, true, and good friends too hastily considered such. I never have, I never would attempt that which I was not morally certain I could do. When I made up my mind to enter college, advising friends drove the Greek and the higher mathematics in as lions into the path to deter me. Lions afar off, I have observed, nearly always turn out to be mere harmless kittens on nearer approach. At least, so it was in this case. Taking the whole curriculum of Western Reserve, now Adelbert College, omitting nothing, asking no odds, and shown no favors,

I was graduated second in my class, and this in spite of the fact of an inadequate preparation. Professor Parsons (the author of the Contracts and many other law books), Governor Washburn (the author of the Real Estate) and Judge Holmes, composing at the time the faculty of the Harvard Law School, gave me on leaving that institution, without any suggestion or solicitation on my part, a letter which certainly proves that my course there was no less successful than that at Western Reserve. It was at this time that Wyoming was erected into a territory and my brother was appointed by President Grant its first Governor. He wanted me to go with him to assist in the organization of the territory and I did so. The work of the first legislature was, as you will readily conceive, necessarily very great as it involved starting at the beginning and building up from the foundation. It was this legislature, unanimously Democratic in both branches, out of gratitude for the services I had rendered, which requested the Governor by petition signed by every member of the Council but one, and every member of the House but two, to appoint me Treasurer of the territory. This appointment, for obvious personal and sound political reasons, was not made by the Governor and would have been declined by me. I am recounting these things, Mr. Senator, simply to show that obstacles which seem great and insurmountable to those who are not acquainted with me are not considered at all by those with whom I have been associated.

I fear I am taxing your patience, but I have begged for an audience in a matter in which I am vitally interested, and I am sure that you will not refuse me that. On returning to Ohio, unfortunately and in-

opportunely, I drifted into journalism; unfortunately, because I am convinced that I should never have abandoned the law, and inopportunely, because the Republican party was soon to be rent by questions growing out of the removal of the county seat and the resumption of specie payments. For eight years, however, I ran a daily paper, if not to my pecuniary advantage, at least to the local benefit, building up and restoration of the Republican party to power. Had I had fewer convictions and less devotion to sound principles, had I followed the Greenback craze and contributed to the party disintegration going on instead of resisting it, it might have been easy to make money and achieve a success of a kind certainly not to be coveted. Let me say, Mr. Senator, that I have suffered financially by standing by Republicanism as represented by you in one of the most glorious fights and triumphs in all history. In eighteen hundred and eighty-four it was thought by the people of this city that the time had come to enforce its laws, and I was elected Mayor for that purpose. That I enforced the laws as they had never been enforced before is universally conceded. Ordinances which, it was said, could not be made practically operative in a city of twenty-five thousand population, came to be regarded as binding as any of the criminal laws in the statute book. Be it remembered, too, that the duties required of me in this office were judicial as well as administrative. Although the whole criminal class was arrayed against me, and no pains or money was spared to break down my administration, yet the records of the courts will show that no decision of mine was ever reversed or judgment set aside. Now do you think that it would be harder to discharge successfully the duties of a

governor of a territory without sight than to do all the work required in a college course or in a training for the legal profession or taking personal charge of the finances of a territory or managing, in all its departments, a daily paper or directing the police and holding the criminal court of a large city? I know that what I seek to do is far less difficult than any one of these things that no one denies I have done. Not at all for the purpose of hinting at comparison but merely with a view of suggesting the difference between the really attainable and the seemingly impossible, let me call your attention to the fact that the late Postmaster-General of England was a blind man, and if his far greater ability be conceded it will also be conceded that the responsibilities of his station were far greater than those of the office to which I aspire. I am only asking for a privilege of doing what I know I can do and, as I think, do well. I have written you at this great length because I am exceedingly zealous for your ardent support. I hope I deserve it and I think that my services to the party justly entitle me to it. Again begging your pardon for taking so much of your time and attention, I remain with the very greatest respect yours, very truly,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

Although Mr. Campbell failed to secure the desired appointment, money matters took a turn for the better. He became agent for the Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York, and wrote a number of large policies for the company. In this he was very successful because his reputation

for honesty and integrity was such that men were ready to rely upon his judgment. It was this, with his mathematical brain, that finally made him give up the business. He looked below the surface of the figures sent out by the insurance companies and saw that they apparently promised more than they actually did. When he made this discovery he stopped writing policies. This was the end of his pecuniary difficulties, however. Through his brother Amasa, he became interested in some Western mines, and through these, as well as by other transactions of a similar nature, his circumstances became comfortable. While never a rich man, during the remaining years of his life he always had enough to supply the requirements of his family.

In March of 1896, the American Protective Association, or A. P. A. as it was commonly called, secured the nomination of one of its members for Mayor on the Republican ticket. This organization was very strong in Youngstown, and the time had come to take a stand against it. Consequently a petition to secure a place on the ballot sheet for Edmund H. Moore as candidate for Mayor on an Independent Citizens' ticket was circulated and signed by fifty Republicans. Among the fifty was Mr. Campbell. Again con-

viction was stronger than party ties. The choice this time was easier than when he had opposed Judge Servis, twenty years before.¹ He had put himself on record, earlier, as against secret political societies when his newspaper had been one of the first in the country, ahead of the New York papers, to expose the dangerous activities of the Knights of Labor. Two years previously, in 1894, Mr. Campbell had presided at a meeting in opposition to the A. P. A. movement.

In 1896, the Democratic party nominated Mr. Moore after the "Petition of Fifty" had been read in its convention. Mr. Campbell took a very active part in this campaign. He wrote two letters to the *Telegram* (the Republican organ), the second of which was kept for several days before it was printed. It was later reprinted in the *Vindicator* (the Democratic organ) and because it was probably the determining factor in the election and gave the writer's views very clearly it is reproduced here and with it an editorial printed in the *Vindicator* on the day following the election.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Telegram*:

The *Telegram's* distinct disavowal of any attempt to array class against class in the present municipal campaign is most creditable and removes an impres-

¹ Above, pp. 110-116.

sion which a reading, perhaps too cursory, of its editorial page tended to leave. We are then fully and fairly agreed that the Republican signers of the petition for an independent candidate for mayor were not moved to their course by the consideration that they were rich, if they were, or were college bred, if they were, or had not worked in the mills, if indeed they never had. Such men as the signers of this petition for the most part are, would not break the party ties which had held them for a lifetime from caprice or whim or carelessness. Indeed, they could not have been induced to take so heroic a step excepting from considerations the weightiest, from motives the strongest, and from reasons the most convincing. It is not too much to say either that these must have been Republican considerations, Republican motives, Republican reasons. I mean considerations and motives and reasons that had their birth and influence from years of devotion to the Republican party. They are not children or fools. They could not be easily deceived or be readily made the dupes even of one who cherishes Jim Kennedy's dark designs. They are men and should be treated as men. Convinced that the *Telegram* would so treat them, were it not ignorant, "agnostic," as it expresses it, regarding the influences that lead them to oppose Mr. Hartenstein's election, I ask once more the use of your columns.

Secret society politics is wholly Democratic, so far as it has had its existence in this country, not at all Republican. Tammany Hall in New York City stands out as its conspicuous representative in municipal government. Whatever it may have been at birth, it became nothing but an organized band of plunderers, which traded off, sold out its own party's

candidates, both state and national, when exigency required, and managed thus to hold for years, through all the mutations of parties, absolute power over the greatest city in America. It farmed out offices with their salaries, and even courts became the stalking places of corruption. It had its favorite contractors who despoiled the public in every improvement made, to pay their tribute to it. It sold for money the greatest municipal franchises, and only limited their power to oppress by their willingness to divide. It became a stench in the nostrils of all decent people, the type of corrupt city government, the synonym of municipal misrule. It dominated the state legislature and cast its hateful and hated shadow over the whole Democratic party. The time came when, for its own salvation, the Democratic party was compelled to repudiate it, and a brave man could exclaim in national convention, "We love Grover Cleveland, and we love him most for the enemies he has made." The vice was not Democratic government as such, but it was secret political society government, stealing the name of the Democratic party to accomplish its schemes of corruption and robbery.

There is not a Republican in this city, nay in all this broad land, but has been taught through all his voting years that Tammany Hall represented all that was bad in politics, not merely because it was Democratic, but because its schemes, hatched out in secret, could not be met and thwarted until they had been executed. When you ask a Republican to enthrall his city and his party to a similar secret society, you are simply inviting him to do the most un-Republican thing he knows of, save one.

There was another secret political society, which

cut something of a figure in the history of the land. It also chose the Democratic party as the instrument for achieving its ends. It was bound together by oaths, the same as our A. P. A. brethren. Like them the members were permitted to lie and deny their membership. Like them it aimed to defeat a provision of the constitution of the United States. Like them, its end was the disfranchisement of voters it did not like. Is there a Republican whose heart within him does not burn, whose blood does not boil at the mere mention of the Ku Klux Klan? Is it any wonder that Republicans shrink, in the veriest consternation, from the prospect of a party domination which, in kind, they loathed when the Democratic party was in its toils? Is it any wonder that self-respecting Republicans should refuse to masquerade in the dirty rags which an enlightened age has compelled Democrats to cast off? No, Mr. Editor, the wonder is not that some Republicans have repudiated a secret political society ticket, but that all of them do not. A party which battled nobly, manfully, against the disfranchisement of negroes and carpet-baggers in the South unless it deliberately intends to commit hari-kari, cannot be lukewarm, or indifferent or even silent when a secret conspiracy is formed to defy the constitution of the United States and of this State and disfranchise Catholics.

This society has already nearly every office of moment in our city and county. I am told that there has not been for two years any appointment to any office in our city of anyone, Democrat or Republican, who is not a member of it. There are already whispers that there are favored contractors who, by their relation to the organization, have this or that inside deal or understanding, but this I do not believe. It is

too early yet for the balder forms of corruption to develop, much less to show themselves. Tammany did not achieve its monstrous proportions in a day or a year or a decade, but it dies hard and almost as slowly as it grew. Republicans have it in their power, if they only will, to be true to their party history and traditions and destroy the only serious menace to the immediate future of their party, but if they will not, if they trifle away their opportunity, rejoice over the temporary victory the unholy alliance brings them, so surely as the world moves, so surely as the light drives away darkness, so surely as the twentieth century with its promise and hope is to succeed the sixteenth with its bigotry and intolerance, just so surely will they repent in defeat and despair the coddling of a beast that will rend them.

It is very poor politics to elect a man to office who cannot take the oath without laying perjury on his soul, and cannot make an appointment without violating his oath. The Republican party may have fallen from its high estate where principles were everything to it, but hardly so low as that.

The Republican party formerly insisted that it was for popular government, it might be Republican, it might be Democratic, or Prohibition or Populist, but it must be popular, must be of the people, by the people, and for the people. Once, it would not have tolerated any star chamber which would try and adjudge in the dark and sentence and execute in the light; any secret conclave which chose its representatives upon whom the appointing power was obliged to put the seal of its official recognition. Once the Republican party was in favor of liberty, of political and civil and religious liberty, of the liberty toward

which the centuries have been moving and for which heroes in every age have been dying. It put into the constitution the prohibition against disfranchising any American citizen on account of race or color and it stood by the prohibition in the constitution against disfranchising any American citizen, Christian or Jew, Catholic or Protestant, who wanted to travel heavenward in his own way. It cannot be possible that it can so far have changed as to be unmindful of its great past, and of the principles to which it owes its life and its glory. The signers of the petition have not lost their heads and do not intend to forget their Republicanism.

Very truly yours,
WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

HON. W. L. CAMPBELL

No single factor, perhaps, contributed more to the result of yesterday than the very able letter of Hon. W. L. Campbell written to the *Telegram* and so freely used by the *Vindicator*.

Few men are given such power of expression as Mr. Campbell, fewer have thought as profoundly on political and social subjects as he, and far fewer yet have the fearless independence of conduct which marks his entire life.

In behalf of thousands of his admiring fellow-citizens, the *Vindicator* desires to publicly thank Mr. Campbell for his latest conspicuous public service.—*Youngstown Vindicator*, April 7, 1896.

It was on account of this same issue that the Democratic party nominated Mr. Campbell for

Probate Judge in the following June. His letter declining the nomination clearly states his position.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., June 25, 1896.

HON. E. H. MOORE,
CITY.

DEAR SIR:—

This note is addressed to you, because you presided over the convention, which as I am informed, nominated me last Saturday for Probate Judge.

This nomination was to me, at once, a surprise, a gratification and a pain. It was a surprise, because in my interviews on this subject with leading Democrats, we were agreed, they from their standpoint, and I, from mine, that it would not be the wise thing to do. It was gratifying, because it was an expression of confidence, cordially, warmly given, by a large, respectable and representative body of my fellow citizens, to whom it had been my fortune to be politically opposed, and was, therefore, a compliment which, did I not appreciate, I should be heartless, indeed. It was painful to me, because, I am persuaded, this expression of confidence was given, this compliment was paid under a misapprehension, on the part of the majority of the convention, of my real attitude in this campaign.

It is this aspect of the affair that obliges me to decline a nomination which, under other conditions, I should be glad to accept. As I have followed the discussions in the papers and elsewhere, it has become more and more clear that I am expected to make this race as a Republican on a Democratic ticket. It is impossible for me to sail under false colors, and the people of this country are, in November, going to vote

on one question and no other. They are going to say, whether or not, they are in favor of maintaining the present single gold standard, with all that that implies. Those, who believe that the highest National good is to be attained through falling prices and shrinking of exchange values, should and will vote the Republican ticket. No matter what their affiliations may have been in the past, unless the Chicago convention should pronounce equally unequivocally, they must support McKinley and the platform on which he stands. Those on the other hand who believe that such falling of prices, such shrinking of exchange values must be accompanied, as Senator Sherman once expressed it, with "Loss, danger, lassitude of trade, suspension of enterprise, fall of wages, bankruptcy and disaster," or, in the vigorous language of John G. Carlisle, if continued, will "Ultimately entail more misery on the human race than all the wars, pestilences and famines that ever existed in the history of the world," will vote against McKinley and the platform on which he stands. The raising of any other issue will be impossible. The discussion of any other question will fall on deaf ears. For men of conscience and conviction, there can be no middle course. There may be Republicans as well as Democrats, who close their eyes and cheer while trusted but designing leaders trample in the dust all that their party represents of policy or principle; but I am not one of them. When a party betrays its principles, its teachings and its traditions, it forfeits the allegiance of every honest, conscientious supporter. It becomes henceforth, but a name for the demagogues to play with, and for the ignorant to shout. Even if it should persist in carrying the same old banners inscribed with the

same old battle cries, it is but adding the shame of hypocrisy to the crime of treason. No, I am not an eighteen hundred and ninety-six Republican, nor can I in justice to myself, become a candidate as one. I cannot either, become a Democratic candidate. In the first place, I was not nominated as a Democratic candidate, but, as a Republican, and there is room for a fair doubt, as to whether that convention would have chosen me, had it been fully advised in the premises. Still further. You and I are both desirous of breaking the thralldom in which this city and county are held by an unconstitutional, secret political society. Owing to the views which I have here expressed and shall doubtless reiterate often and often during the campaign it would be utterly impossible for me to poll the whole opposition vote to the A. P. A.

Free Silver Republicans and Free Silver Democrats, who are A. P. A.'s, would not support me because of my hostility to their society, and Gold Republicans and Gold Democrats would not, in any considerable numbers, support me, because of my very pronounced antagonism to what is in my judgment, a ruinous financial policy. These are some of the considerations, which must make it plain that another would far better insure the accomplishment of the end we both have at heart.

The very flattering recognition which the nomination by the Democratic convention implied, has prompted me to write an explanation of my declination, fuller than I might otherwise regard as necessary. For this on behalf of the convention, accept my thanks and assurance of hearty appreciation.

Very truly yours,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

This letter served a double purpose: it declined the nomination and at the same time gave Mr. Campbell's position on the national issue. Why his course in supporting Bryan in this campaign should have been the occasion of so much surprise and animosity, it is hard to understand. Twenty years before he had introduced a strong free silver resolution¹ at the convention that gave McKinley his first nomination for Congress. In the ensuing years Mr. Campbell worked for bi-metallism, in season and out of season. Whenever he had an opportunity he urged the importance of the question on McKinley and the other party leaders and the need of its being pressed. The answer came that the time was not ripe. In December of 1891 he sent a letter to the Republican senators and representatives of the Ohio General Assembly opposing the return of John Sherman to the United States Senate on account of his views in favor of the gold standard. During this same winter he wrote a series of letters to the Youngstown *Telegram* on the question that he had so much at heart. In 1893 he wrote letters to the Canton *News-Democrat*, and in June of 1895, on the occasion of a trip to Kansas City, Missouri, the Kansas City *World* published a long

¹ See Chapter VII., p. 117.

illustrated interview with him on the silver question. Not only did he write on the subject, but he spoke upon it whenever he had an opportunity. For twenty years he had been working for one thing, and when the question came before the people he was accused of leaving his party for purely selfish motives. He had some silver mining stock, it is true, but his interests in gold mines were larger. "For men of conscience and conviction there can be no middle course." So he wrote and so he acted. This was his final break with the Republican party. He was never a member of it again. It was, perhaps, the hardest step of his life for he was a man who held to tradition. He worked for the Democratic party as he had worked for the Republican party heretofore. He spoke at various meetings in different towns and villages. He presided at the meeting in the Youngstown Opera House at which Bryan spoke. Nothing that he could do was left undone. All of the time his charge to the members of his family was, "Do nothing to antagonize people." His attitude was characteristic. He did what he felt that he had to do, but he was anxious to avoid strife and bitterness. He was not successful in this. In the heat of the campaign things were said and done by some of his friends that they regretted

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CHAPTER XII

FAMILY AND FRIENDS IN YOUNGSTOWN

THE events of the preceding chapters are matters of public record, but they show only one side of Mr. Campbell's life. His best side was his personal side. Wherever he went he made friends, and it was not long before he had many in Youngstown. Mr. McCurdy and Mr. McEwen were the most intimate of these. The three were leaders in a very jolly set of young people, and great jokers. Some of their jokes were carried rather far. Once, for instance, they heard that a young man was on his way from the East to ask a girl in a nearby town to marry him. She was popular with the set, and they objected to having an outsider take her away and took steps to prevent it. A half-dozen or so bachelors signed and sent her this telegram: "Do not close until you hear from us." Although they followed this by a long letter giving their reasons for opposing the match, they were not successful.

They used to go on picnics, and sometimes these lasted for two or three days, when friends from another town invited them to visit them and make excursions from their houses. At one of these it became known that Mr. Campbell was engaged to Helen La Gourgue. They had been engaged for some time, but had not announced it because Miss La Gourgue was not well enough to marry. Mr. Campbell, however, had frequently spoken of their engagement but no one had believed him. Once when he went alone to call on his fiancée (the three friends did much of their calling together), his two intimates appeared at the same place, to be greeted with the words, "Didn't I tell you she was my girl?"

Miss La Gourgue went to Youngstown from Cleveland, where she had taught successfully in the public schools, but could not stay as the lake winds were bad for her throat. Being of limited means and unwilling to be dependent upon her mother, she went to Youngstown and opened a fancy-work shop on hearing that there was need of such a store there. This must have taken a good deal of courage on her part, as fewer women went into business ventures then than now. And it was an unusual thing for a refined, educated young woman to do alone, in a strange place.



MRS. WALTER L. CAMPBELL



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Some of her Cleveland friends were acquainted in Youngstown, and she was hospitably received. In appearance she was tall and slender, with blue eyes, a very fair, clear complexion, and extraordinarily beautiful light golden hair, wavy and very long and thick. She is described as having "just escaped being a beauty."

She was a woman of varied interests. Before her marriage, she took part in the Crusade Movement and in the establishment of a Reading Room in Youngstown, from which the Public Library is an outgrowth. Later in life she was interested in other charitable and reform work. In the first days of her married life she helped her husband in his work by going to his office and reading over the exchanges. Intellectually, she was fitted to share his interests. Very domestic, she looked "well to the ways of her household," and her family was her first consideration. In writing this tribute to woman in *Civitas*, her husband could have had no one else in mind:

If woman, then what more could e'er be sought?
Of Heav'n's best love she is the human thought.
With her the truth is of herself a part;
She sees, she knows, her teacher is her heart.
She sees, she knows unerringly to guide,
How weak each folly is, how strong is pride,

How life is worthless made and blessed how,
And how 'tis always wise to God to bow.

She smiles on toil and makes it pleasure seem,
Advers'ty smites and from it blessings stream.
Through darkest night her virtue constant shines,
In prosp'rous day each triumph she refines.
She spurs to work but asks not the reward;
She seeks not fame but stands its jealous guard.
The hardest steeps are by her touch brought low,
The drear'est paths are made with flowers to blow.
When gladness gilds the life, or sorrows try,
Her heart's in unison, to sing or sigh.

Of life the ornament, the glist'ning gem,
The radiant crown, the jewelled diadem;
A star to shine through thick disaster's clouds,
A song to cheer when grief the soul enshrouds;
A living spring in this world's desert sands,
In life's woe-woven woof the golden strands;
A rose in dreary wastes, a light in gloom,
The first in joy, the last to leave the tomb;
A woman is to man of gifts the best,
Forever blessing and but rarely blest.

Helen Crause La Gourgue was the daughter of William Foote La Gourgue and Mary Ann Buxton. Her father was of French and English lineage and had gone from the West Indies to Cleveland late in life, having abandoned his plantation in Jamaica after the emancipation of the slaves in 1834. He was a man in the late fifties when he won the regard of Mary Buxton. She was of New England stock and her parents,

who were people of some standing in the community, did not view the marriage with favor. Mr. La Gourgue was a foreigner, and a former slaveholder, and Daniel Buxton's house was a station on the underground railroad. There was the difference in age, too, the bride being less than half of her husband's age. The difficulties were overcome, and their short married life was a very happy one. Their daughter was born July 5, 1844. Much of her childhood was spent in Iowa where, after her father's death, her mother went, to be with a much loved brother. While there Mrs. La Gourgue contracted a second marriage with Pratt A. Skinner, which was not so happy as her first one. She followed her daughter to Youngstown as soon as she could sell her Cleveland house, and supported herself by taking boarders. She was a woman of great sweetness as well as strength of character, and had much influence on the young people who made up her household. They called her "Mother," went with their troubles to her for advice, and to the end of their lives loved and looked up to her.

Mrs. Skinner did not favor her daughter's marriage. In fact, there was more or less opposition to it in both families. Miss La Gourgue had been obliged to give up her business venture on account

of her health, which was always delicate, and it is not strange, in the circumstances, that the union was not looked upon with more favor. But they were suited to each other, and a happier marriage could not be found. Mr. Campbell had boarded with Mrs. Skinner before his marriage on October 4, 1877, and he and his wife continued to do so for some years afterward. The house was on the corner of Wick and Lincoln Avenues and it was here that their son, Allan Reuben, was born on February 7, 1879. The following year a house was bought on Elm Street, and here the family lived for sixteen years. Mrs. Skinner went with them, as neither she nor her daughter would have been willing to be separated. She and her son-in-law were most devoted to each other. In times of sickness, if she called in the night, he was the first to hear and go to her. She said more than once, that had he been her own son he could not have done more, and when her life ended, her hand was clasped in his.

On July 26, 1881, a daughter was born, Mary Rebecca. The household was further increased a little later when Mr. Campbell's youngest brother, Amasa, returned from the West, and, deciding to remain in Youngstown, found a place in his brother's home. He remained there until he

returned to Idaho in 1888. In 1885, an addition was built to the house to make room for Mr. Campbell's mother. She had lived with her daughter, but Mr. McMillan's health had failed and he was obliged to stop teaching. He sold his house, and he and his wife traveled awhile. On their return they, too, went to "Walter's," and all were together until Mr. McMillan went to live in Canfield. His mother-in-law went with him and both families assumed normal proportions.

The affection between Mr. Campbell and his brother-in-law has been spoken of before, but the bond was so strong that more should be said about it. During Mr. McMillan's residence in Canfield his health was very poor—in fact he was almost an invalid and much cut off from intercourse with his friends. While Canfield is only ten miles from Youngstown, this was before the days of motors, and could be reached only by a long drive or by a tiresome railroad journey of between two and three hours each way. In pleasant weather the entire Campbell family often drove over for the day, as did many of Mr. McMillan's other Youngstown friends, but in winter it was more difficult. In spite of this Mr. Campbell rarely let a week go by without a trip to Canfield, and his visits were red letter days in the McMillan household. Nothing

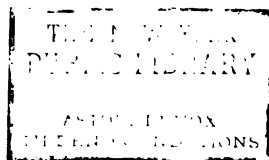
that could be helped was allowed to interfere with the visits, enjoyed by both men, but the brightest spots in the life of the invalid. Alike in nobility of character, they loved each other dearly.

When a man has the capacity for friendship that Mr. Campbell had, chapters might be written about his friends alone. His house had a welcome for them all. The appendix contains some tributes paid by and to him. Visitors from other cities were often at the house, some men of note and distinction, some not, all sharing hospitality's common fund.

In the early eighties a club called the "Wheel" was formed. It was composed of the following members: Myron I. Arms, William H. Baldwin, Charles W. Bassett, Walter L. Campbell, Tod Ford, Robert McCurdy, J. Harris McEwen, Charles J. Morse, and Thomas H. Wilson. The idea of the "Wheel" originated with Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Ford. It met at no stated times, but only when every member could be present. At its meetings one member read a paper or report on some topic of literary or historical interest, and the rest discussed it. It was called the "Wheel" because it revolved, each "spoke" making his report in turn. In the beginning the refreshments served were oysters and coffee, but later the



REUBEN McMILLAN



supper was more elaborate. The "Wheel" was the source of much pleasure to its members, and after it was discontinued, because some of them had to go away from Youngstown, it was looked back upon with great interest. Not one of the "spokes" would have been willing to forget the meetings.

As a conversationalist, Mr. Campbell was at his best, and there was nothing that he enjoyed more than a hearty, vigorous discussion of the questions of the day. He was ready to talk with one person or with a group, and it was in the course of these conversations that many of his best things were said. In the late eighties he frequently met with a group composed of A. B. Cornell, James A. Leonard, Colwell P. Wilson, and others. Single Tax was up for discussion and Mr. Campbell had in mind the writing of an answer to "Progress and Poverty." He thought that it could be answered. Later, however, he had leanings toward Single Tax and became somewhat of an advocate of it. In one of the conversations with this group an incident occurred showing Mr. Campbell's attitude toward practice and preaching. The subject of taxation was up and one of the number quoted from a book by Thomas G. Shearman, counsel for the New York Central.

Mr. Shearman's views in his book, his real views, were in direct opposition to the methods employed and endorsed by the railroad of which he was adviser. Consequently Mr. Campbell would have none of his book. If he believed what he wrote, why did he continue in his position? He held any argument advanced by Mr. Shearman as absolutely worthless. Mr. Shearman resigned his position somewhat later, but whether as a matter of principle or not I do not know.

It was not only Mr. Campbell's friends and intimates who found his conversation delightful, but strangers as well — abroad as well as at home he was usually the center of a circle and the leader in a discussion. Friends and acquaintances he had everywhere. He rarely visited a city or town — and in later life he was something of a traveler — without finding someone whom he knew. His friend, Mr. Frank B. Lumb, tells of how one acquaintance was made. During one of Mr. Campbell's visits to Columbus, the two friends, both sightless, were walking through the streets, Mr. Lumb taking the lead as he was at home. As they crossed a street, they bumped into a cart. When they reached the sidewalk, Mr. Campbell accosted a passerby, and asked if he were an officer. The man replied in the negative, and Mr.

Campbell said, "I thought that you might be, and I wanted to ask you to arrest this man. He bumped me into that cart." The man, who was a doctor, a friend of Mr. Lumb's, invited them to sit on his porch which was near. They accepted the invitation, and talked together for several hours. The doctor never forgot him, and frequently inquired about him from Mr. Lumb. These chance acquaintances often ripened into future friendships. He was so genial and versatile, with such a variety of interests and such a keen sense of humor that it is no wonder that his acquaintance was sought. On railroad train or on shipboard, wherever he might be, he was to be found in its most animated group with the heartiest laugh of all. It was this laugh of his which helped him to win the love of children so easily. It was loud and infectious. He laughed and they laughed with him and the ice was broken. His blindness never repelled children. Often they did not notice it. The little children in his neighborhood would run to meet him when they saw him on the street, and walk a little way with him. Little babies he liked to hold, and many a time he could quiet one when everyone else had failed.

In writing these pages I have tried to let facts speak for themselves and show what sort of man

my father was. In the appendix will be found tributes of others to his character. Further comment of my own it is difficult to make. When two people are bound so closely to each other as we were, it is almost impossible for one of them to describe the other. In looking back the characteristics that come to my mind are his patience, his gentleness, his lovingness, and his loveliness. To me he is the embodiment of them all. I remember as a child standing at the window with my brother and watching for him to come home. When he appeared he was rarely alone. If the day were warm his hat would be in his hand—he never liked hats very well, and never wore one in short walks around the neighborhood. He was rather short, with a very bald head and a beard. He decided to have a beard when he was in the West, and a barber charged him "two bits" for shaving him. His beard was occasionally a subject of conversation and then my heart sank with the fear that he might yield to his friends and have it removed. His cheeks were rosy, and his hands very soft and sensitive. He almost never wore gloves. One instance of the delicacy of his touch is in a story of my brother's infancy. He appeared one morning very indignant and said, "Someone has scratched this baby's face." The scratch was

so slight that it could scarcely be seen, and probably had been made with a towel, but his observant fingers had detected it. When he was alone—or alone with his family—he often sang or repeated poetry by the hour. Sometimes he would sit at his piano, playing over one thing after another. These resources he gradually exhausted, as he grew older and played less, and came to miss his former skill. When he had been out, on re-entering the house, as soon as he had opened the door he would call "Helen," "Mary," and come wherever our voices told him that we were. Troubled with insomnia, he took great pleasure in a room that had been fitted for him in the third story of the Wick Avenue house when he went back to it. Here were his books and his typewriter—for he had one of the first typewriters made,—and at night when he could not sleep he would go there and write for an hour or so. This habit of sleeplessness often sent him to bed very early and his friends who made evening calls learned that if they were to see him they must come soon after dinner.

As a father he was perfect. From infancy he took more of the care of his children than fathers usually do. He would dress us, and put us to bed,

and take us out in our baby-carriages (in later years he used to tell of the storm of protests that this brought from the neighbors; but this was before the days of street-cars and of automobiles, and he was very careful; so there was no real danger). In sickness, and there was much sickness, he did his full share of the nursing, and many a night was begun by our parents with a discussion as to which should take care of the sick one, both wishing to do it. He did these things both because he liked to do them, and because in this way he could spare his wife, who was always frail and delicate and in these early days burdened with the task of making a very limited income serve the family needs.

She was brave and courageous and had there not been the spirit of mutual dependence and helpfulness between them, the days would have been very much darker than they were. They showed great judgment and patience in bringing up their children, and great judgment and patience were required, for we were not "easy" children, but were highstrung and sensitive, and the younger especially was very delicate, more often sick than well, and consequently fretful and exacting. Their patience was never exhausted and was most remarkable. These letters written to us when we

were little, show the interest that our father took in all the little details of our lives.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO ALLAN R. CAMPBELL

YOUNGSTOWN, O., July 8, 1888.

MY DEAR SON:

I enclose a postal card to you which was received from Grandma Campbell the day after you left. You want to try to see all the people and the places that she speaks of, and then write to her about it. You are now with friends who knew your papa long before he was as old as you are, and they have always been very good friends to him, and I know that they will be to you. Now you will say that that is making them all out pretty old, but I do not mean that Aunts Mamie and Mattie knew me so long as all that comes to nor even Annie, but then it will do for the rest of them except the boys. Aunt Maggie is within six days of the same age as myself. They can show the house where I was born, if you care to see it. It is in the old frame block just west of Chestnut Street, and in the west end of the block and on the south side of Main. That is the house in which Grandma Campbell went to live within a year after she was married and there she lived from eighteen hundred and twenty-four until eighteen hundred and fifty-two. They can show the brick house to which we then moved and where we lived for many years. You can see, too, where Uncle Boyle used to live just across the street and he will perhaps tell you about my throwing a stone through the window and nearly hurting some of the children, when I was as bad as I don't want you to be.

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There are many nice people and interesting places about Salem, at least I think so, and I want you to write and tell me what you think of them. Sister has found a kittie. It was in our yard this morning sleeping under a bush just beside the front stoop when she saw and took possession of it. It is a very little thing, its eyes are just opening. Mama says that I should not have told you to come home next week whether or no, but should have said that if you wanted to come or the folks got tired of you, you should come. This leaves your coming home to be determined by a consultation between you, Aunt Mamie and the rest. You want to be a good boy, help in the work whenever you can find anything to do, and write to us often about what you are doing, what you see and how you are getting along.

Your affectionate papa,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL

Remember us all to all friends and tell them how thankful we are for the invitation that gave you the pleasure of this visit.

W. L. C.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO ALLAN R. CAMPBELL

YOUNGSTOWN, O., July 11, 1888.

MY DEAR ALLAN:

We received your good little letter this morning and were very glad to get it. It was too bad that you were sick on Thursday, but it is good that you are well again. I suppose that you were playing ball a little too hard. You know that you cannot get too much of anything, but it will manage to get something of

you. You want always to go it moderately if you would not have any kicking back afterwards. I guess that you are beginning to find that out. When it is once well learned, it will prove a very valuable lesson in more ways than one. Rob Hampson—I remember him, but is he older or younger than you? He was a little chap, I remember when we had you in Salem, a little baby nine months old. We were afraid that you would give him the whooping-cough or the measles or something else that we thought you might have. Is Mattie well enough to go to such big parties? Isn't that good? Why did not Mamie go? You do not make her stay home to take care of you, do you? You must make them understand that you are big enough to take care of yourself, but not in a way of course, that would make you too big to do whatever they want you to. You didn't know that sister went to Canfield. I almost forgot to tell you about that. Uncle Harris and Aunt Florence took her over the Thursday and we have not heard from her since. They left her there playing with the children next door—you know who they are, but I have forgotten their names. I tell you it seems pretty lonely here with both of you youngsters gone. You don't say anything about Maggie in your letters. Of course, you have seen her. Have you seen little Tom yet, and how big is he? Lena has just called to dinner, and so, I will stop for this time. Write as often as you can and tell us what you are doing.

You know that as we have no one to take care of now, we have plenty of time to read letters. Wasn't that old house I was born in a regular palace of a place? Remember us all to the friends who are so kind to you and tell them that we don't know how to thank

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them enough for all their goodness, but they can have the satisfaction of knowing that you and we all appreciate it. Write soon.

Your affectionate papa,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MARY R. CAMPBELL

YOUNGSTOWN, O., July 11, 1888.

MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTER:

You have been gone a long time, so we all think here. It is over two days since you went away, two days and two nights. I wonder if you can figure out how many hours that means. It is now between eleven and twelve o'clock on Saturday and you left about nine o'clock on Thursday. Nearly fifty-one hours I make it. Do you think that is right? Uncle Florence and Aunt Harris, I mean Aunt Florence and Uncle Harris, told us that you had found some children to play with and were having a very good time. Well, we think that you ought to have a good time and that you are in a good place to have it. Mrs. Heasley stopped here yesterday as she was passing and said that she was sorry that you were not in Canfield when Susie was there. That would have been nice, wouldn't it? We had a letter from Brother this morning. He is having a good time in Salem, although he writes that he was a little sick on Thursday but he is all right again now. Of course you don't talk any baby talk there. I tell you it would surprise them to hear a little girl seven years old talk like a little bit of a baby. Don't surprise them that way, they would not know what to make of it. Do you think they would? You know how you fixed up the little

wire bedstead for Kittie before you went away. Well, she climbed right into it herself that very night and staid there all night and puts in most of her time there. Now don't say that she is a good deal like papa.¹ She did find time yesterday to follow Mama around nearly every place she went in the house, but I don't think that Mama got out of patience with her because she probably thought that it was your kittie and you were not here to take her part. Mama cannot coax the rats to eat the poison that she lays around for them, and so I guess that we shall have to wait until kittie gets big enough to drive them away. It seems a long time to wait, but then time gets away faster than we think. Give all our love to Uncle Reuben and Aunt Susan and Grandma, and tell them that we hope that they are all well and do not allow you to make them any trouble, but we know that you would not do that. I wonder if you will write me as long a letter as this. That is asking too much of you, but you can write us a short note telling us how you are and how you are getting along.

Your affectionate papa,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO ALLAN R. CAMPBELL

YOUNGSTOWN, O., July 16, 1889.

MY DEAR SON:

You are not here to tell me whether my typewriter is running straight and I shall have to take the chances. We have been waiting and watching

¹ In times of insomnia, he had the habit of going to bed early and getting up late.

every mail for a letter from you and still none comes. You have scarcely forgotten us? Perhaps, you think that we have been as neglectful of you as you have been of us. Mary has just gone to Mrs. Strong's with the milk. You know how hard she thought it would be for her to carry two quarts at a time, but since the first morning or two when I went with her she has been taking it and has had no trouble at all. She thinks of going to Canfield in a day or so with Grandma Campbell, and what will be done then with the milk is a problem not yet solved. She went over to Mr. McCurdy's the other day and Isabelle brought her home on the pony, Mary riding all the way. After she got here she rode it on a trot up and down Elm Street and held on very nicely. She did not understand very well how to guide it, but still, she made a very good beginning. Grandma Campbell was a little sick for several days but she is better now and about as well as ever. The rest of us are all well. I have not been able to keep very good account of the ball games since you left, but I understand that the Clevelands have been losing. We must try to send you some papers. Mama has picked seven or eight quarts of raspberries off of our bushes and the beans you planted gave us nearly enough for a dinner. If the chickens had let them alone we should have had enough to supply us, for a short time, at least. The cow, the chickens and the ducks are all in their usual health, and I can't say that they seem to miss you very much. I almost forgot to tell you that we have a new lawn mower and now I know that you are just wishing that you were here to run it. Be a good boy; be sure not to do a thing that you have the slightest suspicion is wrong, make no trouble to the

kind friends who are taking such good care of you, remember us all to them, and write very soon.

Your affectionate papa,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

In the education of his children, and especially of his son, Mr. Campbell took the very greatest interest. After reading the *Autobiography of John Stuart Mill*, he wanted very much to educate his boy along the same lines, and as the child read at two, started to do it, and taught him a little Latin at four or five. He did not carry out the plan, partly because of public sentiment which declared he was forcing the child, and partly because he wanted him to be with other children in school. The boy was put into the public schools when he was between seven and eight, and kept there until his entrance to Harvard. His father watched every step of his education and every day on his return from school, inquired minutely into what had happened. "Did you recite in algebra?" "What did you have to do?" "Who else recited?" "Did A—recite?" etc. He visited the schools frequently, knew all of the teachers well, attended every school exercise in which either of us took part, and was familiar with every side of our school life. He always expected us to do our best, and perhaps the know-

ledge of this did as much as anything to make us, and his delight when a good report was brought home was sufficient compensation for the work involved. His son won many honors as he went along, to his father's intense pride and gratification. His interest in children and in their education was not confined to his own. He was something of an authority on the subject, and many parents consulted him about their children. An instance of his thoughtfulness is shown in the case of Wallace Bulla, a playmate of his son's and a classmate in the Rayen School, the Youngstown High School. Some little time before the class was to be graduated, Wallace was stricken with an incurable disease, and it was known that his life could last only a few months longer. In his pride over his own son who was graduating with honors, Mr. Campbell did not forget this other boy, and requested the authorities to let him, too, receive his diploma with his class even though he could not finish the year's work. The request was granted, and on Commencement night Wallace was there and graduated with the others.

One of Mr. Campbell's theories about bringing up children was that of sending them to bed early. He often said that as long as a child slept well and ate well, no one need worry about him.

Allan went to bed at half-past seven until his last year in the High School. This should show that the charge that he was being forced, was unfounded. He played out-of-doors from the close of school until six o'clock supper, studied for an hour, and then went to bed. Although prepared for college at fifteen, he was not allowed to enter for another year. Neither did his father permit him to combine his fourth year of college with his first of law as he could easily have done. He felt that four years of general college work was none too much, and he wished him to have that amount. He laid great stress on a good foundation. The nearest thing that I have ever heard to a complaint from him was when a question was asked in regard to his ambitions for Allan, and he replied, "I want him to do what I would have done if I had had half a chance."

One thing that was of great benefit to us was our habit of reading aloud to our father. As soon as we were able to read we began to read the newspapers to him, and as we grew older we read more and more. We read the headlines and he told us what to read and what to skip. He was always ready to explain anything that we did not understand, and we really enjoyed the reading which we learned to do with great rapidity and for

long periods without resting. Usually, however, the whole family would be reading the book and take turns at it. One would be called away and another take it up and when the absent one returned, enough would be told to give the connection.

In the winter of 1892, the family was saddened by the deaths of the two grandmothers—Mrs. Campbell dying in January, and Mrs. Skinner in April. This was a great grief to all. Mrs. Campbell was much exhausted after the long strain, and the following summer the family went East and visited New York, Boston, and Washington, as well as making a long stay in Plymouth, Massachusetts. While in Plymouth Mr. Campbell attended the "School of Ethics," which he enjoyed exceedingly.

Mrs. Campbell had a serious accident in February, 1894, when she fell and broke her hip. In addition to the fracture, there were many other troubles, and her life was in danger for some time. It was a long, hard siege, and her husband did more for her than any one of the nurses. He was with her constantly in the daytime, and at night was called to her bedside again and again. He had a very gentle touch and in times of pain would rub unceasingly until relief came. One evening dur-



MARY R. CAMPBELL

ISABELLA CAMPBELL

ALLAN R. CAMPBELL

THE
LIBRARY
OF THE
MUSEUM OF
COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY
AND ANATOMY
HARVARD UNIVERSITY
CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

ing his wife's illness Mr. Campbell, on his way home from an errand to the doctor's, fell on the ice and broke his leg. Although he spoke of the injury to Dr. McCurdy the following morning, the doctor was so concerned over the wife's condition that, without making a thorough examination, said that it would be all right. After some time it knit although it was never set, and the patient was not in bed a day—in fact he was caring for his wife during the whole time. Some years later, when he asked the doctor to look at it a second time, it was discovered that an actual fracture had taken place.

It was during Mrs. Campbell's illness that the family lost their most congenial near neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Agnew and their children. The Agnews moved to Elm Street soon after the Campbells, and the families were mutually dependent in the years that followed; sorrows and joys were shared, and it was a matter of regret to them both when Mr. Agnew's business took him to Duluth and the years of close companionship were ended.

In the winter of 1896, the Elm Street house was sold and the house in which Mr. and Mrs. Campbell had been married was purchased. Mr. Campbell had always had a desire to return there, and

looked forward to the moving with great pleasure. Everything was ready, when before daybreak of April 1st, moving day, a telephone message said that the house was on fire. When Mr. Campbell reached it the fire had been put out, but he soon saw that it would be impossible to live in it for some time to come. Another house was secured temporarily, and the work of repairing and remodeling was begun. Mr. Campbell took the greatest interest in it and as he expected to spend the rest of his life there was anxious to have everything as comfortable and attractive as possible. "Just as Helen wants it," he would say. They had scarcely moved into it when the events of the campaign brought a change. The following spring when an opportunity came to rent the house for a term of years from the first of October, he took it. The reasons that he gave for leaving Youngstown were that it might be better for his wife to have a complete rest from housekeeping, and that his daughter's health required a change of climate for a long period. These reasons were true, but not imperative, and it is doubtful if they alone would have caused him to leave the home that he had prepared so carefully and joyfully but a few months before.

The summer of 1897 was spent in the East and in

a tour through Nova Scotia and Canada, and in the autumn Mr. and Mrs. Campbell went to Washington, D. C., where the next three winters were spent. Their son was at Harvard, and their daughter at National Park Seminary in a Washington suburb.

CHAPTER XIII

TWILIGHT

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MR. AND
MRS. J. H. McEWEN:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 17, 1897.

DEAR HARRIS AND FLORENCE:

You have been growing in bad opinion of me for the past three weeks, for not making some acknowledgement of your hospitality. The fact is that I could not. Helen arrived here on the Wednesday after the Monday I left Youngstown, with a very bad cold which, perhaps, ought to be called Grippe. She was able, and only able to get Mary out to her school, when she had to go to bed, where she remained for more than a week. I could not get at my typewriter very readily and so you have been neglected. Helen is better now and on the road to recovery, though she is still quite weak. We were at our sister's on N Street, until last evening, when we came here. Here is the Colonial Hotel, a very central place, on the corner of Fifteenth and H Streets. We have not been here long enough to tell how well we shall like it, but we have already a realizing sense of the fact, that shut up in two rooms is a very different thing from having a whole house to roam over and scatter things around

in. Mary seems to like her school very much, and her teachers are full of encomiums on her studious habits and abilities. She, too, has had a bad cold, and this makes her uncomfortable, but we are hoping that she will soon be herself again, herself, as last Summer. I have not yet made many acquaintances or done much in the way of renewing old ones. General Boynton is still here and I have seen him several times. He is very cordial, though a very devout worshipper at the shrines of Protection and of a Gold standard. He has almost retired from the newspaper field, as he only writes now one letter a week for the New York Sun, and that over his own signature. He has been all his life a very ardent enemy of everything like boss rule, but he is just now, unaccountably to me, leaning towards Tracy in the New York fight. Strange things happen and I have stopped trying to explain them.

I suppose that you are jogging along in the old old way in Youngstown. We have heard absolutely nothing from there since we left. I am going to send for a paper to be sent regularly to us, today. Your friend Lieutenant Commander Harber is boarding at the hotel which is a kind of half boarding house. I have not had an opportunity to talk with him any, as we only came here last evening. He spoke to us, shaking hands merely, as he went into breakfast this morning. There seem to be many pleasant people stopping here, though we have met none, as yet, unless I except a very agreeable doctor and his wife. He has never heard of Woodbridge apparently, though he treats Typhoid fever in much the same way. I hope that the next time I write to you, I shall have something more interesting to say. You want to

write to us as you find time and feel like it. Any real good soul-inspiring gossip would be most acceptable. I find nothing in any of the papers that stirs the blood in the least, my blood, I mean. There was a darky here day before yesterday who stirred the blood of his mistress with a hatchet on the head and other places, but that does not count, and I never read more than the headings of such things. Helen sends her love to you both in such relative measure as good taste and social obligations would regard as proper, and I send mine without any such restrictions or limitations.

Very sincerely, yours,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MR. AND
MRS. J. H. McEWEN

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 22, 1897.

DEAR FLORENCE AND HARRIS:

It was very good in you to answer a letter to both with one from each. I wish that I could find enough of interest here to reply worthily and commensatorially. You will hardly find that word in good use, but you will understand what it means. There are few persons of distinction, stopping at this place, and yet there are some of them in whom you would be interested.

E. V. Smalley is here with his German wife. She can scarcely talk English at all, having been in this country only four years. She is, of course, a second trial in a matrimonial way. Smalley is publishing the "North West." It is a St. Paul magazine, started originally, I think, to help advertise the lands of the

Northern Pacific road. He is also at the head, the editorial head, of a philanthropic institution which has its headquarters at Chicago, known as the "Sound Money League" or something of that sort. I may not have the name just right. It is maintained by charitable donations by those who are in a wholly benevolent and disinterested way devoted to the education of the people into the belief that the gold standard is the great promoter of general prosperity and civil liberty. We have also a Mr. and Mrs. Albaugh. He is a theater manager by profession, running, and, it is said, owning the best theater here as well as one in Baltimore. His wife is a sister of Maggie Mitchel, not a handsome woman, but very handy with her needle. Then there are here a man and wife, the woman seventy and the husband twenty-eight. He was a clerk in Buffalo, and she, a rich widow, and they have agreed on terms mutually advantageous to form the copartnership. Occasionally a Congressman drops in on us, and, I think, some have engaged board for the season, though there is none here just now. We had also with us for some days, and he is still in the city, a member of the Republican National Committee from Florida. His business is to see that the Administration properly dispenses the government patronage in his state, and stays in Washington with his two wards for that purpose. This is the way political machines are made and kept running. Of course he pays his own expenses. We went yesterday to hear Talmage. His voice is harsh, as you perhaps remember, and his manner is anything but pleasant to me, nor is his thought at all attractive. I was disappointed, however, in his church. I had understood that there were only admissions by card, but we knew

no one to get cards from, and we thought that we would risk going without the supposed requirement. A very pleasant gentleman met us at the door, gave us a card for two good sittings, and apologized for the necessity of doing anything of the kind by the remark that there was always such a crowd there, and that it was only possible thus to accommodate with comfort and system those who came. At the close of the service, Dr. Sunderland and Dr. Talmage came down from the pulpit and stood for some time in front of the desk, shaking hands with all comers. They seemed to be very cordial in their greetings and to have something pleasant to say to everyone. They moved towards the door, down the aisle, shaking hands and greeting those who were still in the pews, with an easy familiarity that showed they were, at least, on good terms with their congregation. I am not myself much of a hand-shaker, but I confess that the whole scene made on me a most agreeable impression. We were not in the throng before the desk, nor in the aisle along the line of march, nor did we care to be, but it was a pleasant thing to see in a modern church.

You must keep up sending us good wholesome gossip such as—is apt to furnish, and sweet Jew stories that Harris has such a peculiar faculty of picking up. Gossip and Jew stories are about all that is going now with any sort of interest in it. I am glad to hear of John's success at Princeton and of his satisfaction with the college and his work. It is too bad, about Phil. Allan had written that he had written to Phil to stop with him, when he came to Cambridge to the football game, and had had no answer. It seems that Phil had told Allan that he would come over to Cambridge on that occasion. Hence the invitation, and Allan

regrets the disappointment, and the regret will be the greater when he learns its cause.

We are much interested in the library movement. How much do you think I ought to give? I shall do something, of course, further on. It looks to me a good deal as if it was going to be more of a job to raise the money than I had anticipated, but it will doubtless be all right in the end. Write to us as often as you can make it easy and convenient, as your letter will always have most appreciating readers.

Very sincerely yours,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MR. J. H. McEWEN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 25, 1898.

DEAR HARRIS:

Your letter was welcome. It should have had more gossip in it, but I suppose that this shortcoming was not your fault. Why do not people do things to be talked about? If they only knew what a satisfaction it is to other people to dwell on their foibles, mistakes and peculiarities, they would be accommodating, and make displays of themselves mentally, morally, or socially or some other way, that would bring them into notice. I, we, I mean, were glad to hear of the Bentley boy. Why was it not in the "Vindicator"? Is he starting out too much of a Republican to honor that sheet with a notice of his arrival? I wonder if we ought to be glad after all, to have the knowledge forced on us in this way, that the race is going to continue to possess the earth? It sometimes seems as though it would be desirable to bring it to an end and make a fresh start from sea weed. This is not in-

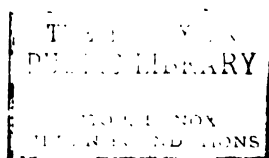
tended in the least to suggest that that ought to be the case with the Bentley branch or tribe, but only a general observation to be generally applied, with no application of any sort to any person or generation in particular. This is a terrific sort of a day. It has been sleeting some, raining more, hailing not a little, and snowing like smoke. Washington, for climate, takes the cake, a bad cake, a regular good for nothing, hotel cake, not one of Florence's. There have been very few tolerable days since we have been here. Helen is just getting over another attack of cold or grippe, after a three days' stay in bed. Mary was in Sunday, returning to her school again yesterday. She is pretty well, only pretty well, for her, but is, nevertheless, distinguishing herself for her work in school. She was on a debate last week, and won many encomiums, but has not yet brought in her speech for us to read. She was opposed to Hawaiian annexation, and seems to be earnest in her opposition.

I have not gone to the Capitol much, though I had intended to go up today, but it is so very bad that I concluded to stay at home, especially as Helen is not very well.

Florence ought to be here to get into the society swim. Society, I say, for there is in it little or no sociability. You load yourself up with stacks of cards and call on almost anybody you please, say "How do you do?" and leave them a card and go. You have your day, and keep books in double entry of your debits and credits, strike your balance at the end of the season, cut off all who have not respected your card by giving you one or more in return, and prepare for doing the thing over again next season. One call is enough, as much as any one can stand. Oh,



J. H. MCEWEN



it is a delightful and soul-stirring business. If she were only here, she could see handsome residences, art displays which would charm her, flowers, lavish in decoration and ravishing to the sense. However, when you, retiring from banking, rent your house, take a year or two off and come here for a season, you and she will be able to appreciate what Washington life is. It is something beyond our dreams, the dreams of us who have always lived in the quiet precincts of such village life as Youngstown affords. It is too bad about Johnny McCurdy. We hope that his case will turn out as Harry Robinson's did, and that he will soon be well again. I saw Jimmy McNally here on Sunday and Monday and Judge Arrell, on Monday. The Judge [had] a very pleasant social visit with the President all day Sunday, even going to church with him. Mason Evans and his wife are here, but we have not seen them as yet. Love from all to you all.

WALTER.

The three winters that Mr. and Mrs. Campbell spent in Washington they enjoyed to the fullest. After reading his morning paper Mr. Campbell usually went to the Capitol, where he had many friends already, and soon made many more. He became so well known that the employees were always ready to do anything that they could for him. He had friends in both parties, who made him welcome in their committee rooms, and admitted him to many interesting things not open to the general public. At the celebrated "Roberts

Case," he was an habitual attendant. His Youngstown friends were amused to read a Pittsburg paper's description of him as an interested auditor. At the conclusion of one session of Congress he said that he doubted if any member had had better record of attendance than he.

In the late afternoon when there was nothing of special interest in the Senate (it was the sessions of the Senate that he most enjoyed), Mr. Campbell usually stopped at the Chess Club for an hour or so of play before he went home. He was very popular among the members. There, as in Youngstown, he was one of the best players, and on one occasion he made something of a reputation by winning a game from Showalter, one of the professional and champion chessplayers of the country. Occasionally he would be so much interested that he took no account of the time, and was late for dinner, and then his wife would worry and fear that he had met with an accident, a fear that he could never appreciate.

During her third winter in Washington Mrs. Campbell gave a tea for twenty or thirty of her daughter's school-friends—the members of a society to which she belonged. Mr. Campbell, who was always interested in meeting his children's friends, came in and was soon the center of the

party. The girls, one after another as they left the dining room, gathered around his chair, listening eagerly to all that he had to say. There he sat laughing and joking with them, and entertaining them with a charm all his own and in a way to delight their girlish hearts. What a happy afternoon it was! He bore off the honors of the day. His wife used to tell what followed with amusement. At their next meeting the girls elected *him* to honorary membership in the society and *she* had given the party.

In the summers, when his children's vacations came, the family was always together.

In the summer of 1898 the family went first to Canfield, Ohio, to visit Mr. and Mrs. McMillan. While they were there Mr. McMillan died. His death was a great loss to the family as well as to the community. A short time before his friends in Youngstown had purchased a new building for the Public Library and named it in his honor. It was in Youngstown that the greatest part of his life work was done, and the tribute paid by his friends and former pupils was a great source of gratification to him. After Mr. McMillan's death, Mr. Campbell took his family to Spokane to visit his brother, "Mace," stopping at Salt Lake City, Omaha, and Youngstown on his return.

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This letter, written from Youngstown at the conclusion of the summer of 1899, tells its story. This was the first of three summers spent in Bayville, Maine.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MRS. J. H. McEWEN

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO, Sept. 30th, 1899.

MRS. J. H. McEWEN,

 % Lake Mohonk Mountain House,
 Mohonk Lake, Mohonk, N. Y.

DEAR FLORENCE:

We were greatly disappointed when we got here, and found that you and Harris were out of the city. As soon as I got my supper, the evening of our arrival, I started up to see you. I stopped in to see Tod Ford, and made a short call on him, and although something was said about you both, he did not tell me that you were gone, and I went on to the house and rang your bell, but got no answer, and then went on up to Robert's, and found that you were away, and from the account that I then received of your probable absence, I began to fear we should not see you before we left for Washington again. Your letter re-assured us, and you may be back, we think, a few days at least before we go. We were sorry indeed that you could not come up with us this summer, although you need have no anxiety about your delay in answering our request to have you visit us, for it seems it is too far away for most anyone to come, and we might have invited the whole town, without getting a favorable response. The Jewetts were near us, and they could come up easily, and did so, and we had a very nice time, al-

though I wished they could have remained longer. They were with us about a week. It was a very quiet place, and I should think that it would suit you and Harris first rate. They are very quiet unassuming people up there, and you can get a cottage for almost nothing, and board for less, so you see it is quite an inducement to go there and live. There is a bay that is almost landlocked, that you can row on all the time, with no danger from the outside storms, and nothing from the inside undertow. We really had a very pleasant summer. Allan was on the water rowing most of the time, or walking to Booth Bay Harbor, about three miles away. For the first time in his life, he seemed to take with the girls, and there were a good many of them, very nice ones too. There were students from Tufts, and students from Radcliffe, students from Wellesley, students from Mt. Holyoke, and other institutions that I cannot think of now. You had better try to think of it, and get a cottage up there, and go for a couple of months next summer. I do not know whether we shall go back again or not, as there are other things in our case to be considered, but it is such a change, that I think it will likely do you and Harris both good. I do not know what Harris means by this constantly feeling under the weather. He ought to be old enough to get over such follies. He is a month older than I am, and I have no such weaknesses, and I think that he should be above it.

We attended the installation, or at least I did, of the new preacher here Thursday night, and I heard some things that rather surprised me. The new preacher is from Canton, who was giving the charge to the congregation, and said that he wanted to tell them some things that they ought to do, and was doing

it with a great deal of pleasure because he knew they would regard his charge in this respect from the knowledge of the past. He knew that the congregation would co-operate, as a person full of the spirit of the church and of the Apostles, in complying with every request that the Pastor made, to urge with enthusiasm everything that he wanted to do. This was a surprise to me. Thought there had been a great change back here in two years, but I found out that the preacher was from Canton, and did not know everything about the church that I did, but there seems to be a great deal of confidence that Mr. Hudnut is going to put some life into the church. All that I can say is, that if he can enter the spirit of activity into the dead bones that seem to be in the valley of this church he is a "corker" and perhaps he is.

I think Helen is enjoying it here very much, seeing her old friends and is very well. Mary left alone from Boston last Saturday to go to Washington, or at least we expected that she would go alone, but she met at the depot a girl who had been in the school, and was going to Rockville, Md., which is beyond Washington, I think. Mary is very much improved in health, and we think that the bad days are over for her, so far as her health is concerned, although she is not a strong vigorous girl yet, and may perhaps never be. She is, however, much better. We appreciate your kind thoughts of Allan, your telegram on Class Day and your expression of good opinion of him in your last letter, and although I may not be an unprejudiced judge, I do think that you will not be disappointed in him, either in what he is now, or in what he may become. His health is first rate. He has been sick but one day in four years, the four years that he has

been in college, and is growing stronger physically every day, as well as mentally. He has done a good work, I think in college, and at the same time, not overtaxed himself, and had a good deal of satisfaction and pleasure that come from college life, outside of the mere class work. But we hope to see you before we leave, and can tell you some of these things better than write.

Now we both hope that Harris will feel better, and permanently better soon, and that we shall see you both here in two or three weeks. Helen expects to go to Cuyahoga Falls and Cleveland to visit the Allens and Mrs. Holloway, but has not decided yet exactly when she will leave.

Love to Harris as well as yourself.

Very Sincerely,

WALTER L. CAMPBELL.

In the summer of 1900 the Campbell family returned to Youngstown to live, although Mr. Campbell and his son spent a few weeks in Spokane. He was back in time to take some part in the presidential campaign of that year, again supporting Bryan. The question of imperialism was up, and in this he took a great interest. When Bryan was again defeated he was very much depressed, because he felt that a dangerous and un-American policy had been fastened upon the country. With the Spanish war he had little sympathy and with the policy of expansion, none. Decrying war, he often said that the time was

270 LIFE OF WALTER L. CAMPBELL

coming when it would be regarded as just as disgraceful for two nations to fight as for two men. These extracts from letters to his friend, Mr. Robert McCurdy, give his views on expansion:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Nov. 21, 1898.

Everything is jogging along with us without excitement or even interest. We read the papers daily and find only abuse of that American spirit which would not turn this nation into a pirate. This is neither edifying nor patriotic, but then I cannot help it and am becoming tired trying. If the people of this country want to make this republic tread the dark and bloody road which has made the history of mankind thus far but little more than one long wail, I suppose that they can do it, but I shall find it very hard trying to keep step. I am sure that it will be found a very expensive journey, even from the low commercial standpoint, costing much more than it will return, but it is not this that troubles me, we can afford to pay for a good thing, but no bribe should we listen to, which would buy the overthrow of the republic. However, if I keep on writing on this line, I shall get mad and fail to be interesting.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 7, 1898.

I think that you are right in believing that the Expansionists will have everything their own way, and I am more sorry for it than I can tell. These foreign provinces, the idea of a republic having provinces, will only be resorts for the tools of the Platts and the Quays and the Hannas to plunder for money to carry on their schemes at home. I see that I have only mentioned

Republican bosses, but that is only a happen-so. If the Democrats should obtain the power, they would have bosses too, no doubt, to work for the same ends by the same means. I think that you are right in your judgment of the selfishness of Carnegie, but the arguments he uses are addressed to men as selfish as he, and are calculated to have more weight than reasoning on higher and more patriotic grounds. I am not yet prepared to say that it is all over and that we have them and must make the most of it. If we do have them today, that is, such rights in them as Spain had, it does not follow that we have any more, and if we are consistent Americans, we shall turn the ravished sovereignty back to their own people, and let them provide for themselves just such a government as they want. This we can and ought to do, out of regard to our own history and our own self respect. We cannot afford to buy from Spain or any one else the right to fight a people perpetually for that which they themselves have good title to, if this republic has any right to exist.

Mr. Campbell expressed his views as well in these verses which appeared in various newspapers through the country:

THE NEW AMERICA

Our country, great and wide,
Land of the soldier's pride,
Thy praise we sound.
We cheer thy mighty guns,
Thy ships' resistless tons:
Thy warlike glory runs
The world around.

Lands, by the sword made ours,
 Lands, where the savage cowers,
 These we must keep;
 Must keep their bays and ports,
 Their fields and foolish forts,
 Their tribes of nameless sorts,
 And riches reap.

May drums and war's alarms
 Keep every man in arms
 For spoil to fight.
 May slaughter blaze our trail,
 May foemen shriek and wail,
 Deep graves their sure, sure jail,
 So prove our might.

Our country's destiny,
 The God we'd have to be,
 Urge us thou on.
 May freemen fight in vain.
 By millions count their slain;
 Increase our great domain!
 Our will be done.

THE FLAG HAULED DOWN

Someone has hauled Old Glory down—
 How fair on Freedom's heights it waved!
 Has turned to shame its proud renown,
 And flaunts its folds o'er men enslaved.

The flag which once for manhood stood,
 For liberty, and law and light—
 With stars bedimmed and stripes all blood,
 Proclaims the lie that might makes right.

Hauled down has been the ensign true,
 Dear banner of the free and just,
 Sullied its red and white and blue,
 Its mission marred, destroyed its trust.

From freeing men to making slaves,
 From loftiest aims to conqueror's crown,
 From giving hope to filling graves—
 Someone has hauled Old Glory down.

Where homes to ashes conquerors burn,
 And to the sword put sons and sires,
 There aliens by experience learn
 The faith our flag and arms inspires.

This faith pays millions to a foe
 For impious pretext friends to kill,
 And in Christ's name contempt dare show
 For Christ's own gospel, peace, goodwill.

Ten millions doomed to slaughter now,
 Beyond four hundred million more;
 Steam on, O ships, with mighty prow,
 Triumphant ride wide seas of gore.

Force open wide rich markets' gates,
 Fear not the threat of gathering clouds:
 To vassalage bring ancient states,
 And sell their people shirts or shrouds.

The flag which bade the black man rise,
 Now leads the van to crush the brown,
 And tyrants see with glad surprise
 How far Old Glory's been hauled down.

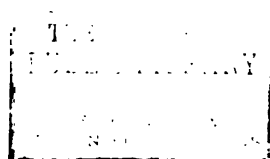
Americans, be valiant, brave!
To freedom's cause your flag restore;
For truth and justice make it wave
Forever and forever more.

To the argument so often made that it was the duty of this country to christianize the Filipinos Mr. Campbell used to reply sarcastically that the best way to do it was to tear up Bibles and wrap the pieces around the bullets to be shot into them. He even went to this extreme that he refused to attend the preaching of a man that upheld the doctrine of imperialism.

When Mr. Campbell returned to Youngstown, in 1900, it was with the intention of selling all of his real estate there, and going back to Washington as soon as that was accomplished. He sold all but the house in which he lived, but this being a more expensive piece of property than the others was not so marketable. He thought that it was too good a house to rent, but finally decided to rent it anyway. The determining factor was very characteristic. His son, having been graduated from the Harvard Law School and taken into an office in New York, could not go home for Christmas, to the great disappointment of the whole family. The family had never been separated on Christmas Day before, and his father



WALTER L. CAMPBELL. 1895



did not let it happen again. Later in the winter he and his wife went to Washington, where they purchased a house which they re-modelled and into which they moved the following September. The spring of 1902 had been spent in Washington, as well and many houses had been looked at then. "Mrs. Campbell and Mary have looked at every house in Washington but one, and they are going to look at that tomorrow," Mr. Campbell would say. This was on their way to Cambridge for Commencement, where Allan was to give the address for the Law School. Mr. Campbell, who was a devoted father and extremely proud of his son, was never more so than on this Commencement Day. This is the account of it which he sent his sister.

WALTER L. CAMPBELL TO MRS. S. S. MCMILLAN

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., JUNE 25, 1902.

DEAR SUSAN:

We have been long waiting for a letter from you and it at last came this morning. We had begun to fear that you were down sick again but your trip to Pittsburg explains the delay and makes us glad that you are getting well enough to leave home. We cannot understand why you should not have known the day of Commencement even after Mary had written you clearly and definitely about it. It came off on Wednesday the twenty-fifth and it was a great joy to

us all, and we were all so sorry that you could not have been here to have seen and heard. We had all expected much from Allan and he gave us even more than we had expected. He had such an audience as few men get in a life time. It was made up almost entirely of Harvard graduates past and present, eminent men of letters and those distinguished in politics and state affairs, the President of the United States and the Secretary of State, The Governor of Massachusetts and his Staff and the venerable Senator Hoar. There were many more of this station and character that made up the young man's interested auditors, nearly two thousand of them and from the beginning to the end of his speech they mingled their laughter and applause hearing distinctly every word that fell from his lips. We have been hearing ever since words of the most extravagant eulogy. For instance when Allan the next day was getting a card for me to the Phi Beta Kappa from Professor Gray who was its President for this year and a Professor in the Law School he said to him, "Allan, the President ought to do something pretty good for you." Allan of course considered it in the way of a kind of a joke but it showed his disposition to recognition of the effort. There has been very much of the same kind, though, perhaps, not so delicate. He had a letter yesterday from a Mr. Baldwin, Editor of the Green Bag, a law publication, offering him twenty-five dollars for his speech and inviting him to lunch with him on Monday evening at his club. As we shall leave for Bayville on that evening he will not be able to accept this invitation, but as the letter suggests that he would like to make some arrangements with him for future legal and literary work Allan is going to try to see him

today. I went with Allan on Thursday to call on Ames, Dean of the Law School, and he spoke incidentally of Allan's record in the school. He said: "Now that he is graduated I can say to you that he has made great strides from his first to his third year; that, while in his first year he was in the honor rank he was rather low in it, but now he was very near the top if not altogether there." I suppose that I could write much more in this line, but this is enough to show you his standing and its recognition. I hope that Mace was with you long enough yesterday to tell you what he saw and how it struck him. It was very good in him to deny himself to the extent of loafing around this town for four or five days and to sit still for two or three hours and listen to boys' speeches.

Affectionately your brother,

WALTER.

In the summer of 1903 the death of Mr. Campbell's older brother, Newton, occurred, and in the following spring that of his friend, Mr. Robert McCurdy. Both of these deaths he felt keenly.

At Christmas, 1903, there was a reunion of the entire family at Washington. Mr. A. B. Campbell brought his family from Spokane, and Mrs. McMillan came on from Youngstown. Some of them were guests in Mr. Campbell's household, and others were with his sister, Mrs. J. A. Campbell.

The next summer Mr. Campbell and his immediate family went to Bayville again. It was the last summer in the lives of the parents and one of

their happiest. Just before its close the son had an attack of appendicitis. On his return to New York it was found that an operation was necessary. His father, who with his wife and daughter had gone to Ohio, was much worried. He was in Youngstown while the others were spending a few days in Cleveland. During their absence he had a stroke of apoplexy in a Youngstown bank. When he recovered consciousness he told the doctor who had been called in that he must keep the nature of his trouble a secret—the family had enough on their minds already. He refused to allow the doctor to go with him to his sister's where he was staying, though he was told that there was present danger of another stroke, a fatal one. He put aside his own illness altogether and his family believed that he had had only a very severe bilious attack. With his wife he went to New York to be there at the time of the operation. A week afterward he was to join his daughter in Washington, where she was to open the house and have things ready for her brother when he was able to go there for his convalescence. When she arrived, she found her father there and her mother with him. He had had a partial stroke of paralysis the day before, but had insisted upon carrying out his plan of meeting her. He would not allow

her to be there a minute alone, and was so determined to go that the doctor whom his wife consulted advised her to let him have his way. He was ill for some time, though he finally made an almost complete recovery. During his illness and the following months he received many letters from his old friends who had heard about it, and from some from whom he had not heard for a long time. Everyone seemed to want to do what he could to make the days brighter. On Christmas Day he received many messages from friends far and near.

As Mr. Campbell grew better his wife, who had been ailing for some time, grew steadily worse. It was not until the holiday week that the true nature of her disease was known. On New Year's Day a specialist from New York was called in, and it was decided that her one hope of recovery lay in treatment that he could give her there. There was not much hope, but a little. Her husband was told as little of the seriousness of the trouble as possible, but he knew. There were to be more consultations in New York, so the family, wishing to save him the worry that they would cause, suggested that he go to Youngstown and visit his sister until things in the New York apartment were in running order. On January 12th, his wife and daughter

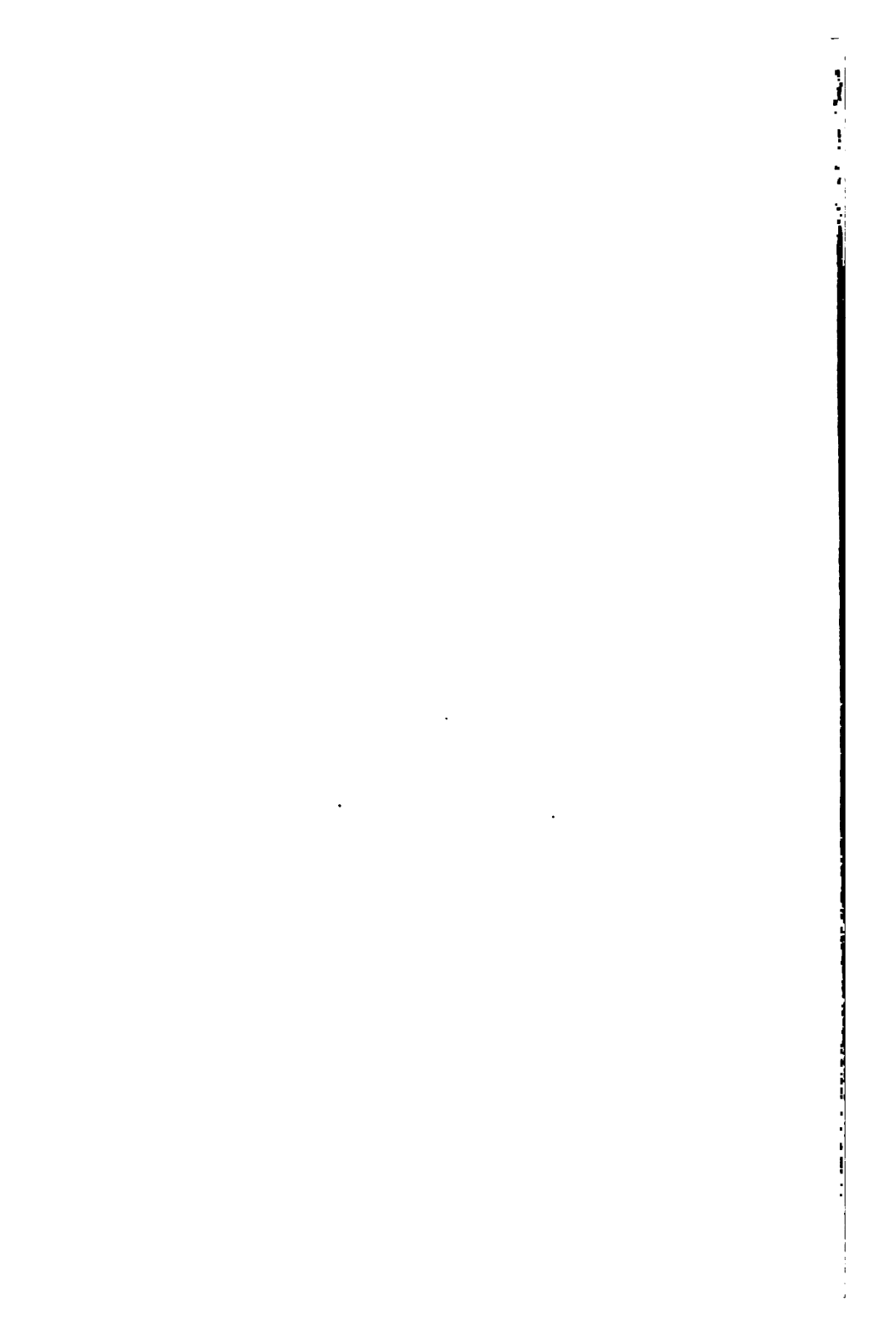
took the morning train for New York, and he took one in the evening for Youngstown.

Soon after his arrival there he had an attack of grippe, from which he recovered. On the early morning of the twenty-fifth of January he had another stroke of apoplexy, and died in a few hours. On the preceding day he and his sister had had luncheon with Mrs. Robert McCurdy. On his return he was writing a letter to his wife, when he was interrupted by Mr. McEwen, who spent the evening with him. Together they read a letter to Mr. Campbell just received from their friend, Tod Ford. He was apparently as well as usual. A few hours later his friend was summoned to be with him at the end. His heartbroken wife wished to go to Youngstown for the funeral, and, as her condition was believed to be hopeless, she was allowed to do so.

The services were conducted by Dr. Daniel H. Evans, who had been pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Youngstown for over thirty years. A great affection had existed between Mr. Campbell and himself. At a time when there had been a division in the church, Mr. Campbell had been one of his most loyal supporters. Then, when it was thought that Dr. Evans would go away from Youngstown, Mr. Campbell told him that he

had always hoped that he would say the last words over him. This he promised to do if it were possible. In his address he compared him with Enoch, the one really good man mentioned in the Bible up to his day, the man that stood apart from all others. Toward the end he said that this life confirmed us in our belief in immortality because such a life could not be snuffed out. He accompanied the party to Salem, where a second brief service was held in the Presbyterian Church there, and the man so universally loved was laid to rest near his mother in the place that he had chosen.

A few weeks later his devoted wife was laid beside him. Neither life would have been complete without the other, and they were not to be apart long. On this day Dr. Evans spoke again, this time from the words: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives and in their death they were not divided."



APPENDIX

DEATH OF DR. A. D. LORD

ON the seventh of March last, died at Batavia, N.Y., one of the best friends and wisest promoters of popular education that this country has yet produced, Dr. A. D. Lord. The personal recollections that throng the mind, as memory summons to the present the receding, though not forgotten past, the feelings of gratitude that clamor for utterance at the instruction he gave, the example he set and the high aspirations he would have inspired, come once more vividly to the mind, and the thousand associations belonging to better days which gather for the writer around his name, must not be recounted in the public ear; but a history of his work forms a part, and a very large part, of the history of the development of the educational interests of Ohio, and of this it is of our province to speak.

In May, 1856, Dr. Lord was called from his connection with the public schools, where the work he was doing and the reputation he was winning as an educator were state and even national, to take charge of the Ohio Institution for the Blind. There was in this change nothing alluring to a mind moved by the ordinary considerations of ambition. It was passing from the service of many, and a wide sphere of useful-

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PENDIX

F. D. A. L. 1880

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ness to the service of a special, and that a very small class and a narrow sphere of labor. He, however, for the remaining nineteen years of his life, twelve in Ohio and seven in New York, devoted himself with earnestness, wisdom and enthusiasm to improving the character of the education given to the blind.

He came to this field of usefulness, not with these sentiments of fruitless philanthropy which had made these institutions for the blind, both in this and the old country, asylums for refuge instead of schools for instruction, but with as warm and as sympathetic a heart as ever beat, and what was much more, in its ability to confer a practical benefit, a large experience as an educator. He began a revolution in the education of the blind destined to be pushed forward with the impulse he has given it, which substitutes in the work of these institutions, practical good for sentimental gush, a useful knowledge for ignorance thinly veiled with sham.

It would not be possible in the short limits of a newspaper article to do justice to the work and life of Dr. Lord, but from what has already been said some slight appreciation of what Ohio owed to him as a practical teacher and theoretic educator can be formed. The labor of the last nineteen years of his life have lifted the gloom from many a dark mind and illuminated many a dark path.—*Register and Tribune*, March 31, 1875.

DEATH OF A GREAT LAWYER

Among the *Associated Press* dispatches of Monday was one which briefly announced the death of ex-Governor Emory Washburn, at his residence in Cam-

bridge, Massachusetts, on Sunday the 18th inst., in the seventy-eighth year of his age. Brief as was the announcement thousands of young men all over this land read it and laid their paper down to reflect upon a noble life which had been closed, upon the character of a good man, if there ever was one, who had finished his work.

The encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries tell us something of him and suggest his industry and perseverance. Emory Washburn was born in Leicester, Mass., February 14th, 1800. He was graduated at Williams College at the early age of seventeen, and choosing law for a profession was admitted to the bar upon reaching his majority, immediately entering upon its practice in his native village. Seven years later, in 1828, he opened his office in Worcester, where he remained until his election to the gubernatorial office in 1854, which he held for only one term. From 1844 to 1847 he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Worcester County, an honor which he resigned and returned to active practice.

The only other public office he ever held was the one to which he was elected last fall when he was over seventy-six years of age and most men would have felt like retiring from the harassments of public employment. At the earnest solicitation of the people, not only of his own constituency, but of the State at large, he accepted a seat in the lower House of the Massachusetts Legislature.

Creditable and highly honorable as was his public service, it is not that of which we care to speak especially. He was an eminent and conspicuously a painstaking writer upon the law. His works upon real

property and upon easements and servitudes are invaluable contributions to the stock of legal knowledge, displaying as they do the most exhaustive investigation and most careful research. Besides these works upon which his reputation with posterity must mainly rest, the literature of the law is indebted to him for a large number of volumes of less pretension, and very many essays of a historical character relating to the development of American law and the growth of our judicial system, if, indeed, it may now be called a system at all.

It is not, however, Governor Washburn, the officer, nor yet the Honorable Emory Washburn, LL.D., the writer, of whom we would write here. There have been more famous governors though there was never one more honest. There have been more brilliant writers but never one more conscientious, faithful or industriously devoted to ascertaining the truth. It is Professor Washburn, the teacher and the friend, whose precious memory we would gladly do something to perpetuate.

He stepped from the Governor's chair of his native State into a Professorship in Harvard Law School. From 1855 to 1876 he delivered his lectures upon various branches of the law to class after class of students and endeavored by precept and example, with how much earnestness only those who met and knew him can appreciate, the priceless value of character in the profession which they were to follow. There was in his sight hardly a being more despicable, more deserving the loathing and contempt of the community than a dishonest, tricky or rascally lawyer. If a lawyer had not honor, integrity, character, he was something worse than a scandal to a noble profession, he

was a curse to society. He had plenty of clients and an abundance of work, but his prosperity had not been purchased by tarnishing his name or offending his conscience. Through a successful professional career of a half a century he passed, and his active brain never conceived a low trick, though it had circumvented many, and never employed a disgraceful device to cheat justice of its own, and accordingly he warned young men to shun so-called sharp practice as they valued professional advancement and an honorable reputation.

The writer remembers well a valedictory Professor Washburn delivered to a graduating class now eight years ago. He was not easy of speech, had not a ready command of language. He often stumbled for words. His sentences were often involved and awkwardly constructed. On the occasion alluded to, he spoke entirely extempore and told the young men of the trials and difficulties they would have to encounter, and of the temptations that would meet them in the way. As he approached the close of his address, the heart of the honorable and revered old man seemed to go out in a flood of sympathy towards those with whom he was about to part. It was an exhortation to a pure life by a pure man, a call by a loving and beloved teacher to the practice of every virtue. No one thought of the stammering utterance, awkward phrases, bungling expressions or involved sentences. It was the heart, large, sincere and honest, that was speaking, and there came from his lips the most perfect exhibition of genuine eloquence we have ever heard, whether in court room or pulpit, or Senate or rostrum. There was not one but felt the innate greatness of the goodness of the man, and it was this

his noble character that, more than his official career and more than his books, will endear him to those whose good fortune it was to sit under his instruction.

We might write much more in memory of a man whose friendship it was our happiness to enjoy, but much of what we might say would be interesting only to lawyers, and we therefore, though reluctantly, close. Professor Washburn was not a brilliant genius to whom success and fame came easily, but was one who achieved his large measure of fame and honor by incessant labor and unremitting industry. He knew no rest from the beginning of his professional life to the day of his death, and he lays down his life with many and many a monument to his capacity for work in the libraries of the country, and above all he goes hence home respected, revered and loved as have been few men in any walk of life.—*Register and Tribune*, March 22, 1877.

DEATH OF EX-GOVERNOR CAMPBELL

It is hard, too hard, to write the story of a life which the eye of memory views in the fadeless colors of gratitude and affection. You cannot congeal the warm sentiments of the soul into the icy forms of speech. A brother, and a more than brother, goes before to the eternal scenes of activity and usefulness, and the heart would put on record an enduring and fitting testimonial to his matchless unselfish love and his altogether paternal care and watchful guidance, but every sentence comes cold, weighted with the miserable formalism of speech. It is well enough, nay, it is better so. There are debts for which no coin has been minted. He who imbues a forming

mind with the love of truth, the desire for knowledge and a steadfastness in maintaining conscientious convictions at an earthly cost, is a creditor who cannot be paid. The debt remains forever a perpetual obligation to compel obedience to the instructions, under the penalties of base ingratitude. So the great heart has ceased to beat, and words of chiding, of sympathy, of inspiration come rushing into the memory telling in every syllable and in every letter, how true a man he was, how kind, how self-denying, how devotedly brotherly.

John A. Campbell was born in Salem, Columbiana County, this State, October the 8th, 1835, and was, therefore, at the time of his death in the forty-fifth year of his age. He was the fifth son and the sixth child of a family of ten children born to John and Rebecca P. Campbell. His father died when he was but a little more than nine years of age, and he was soon compelled, with the older children to assist an energetic mother in maintaining and keeping the family together.

While yet hardly more than a child he entered a printing office to learn the trade of a compositor. He began his apprenticeship in Salem in the office of the *Homestead Journal*, and finished it under W. D. Morgan, who was at that time editor and proprietor of the *Ohio Patriot*. This was his schoolroom then and afterwards, and though it, by no means, afforded a systematic training of the mind, it gave him the elements of an irregular education, which a course of diligent reading did much to repair and make practically useful. His memory was wonderful in the readiness with which it acquired and the tenacity with which it retained. Nothing once there was

allowed to escape, and this, which for so long seemed his strength, was the first to break when the hour of reckoning for overwork came.

He worked at his trade in Cleveland and Columbus, but after two or three years was induced to go West, and was engaged on a paper in Council Bluffs, Iowa, where he added writing for the paper to his duties as foreman.

Omaha was about that time taking its first taste of greatness, and some Ohio parties had started a bank there, tendering the printer, who had picked up some knowledge of business with other things, the cashier-ship. He accepted, but soon found that he had made a mistake, as the bank was not organized for a pressure and soon suspended.

He next went to Leavenworth, while Kansas was smarting under border ruffian atrocities and slavery usurpations. While yet not far in his teens, he had adopted the teachings of Daniel Webster as comprehending the sum of all political wisdom, but his Kansas experience greatly weakened his faith in the potency of compromise with slavery as a means of maintaining and continuing the Union. He was in St. Louis when the debate between Douglas and Lincoln was going on in 1858, and heard at least one of these now memorable encounters. It was this experience and these discussions that led him to call after the retreating rebels at Shiloh (General Boynton we think printed the anecdote), to know what they would take for their interest in the territories now.

Shortly before the war broke out he returned in poor health to Ohio, and at the first call for volunteers responded in Salem, enlisting in the Nineteenth Regiment O. V. I. He was immediately elected and commissioned Second Lieutenant, his first com-

mission being dated April 19th, 1861, less than a week after the firing upon Sumter. He served with this regiment through the term of enlistment, three months, participating with it in the West Virginia campaign which ended with the victory at Rich Mountain. He then obtained a commission as First Lieutenant in the First Ohio, A. McD. McCook, Colonel. McCook was promoted to a Brigadier-General before the regiment took the field, for the three years' service, and when they were at Green River, Kentucky, he called Lieutenant Campbell to act as ordnance officer on his staff.

After Shiloh, Dan McCook, the General's brother, accepted the Colonelcy of the Fifty-second Ohio, and resigned his staff position as Assistant Adjutant General, and Lieutenant Campbell was at once promoted to the vacancy. After Perryville, he was promoted to a Majority, and remained as General McCook's Adjutant General until after Stone River, when he was assigned to duty on General Schofield's Staff, and with him remained until the close of the war, for a short time at St. Louis, but afterwards in the terrible campaign, crowded with battles from Knoxville to Atlanta, and back with Thomas through the bloody battle of Franklin, and the end of the war in Tennessee with the defeat of Hood at Nashville. With General Schofield's corps, having won his star, he went to North Carolina and saw there the final collapse of the Confederacy.

Upon being mustered out of the service a year or two later, he came to Ohio, and was for a time news editor of the *Cleveland Leader*. He left this position for a business venture in Columbus, which did not result prosperously and he sold out.

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He worked at his trade in China but after two or three years was engaged in a paper in China he added writing for the paper.

China was about that time greatness, and some Chinese there, rendering the practical knowledge of business to stop. He accepted, but a mistake, as the pressure and soon.

He next went to smarting under the usurpations. He adopted the teaching the experience of compromise and control when the going on memorized these treaties printed for

great; but, whichever it is, it is right that the exact truth should be stated. The Legislature which passed the act was unanimously Democratic. There was no intention whatever of making the innovation. It was thought by the managers of the scheme that the young Republican Governor might be embarrassed by being confronted with a measure of this kind in an early period of his administration, and, however it might affect him, the novelty of the thing would make some fun and advertise the Territory. So the bill was put through without much opposition and presented to him for his signature. He was not inclined to treat the matter in any sense as a joke. Whatever may have been the purpose of the Legislature in passing it, it was before him for his official act. He could sign it, or he could veto it, or he could keep it five days, when without any action on his part it would become a law. The last course he regarded as cowardly and felt himself obliged to choose between the other two. He took the position that the question of the propriety of giving the suffrage to women was a two-sided one, that some of the best men in the country strongly favored it and that while he might not himself be perfectly clear that it was the right thing to do, he could not on the other hand justify himself to himself and to the country for refusing his signature to the bill. He signed it, in other words, not because he was fully persuaded that it was right, but because he could not thoroughly persuade himself that it was wrong. Besides it was a new, thinly populated territory, and he thought that the experiment could be more advantageously tried there than almost any other place. Two years later, in a veto message which was much commended for its strength, he

prevented the repeal of the law to which he had originally given his signature with so much trepidation.

Early in 1875 he was tendered the position of third assistant Secretary of State and after examining into the duties of the office, he was pleased with the promise it offered and he accepted it. It was for him a new line of labor, but he soon learned to enjoy it. He had the friendship, personal and official, of Secretary Fish in a very high degree as well as his confidence and he regarded that great man with a warmth of affection which only those can appreciate who knew his likes and dislikes. The office, which suited him so well, he was not destined long to enjoy. His health began to fail perceptibly early in 1877, though long before that time there can now be recalled indications of the threatened breakdown. He thought that rest would restore and went to the seaside, but it did no good. He consulted physicians, but their prescriptions were unavailing. He thought that a change of climate and a less laborious office might bring relief, and resigning his position in the State Department went as Consul to Basle. It was a wearisome, profitless search for health, the lamp of life had burned out and in all the wide world there could be found no help. He came home a little less than two years ago, to die. Slowly the end drew nearer and nearer and peacefully came, yesterday morning, and the trials, the triumphs and the ambitions of earth are over. He has done well his part and there is no place for tears. He was loved as few men have ever been, and when his public acts shall have been forgotten, his name will be held blessed in many a household for pure friendship's sake.—*Register and Tribune*, July 15, 1880.

Following is a tribute to the late Hon. Walter L. Campbell from the pen of C. P. Wilson, who knew him intimately:

Pitiless as the winter's icy blast do the sudden tidings come—that Walter L. Campbell died this morning—he whose world was night, but whose life was light—to write of his death there comes a pang with each recorded word.

Apparently he might have been permitted to accomplish the full measure of the threescore years and ten, as each of their fast flying days would tell its own sweet story of the ever increasing happiness of those who came in touch with the charm of his life and personality.

But it has been otherwise decreed.

The magic of his touch has sounded anthems; his genius grasped the problems of humanity, and his intense human love still sheds on family and unnumbered friends the warmth of noon.

He was always so free from every form of ostentation and of so simple tastes and pure ambition that his unobtrusive life led few to realize what a magnificent character he stood upon the sky line of his generation.

Superbly gifted by nature, accident robbed him of a priceless faculty, but his wealth of will and determination more than made good the loss.

Through school curriculums, through the fields of journalism, law and literature, and the realms of philosophy he moved a monarch. In practical life he has both given and received the blows of combat. He has won and worn the political laurels that adorn success, and he has tasted often of disappointment's bitter cup.

His business ventures have rewarded his untiring efforts in good, full measure, but his life has been no stranger to the stresses of adversity. Throughout his career, his was a matchless courage always, that led where conscience guided.

Walter L. Campbell was an absolutely honest man. Honest with himself; honest in opinions and belief. honest in counsel; honest in business; honest in every thing. "Honesty is the oak around which all other virtues cling." To family and friends he was oak and vine and flower. Loyal to truth, his words were ever the image of his thought.

In all the wide ranges of human sentiment, thought, or emotions, no note was ever sounded that did not wake a vibrant chord within his soul. His versatility was the wonder of all. He despised money except for the comforts that it buys. He loved music as a child loves flowers, and among the masters of it felt and was at home. Of a cheerful nature, his companionship was an inspiration. All who knew him *believed* in him. All who knew him, and all who knew of him, mourn his loss. He was generous, lovable, loving and divine.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER FROM MR. WILLIAM H.
BALDWIN TO MRS. WALTER L. CAMPBELL:

Ever since I left you on Wednesday you have been on my mind, and the sorrow I truly feel about losing Walter has been coupled with a feeling that I may have seemed to you to care less than I really do.

Only Mrs. Baldwin's helpless and lonesome condition here kept me from going on with you, as I should have been anxious to had not duty held me here. It

was all so sudden, and I seemed so helpless when there was such need of help; and to be away, too, when I knew the rest of his friends were there to pay their respects to the loved one has been doubly hard. I keep thinking of it, and wishing I could talk to you about him.

It is nearly thirty-eight years since I first met him. It was at Hudson, where I heard him deliver the Latin salutatory, and where I looked up to him with the admiration which his peculiar ability added to the graduating rank commanded.

The admiration has never ceased, and I am thankful that the years soon brought another feeling of affectionate regard and love. It has been a privilege to me to know him and his life has been helpful to me.

He was so honest, so true, so manly, so clear-headed, so kindly that I came to appreciate his friendship more than I can tell you. It is true that perhaps I did not show all I felt about this, but you know that for years I was loaded up with many cares and with duties, or what seemed to be such, beyond my strength.

So when you also decided to make Washington your home I was especially pleased, and looked forward to many years of delightful and helpful companionship there with him. There were so many things to take my attention last winter that it did not seem as if I saw anything like as much of him as I wanted to, but I counted on this winter, expecting to get back early.

It will seem lonesome there without him, as it will anywhere to you. I do sympathize with you, and it was so hard not to be with him when you had watched over him so tenderly for so many years; but you have the conviction that it was for his own comfort that you let him leave you, that it was right and

best to do so when he seemed so well, and that he would say you had done right.

There is the comfort of his noble life, with all its struggles so earnestly carried on. You were such a blessing to him, and his children—always. It was only in dwelling on his memory since his death that I realized that I have never thought of him as blind, for his other characteristics were so brave and strong one forgot that. It seemed heartless not to have remembered this, now that the eyes see and the long night of affliction is past; but even that I think he would not have wished otherwise, nor wanted me to be affected by such a consciousness in our associations.

ANOTHER TRIBUTE

Walter Campbell, of Youngstown—I first met him in the old days when all the world was young, away back in 1878—at "Commencement Week" down at Hudson, Ohio—old "Western Reserve," long since moved to Cleveland, married, and changed its name to "Adelbert," I think. He caught me with the charm that made all men love his friendship. He was genuinely fond of people; sincerely he liked his "kind"; because he saw with his soul he quickly found what was good in a new acquaintance. Just as accurately he saw what was faulty, but he didn't advertise it. If the friendship continued, he strove in a way most tactful and unobtrusive, to amend the fault. But I never knew him to do this with a scourge. His gentleness made him a most efficient monitor.

Earnest and purposeful he was—very earnest.

And all this was emphasized by the natural quality of his humor, which rippled though his talk, like the murmur of a brook on its way to the mill race. It is going to turn the big wheel, and set all the activities of the mill in clattering and orderly operation—going to make it hum with useful purpose—going to fulfill its own appointed destiny, which was to turn the big wheel. But just the same it sang and laughed on its way to work, and began to laugh and sing again, as soon as the run through the race ended in the clutch at the wheel and the starting of the work. How could I help liking such a man? His comradeship was so hearty, his friendship so genuine, his manhood so true. Our friendship lasted with his life, and will be renewed in the land where friendship is eternal.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE

"Sunnycrest"

Pasadena, California.

August, 1913.

The following sketch of the life of Mr. Campbell was written by Miss Florence S. Tuckerman, and printed in the *Rayen Record*, the paper of the Rayen School, which was the high school in Youngstown.

WALTER CAMPBELL

Born in Salem, 1842, grandson of a minister; fatherless in a somewhat straitened environment at three; blind at five; seven years a student at the Institution for the Blind in Columbus; a teacher in Salem at seventeen; five months at a musical school in Philadelphia; abandoning music, an honor graduate of

Western Reserve University in Hudson at twenty-five; graduate of Harvard Law School at twenty-six; practicing law in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where he was also United States Commissioner until the following year, associate editor of the *Youngstown Register* until forty, when he became mayor of our city; filling many useful offices after retiring in private life, Mr. Walter Campbell served his generation as few men of his time. His death occurred at the home of his sister, Mrs. McMillan, Wednesday morning, January twenty-fifth.

Mr. Campbell was a remarkable man. Blindness did not blight his life. Cut off from the petty interests that distract most boys, he was early brought to distinguish the great things from the little, the wise from the foolish, the permanent from the transient. Music, the universal language of the heart, he loved, but it did not satisfy his intellectual nature. Few boys with eyes and hands could have gone through college so young, taking every study then in the curriculum with honor.

He was a friend of the Rayen School. He visited it occasionally, inquired about it frequently, and always supported the teachers. He rejoiced in our high standards and was proud to have our graduates take honors in other institutions. His own son finished the severest classical course here at fifteen.

Great as Mr. Campbell was as a scholar, effective as a writer, as a speaker, and in public service, he was to me more remarkable in his social relations. He was thrown early into the friendship of the wise. He traveled widely and met everywhere a host of unusual people: statesmen in Washington, scholars in Boston gave to him their best. To meet one-tenth

of the distinguished men he knew, would give most people life-time memories, but to talk with them as Mr. Campbell talked, to quote poetry, to discuss philosophy, to listen to the secret projects of individual or state would give experiences worthy of Boswell to record. And with all these opportunities Mr. Campbell was unspoiled. Without self-seeking, stone-throwing, or ennui, he remained fearless, independent, confirmed in high ideals, as simple in his affections as he was broad in his acquaintanceships, as true to his old friends as he was delighted with vigorous minds, everywhere liked and always kind.

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

J. M.

11 portraits
1 Plate

